THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 18, 1909 5c. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

JUST A WORD TO THE WISE,

USE

FAIRBANK'S

SOAP PRODUCTS

Fairy Soap

Many soaps are *almost* white, some are whiter, but only one is whitest—FAIRY SOAP. The reason is that FAIRY SOAP is made from a choice quality of fats and oils—edible products.

There are no dyes, high perfumes or adulterations to deceive the eye or delude the sense of smell. FAIRY is honest soap—all the way through, and wears to the thinness of a wafer. Its price, *five cents*, is not the measure of its quality.

The white, floating, handy, oval cake of FAIRY is just the best soap you can buy for the toilet and bath.

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

Gold Dust

Dishes have to be washed three times a day—1095 times a year. If you could save half the time devoted daily to dish-washing (whether your own time or your servant's), it would amount to about 15 whole days in a year. Worth saving, isn't it?

Sift a teaspoonful of Gold Dust in a dishpan full of hot water, and it will wash your dishes in just half the time taken by the ordinary method. Better still, it will give you cleaner, sweeter dishes—dishes that are not only clean on the surface, but dishes that are sterilized and sanitarily safe. Gold Dust makes dish-water that digs.

Don't use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene. The Gold Dust Twins need no outside help. For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bath room pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes, and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"

Sunny Monday

Laundry Soap

Sunny Monday Soap *(N.R.) is different from any other laundry soap, and combines the virtues of all with the faults of none. It contains no rosin, which is a soap cheapener, and which "does things" to your clothes. The fats and oils used in Sunny Monday *(N.R.) cost several times as much as rosin, but Sunny Monday *(N.R.) has just that much added value and efficiency. Sunny Monday *(N.R.) is white; it looks and is pure.

Sunny Monday *(N.R.) will wash woolens and flannels without shrinking, colored goods without fading, the finest fabrics without injury. It will wash equally well in hot, cold, lukewarm, boiling, hard or soft water. All waters look alike to Sunny Monday.

*N.R. means "No Rosin." Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains no rosin. Rosin cheapens soap but injures clothes.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles."

THE N.K.FAIRBANK COMPANY - MAKERS - CHICAGO

One Dollar Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Sweeper in Your Home

Yesterday, Electric Vacuum Cleaners cost $65.00 to $250.00—a big outlay in *cash*.

Today, a single ONE DOLLAR BILL will put a *guaranteed* "RICHMOND" Suction Sweeper in your home.

And the balance of its purchase price you pay for out of the actual month-to-month money which it saves you. You are paying the price of a Suction Sweeper now, anyway—whether you have one or not.

You are paying its price out in house-cleaning, alone—for a "RICHMOND" makes house-cleaning needless.

You are paying its price out many times over, in the hard labor of sweeping and dusting, which the "RICHMOND" makes unnecessary.

You are paying it out, again and again, in the damage which dust does to your furniture, to your hangings, to your clothing, to YOU.

You are paying the price of a Suction Sweeper when a single Dollar would save the waste!

Weighs Two Pounds Less Than a Common Carpet Sweeper

Other Cleaners Weigh Six Times as Much

A factory foreman who examined a vacuum cleaner learned that its motor and pump weighed *thirty-one pounds*.

Three weeks later he had perfected a motor and pump weighing *less than four pounds*.

He had seen, at a glance, the one thing in vacuum cleaners which hurt their usefulness; which makes them *hard*, instead of *easy; and that one thing is weight*.

He had realized that just as the best watch is the *smallest* one, just so the best cleaner is the *lightest* one.

That weight in watches and vacuum cleaners makes them only awkward and clumsy, without making them more durable, more efficient, or better.

Other vacuum cleaners today, with their thirty-one pound motors and pumps, still weigh from thirty-five to sixty pounds in all.

While the "RICHMOND", with its four pound motor and pump, weighs *less than a common carpet sweeper*.

Just as the thin watch made the time piece a practical thing, just so the "RICHMOND" has made suction sweepers practical for every home—*as practical as brooms!*

Built Like a Watch

The "RICHMOND" is, in fact, built like a watch.

In place of heavy castings, we use stronger, tougher, lighter, but costlier stampings. In place of iron we have used aluminum.

A heavier machine could have been built a third as cheaply. $50,000.00 went into tools and special machinery so that the "RICHMOND" might not have an ounce of extra weight.

No Jiggle—No Jolt—No Jar

By reason of its construction the "RICHMOND" will *wear* like a watch.

There is none of the vibration, none of the jar or jolt or jiggle which shakes the heavy-weight type of vacuum cleaners to pieces.

The only movement in a "RICHMOND" motor and pump is a rotary movement, the same as wheels in a watch.

There are no connecting rods, no levers, no gears.

There are *but two places* where even the slightest wear is possible, and to prevent wear there, we case-harden our shafts in cyanide of potassium—as hard as fine steel can be hardened.

Why It Costs Less

Do not judge the value of the "RICHMOND" by its small price.

The reason that some vacuum cleaners are so costly is that so few of them are made.

Where other cleaners appeal to a handful, the "RICHMOND" appeals to a thousand.

And in manufacturing by the thousand, instead of by the handful, we effect savings which we give to you.

That is the reason for the price. We could not make the "RICHMOND" a more efficient machine at any price.

Does the Work of $250.00 Cleaners

Before offering the "RICHMOND" to the public, we tried every vacuum cleaning principle known.

We built machines which would draw up the very carpet, so terrific was their vacuum.

We found that there was such a thing as too much vacuum, as well as too little.

We experimented till we found the exact volume of air which would give the most efficient work, without producing *any* harm.

And we built the "RICHMOND" to produce exactly that volume of air.

The "RICHMOND" will not—*can not*—hurt the finest fabric.

But for efficiency, we willingly submit it to test against any machine selling at $250.00 or less.

Absolutely Guaranteed

The "RICHMOND" by suction alone will do all that any cleaner can do without working injury.

But the "RICHMOND" is *more* than a suction machine.

In the nozzle of the "RICHMOND" is a straight bristle brush.

Not a revolving brush to pull out the nap of the carpet, but a straight up-and-down brush.

This brush moves, inside the nozzle, with a peculiar tapping motion.

Its movement is less than 1-16 of an inch. But it moves at a rate *of ten thousand times a minute*.

Hold your hand on the brush, and it feels like the gentle vibration of a massage machine.

And the *massage* is the mission of the brush. It massages the carpet while the suction draws the dirt up and out.

Thus, with harmless suction, the "RICHMOND" accomplishes what, without the brush, only a terrific vacuum could accomplish.

And the result is that, doing the work of $250.00 vacuum cleaner, the "RICHMOND" does less damage to fabrics, by far, than even the old fashioned broom.

We could multiply comparisons endlessly.

But without saying more, you can judge our confidence in the "RICHMOND" by the fact that we not only cover it with the broadest possible guarantee, but we give you, besides, a full year to pay for it.

A positive, unconditional guarantee by the Manufacturers of "RICHMOND" Boilers, Radiators, Bathtubs, Lavatories, Sinks, Soap-Savers. Two factories at Uniontown, Pa., one at Norwich, Conn., one at Racine, Wis.

Surely such a machine must give perfect service and satisfaction, day after day, and month after month, else we could not afford this offer.

A Hose Attachment, Too, If You Want It

For those who want it, we supply a hose attachment, with special nozzles, which fits on the "RICHMOND" Suction Sweeper in the same way a hose is attached to the heavy-weight style of vacuum cleaner.

The hose attachment gives greater ease in doing certain special work. But the "RICHMOND" Suction Sweeper is complete either with or without the hose.

Points About The "RICHMOND" Suction Sweeper

Costs less per month for electricity than the average family spends for brooms—

After a year of consistent use, you couldn't find a thimbleful of dirt in a 14-room house if you took all the carpets up—

No more spring or fall "house cleanings"—no more "sweeping days," no more "dusty Fridays"—

Its total cost is *less* than the cost of one single annual house cleaning—to say nothing of saving the wear and tear which house cleaning brings to furniture—

Cleans furniture, walls, upholstery, bedding, clothing, decorations, book-shelves, tile floors, hardwood floors, nooks and crannies, as well as carpets and rugs—

Equally valuable in homes, offices, stores, hotels, hospitals, libraries, schools, churches, theatres, public buildings—

Without any change or adjustments, uses either direct or alternating current; universal motor of our own construction—

Thirty feet of electrical cord with connecting socket come with the sweeper—everything ready to start—any one can do it—

Handsome in appearance—all exposed parts are highly polished—operates with easy gliding motion—no pressure required—

Absolutely guaranteed for one year, and without abuse should last as long as a watch—

One Dollar brings it to you—you pay the balance out of the month-to-month money it saves you.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. Park Ave. and 41st St., New York

NO NEED to write a letter—simply send this coupon with $1.00 to THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO., Park Avenue and 41st Street, New York

I hereby order one "RICHMOND" Suction Sweeper complete, for which I agree to pay to your order $1.00 herewith, and $5.00 per month for twelve consecutive months.

I also order one extra hose attachment with special nozzles, for which I agree to pay to your order $1.00 per month additional for twelve consecutive months.

Title to be given me when the full amount is paid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME OF ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. _____

IF you do not want the extra hose attachment with special nozzles, simply cross out the second paragraph above.

No. K-11-C Price $50.00

KEEN KUTTER

Tool Cabinets for Christmas Gifts

Next time you pass a hardware store just notice the men and boys looking in the windows, especially if there is a display of tools.

This shows what an attraction good tools are to the young boys and the old boys and how they would appreciate a cabinet of sharp, true tools of the very best quality.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets furnish the only really appropriate kits for home or shop use because every tool is *guaranteed* perfect and of highest grade. Tools bought one at a time at any old store, regardless of make or name, are sure to prove unsatisfactory, and home tools should be so good that they hold their temper, edge and adjustment without frequent grinding and setting.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets are the only ones made containing a complete set of guaranteed tools under one name and trade mark.

Every tool has a place, so it will not be ruined by knocking about with others. Working materials are included, such as screws, nails, tacks, wire, glue, sand-paper, brads, oil, oil can, etc.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets come in many sizes, containing various assortments. Here are two—one at $50.00, adequate for a carpenter or cabinetmaker, and one at $8.50, containing all tools needed for small jobs around the house, such as putting up shelves, weather strips or making screens. Then there is one at $125.00 with work bench, and many others at prices between those mentioned. Remember each tool individually is the best tool made and is *guaranteed*.

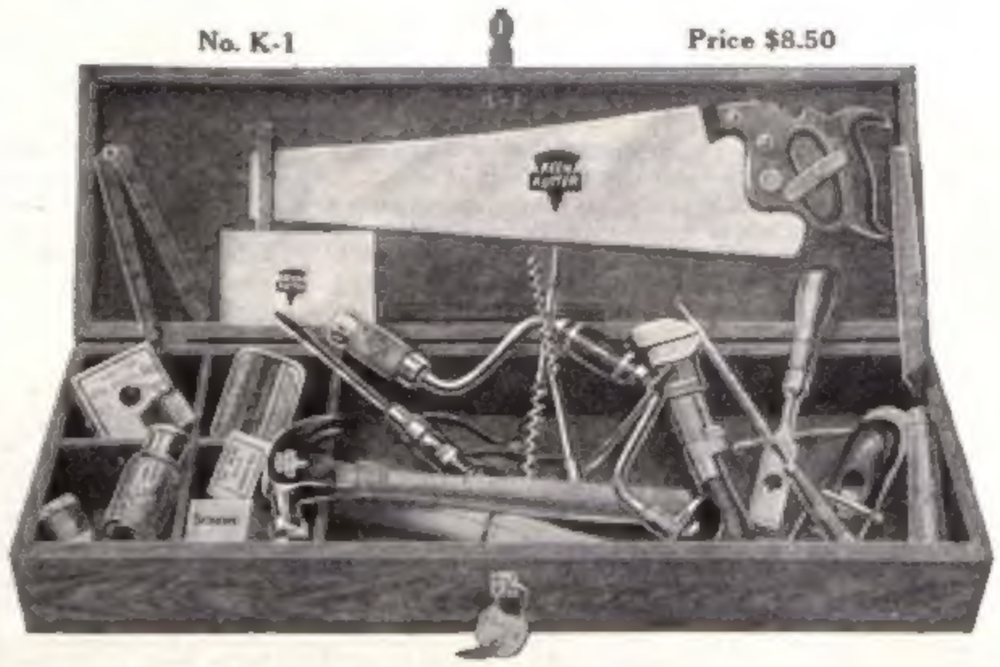
Sold for over 40 years under this well-known motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains
Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. Simmons.

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

No. K-1 Price $8.50



IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER'S, WRITE US

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)

St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 18, 1909 — Number 25

SALLY IN NEW YORK

By Mrs. L. H. Harris

SHE was from the South, a large, peaceful-looking young woman with cavalier wings to her imagination and a harmless insect mind. One could not see these, of course, but they were to be inferred from her appearance of wideness, fairness and simplicity—the kind of woman, you reflected, who should in time become the proper mother of plowmen or of Homeric heroes, but never anything else. She moved through the noise and confusion of the Grand Central Station like a big myth in a trance. People noticed her as they would have paused to stare at a somnambulist walking vaguely through a crowded thoroughfare. Her eyes were blue and set wide apart, and Cupid had had nothing to do with the shaping of her mouth. It was gravely sweet and fastened together softly with a kind of "I-pray-the-Lord-my soul-to-keep" expression.

In certain parts of the South, where the people have grown their own forefathers for several generations without having the strain crossed by foreign blood, there is an increasing number of men and women who show the North American Indian profile without a drop of Indian blood in them to account for the phenomenon. It is not beautiful, but it has a look of permanence, as if it were the human part of the soil. The explanation is that the same air and earth and Western Hemisphere forces that shaped the Indian's face have strengthened the nose bridge and lifted the cheek bones of these descendants of the Virginia colonists. This young woman—her name was Sally, the kind of Sally who is descended from a long line of Sarahs—came out of one of these families and showed it. That is to say, she had the distinction of a certain elemental charm—the same that one sometimes finds in very ancient scriptures where they begin to fade into mythology, or in the sweetly-weathered earth itself when it has flowered a hundred years above the highly-fertilizing dust of a certain kind of heroes.

The Stranger Always Knows When She is "in" One of These Circles

Why such a person should conceive the idea of coming to New York is not easy to explain. It, the idea, usually results from the eternally-restless disposition some people have to get up and do about in the scale of things, and it is often called "a bee in the bonnet." And when one gets a bee there she is apt to set out for New York, because that is the hive of more different kinds of bees than any other place in this country. Besides, we know by this time that the spirit of New York is hypnotic, wireless, imperative, like, say, a call to preach from the wrong direction. Many dim, good people hear it, and long for the place as if it were a kind of doubtful spiritual cocktail, or the forbidden Pandora box of their other selves; and they make pathetic pilgrimages there in search of it, that humaner part, lost somewhere in a too drastic shuffle for just salvation. Salvation is a good thing, an indispensable thing, but often it is a too severe astringent to the protesting present nature of us. So, I say, many dim, good people go to New York on purpose, without really knowing it, to forget their prayers, to neglect their guardian angels, and to get some slight portion of their New Jerusalem imagination Broadwayized.

Sally belonged also to this class, besides having the bee in her bonnet. And in this connection I must be more explicit about that bee. It was originally the usual honey bee, native to all Southern women's charm-telling headgear, but in Sally's case it was now by way of acquiring an ink-stinging tail—in short, a literary bee. She had got it at a boarding-school—of all places—where she showed a fatal facility of expression and had been advised by the professor to pursue a literary career. She wanted a career with the artless wistfulness that a young half-done angel must long for the finishing touch of a halo. Hence the journey to New York. It was necessary to acquire a preparatory "sense of things," which every one agreed could not be had in the South, and in this particular every one was right. You may get almost everything else in the South except the "sense of things." Sense down there applies to ideality or to nothing, never very accurately to just things.

Still, her own people were opposed to her coming. None of the Sarahs who had gone before her disturbed the family horizon with a career.

"Don't go, Sally!" advised her old hawk-in-the-sun Uncle, surnamed Jefferson, who was her guardian, and who occasionally made a Rip-Van-Winkle appearance in New York himself on the sly, and knew what he was talking about to a lady of his line.

"The moment you felt this craving for New York you should have consulted your priest or your physician. It is a strong indication that you are no longer normal. Your nerves are ill, your mind diseased, or there is something wrong with the antennæ of your immortal spirit. Normal people do not want New York any more than they want St. Vitus' dance, kleptomania or psychological hysterics!"

But Sally was of age, twenty-five in fact, and the mistress of her own small income. So she went on mixing the adorable war paint of her spirit and preparing for her palingenesis into the life of the metropolis of American civilization. As I have said, she had the insect mind, and received her migratory inspirations accordingly. She could no more resist them than a butterfly can pluck off its own wings. Nature attends to this process of elimination in due time, as she also determines the changes in such a woman's mind.

However, we are getting away from Sally—who is to be the blue-eyed primer test of New York life in this story—or, rather, she is traveling very fast away from us. Once you arrive in New York you must go fast. It is a place where Time gets up before day breaks, puts on his trousers and hurries everybody till long after midnight, for fear they'll stop and block the traffic. And Sally, in spite of a singularly deliberate nature, had been hustled quickly into a cab when she reached the street entrance of the Grand Central Station, and had been wheeled rapidly away to her destination, just as if she had been the heroine in a hurried romance.

While she is making the journey through the streets strumming with the sound of ten thousand footsteps and beaded with long strands of lights, we will make a parenthesis long enough to cover the distance and be in time to meet her at the door again. The interruption is necessary in order to explain the place she had chosen for a destination.

The truly good, you may have discovered, experience more difficulty than almost any other class in escaping from their environment. This is why so many of them remain in it to the end, even when they are no longer truly good. They may long for emancipation, but in order to escape they must do a sort of open violence to society and to conscience that is infinitely more difficult than doing a private, secret violence. This was Sally's first distinction in New York. She was able immediately to outrage conscience in a perfectly innocent manner. Her uncle had chosen as her place of residence a hotel for women only.

Sally never saw the inside of these sacred portals. She had references that admitted her to the Aladdin House. This is a place kept by a lady with a literary temperament, but with no other qualification for writing. Nature played a joke, and endowed her with a gift for cooking instead. She compromised by keeping literary and artistic people in her house. It was what is called an artistic and literary circle, and had been partly created by serving after-dinner coffee in the "drawing-room," where there was an open fire and an "atmosphere" made by a shelf of distracted-looking books and one or two good pictures. A fraternal fig-tree shelter, in short, where the fruit of the spirit is neither dried nor ripened, but pulled green, so to speak. I need not mention

the street or number. It was an innocent enough place, you may be sure, except for this greenness of ideas. Many others like it are to be found in New York, and they are very hospitable centers.

One does not have much difficulty penetrating an artistic or literary circle anywhere. They are like some towns, wide open. I have seen more than one prominent figure in them who could neither read life nor write it—nor draw it, nor paint it. He merely had "feeling." No one can mistake that; it is like being endowed with an intellectual atomizer that covers every subject in conversation with a kind of sterilized dew. The stranger always knows when she is "in" one of these circles by the air of pure, unrelated intelligences, by the atmosphere of invincible hopefulness, and the peculiar disposition everybody has to slap his neighbor encouragingly on the back.

Where She Showed a Certain Facility of Expression

Sally took a little cat-eyed room in the top of the Aladdin House. (She arrived while we were engaged upon that parenthesis, which was longer than I anticipated). It was the evening hour, and the Aladdinites had already begun to assemble in the hall through which she had to pass to reach the staircase leading to the apartment above. As she ascended and escaped the eye circle below she had the feeling of a bug that has been chased across the floor into a hole in the wall. As a matter of fact, nobody had really noticed her. But the conceit of self-consciousness is none the less agonizing on that account.

An hour later she made a large, diaphanous appearance at the dinner table, and gave the impression that she had been created by God on a sunny afternoon, in a leisure hour when all the universes were running smoothly—which is about the most remarkable impression a woman can achieve in New York, if she had only known it.

The Encyclopedia of Evil Information

THIS dinner table was one of the distinctive features of Aladdin House. It was round, good-hearted, informal, and the guests who ate there shot in to it from all directions out of the quiet drawing-room, from the writing-dens upstairs and from the street outside, each bringing his overcoat and conversation with him. Sally unfolded her napkin and lowered her lids before the stare of an artist on the opposite rim, who looked at her as if her face had offended and estranged him for life. Really, what he was thinking was that he had never before seen the sheep-meadow and sky-line effect in the human countenance. The New York visage contains no horizon hints; it does not suggest what artists call atmosphere. The brick-and-mortar shadow of the skyscraper lies darkly upon it. There is intelligence enough in it, but no light or distances. The next moment a newspaper reporter and a reformer rushed in and dropped upon their chairs at the table, without interrupting their discussions of a man whose name Sally recognized as that of a great statesman. She was astonished to learn that he was a Wall Street "bite" who manipulated Congress in the interest of a certain railroad. The obituary of the reputation of almost every man in the country can be found in New York. It is an encyclopedia of evil information.

Presently every place at the table was filled by men and women, momentarily distinguished for one reason or another. There were artists, dramatic critics, reformers, reporters and authors in various stages of successful literary composition, or decomposition. They represented the spirit, the mood of New York, not its power, nor its wisdom, nor its influence; but they were simply the producers of that peculiar New York rat-tat-tat noise that draws to the place so many of the ambitious poor and the poor ambitious who, like Sally, mistake it for the voice of the times. The voice of the times is a figure of speech. Nobody can distinguish it, positively, from the other voices at the time. After the present times has passed we get a phonograph record of it in books, and find out which was the real voice. But you couldn't expect a person like Sally to know this.

As the dinner progressed she had the sensation of having come into the glare of electric-light intelligences. Her own mind fluttered like a candle in a strong wind. The subjects discussed ranged easily, by world-movement oscillations, from one hemisphere to another, and in an astrological frenzy once or twice beyond the confines of the sphere itself—but never, of course, as far as Heaven. Heaven is an obsolete term among certain classes in New York—no geological proof of it, you know, and not the slightest biological intimation of such a thing as an angel!

Sally minced her bread and was divided between thankfulness that she was in a position to hear such illuminating conversation and embarrassment at her lack of ideas suitable for such currency. It is a difficulty often experienced in New York by strangers from the South, where the best and most influential minds are often made up before birth—like that of Mr. Henry Watterson, for example. Such a person may never find it out, rarely does, in fact; but he has not enough convictions and conclusions suitable to his own times to meet intelligently the opposition he feels to what is believed and said about him. This is why he nearly always seizes the tomahawk of his prejudice with which to deal a reply. The effect is only to make him a picturesque apostrophe, here and there, in the prevailing conversation.

In circles like the one our Sally had penetrated, even—which is by no means the best New York furnishes intellectually—the conversational contestants would have paused only long enough to regard him appreciatingly as if they had caught sight of a figure out of an 1845 romance, and would then have continued their contention by skipping his interjection. These people do not think well or wisely, but they think like a house afire. Therefore they do not waste time by combating the prenatal mind of the most brilliant Southerner. They simply set him up as a landmark of the past in the present, and go on with what they were saying. Some writers of that section have made fortunes in this way, without ever suspecting the real nature of their literary popularity. In fact, you cannot obstruct a point of view or an argument in New York by opposing your most honorable family or sectional prejudice, or even by quoting from the Scriptures. The only way is to insert a brand-new, barbed-wire reason for your opinion, and to sustain it with a fire-engine fury of quotations from Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Haeckel, and seven or eight modern sociological prophets who refuse to shed their prehistoric tails intellectually.

New York has more faith in this tail than it has in anything Moses ever said to the Israelites; and if any man or woman in it could develop a real caudal appendage, no longer, say, than a tadpole's, he would become the hero of the town. Public subscriptions would be taken to raise a facsimile monument to him.

But while Sally could not participate in the talk about her, it was marvelously stimulating, and she felt her faculties shouting to one another like enthusiastic constituents at a political rally. She saw the spaghetti-faced waiters whirling around the table, bottle in hand, replenishing every glass. She saw the hostess look in with a judgmatical eye, because the noise between a Jew, who understood the labor problems, and the bald-headed man, who understood Italian opera, had become a roar on the subject of architecture. The Jew was for plainer tops, while the other declared for even more Corinthian flutes and foliage. The wrangle died down somewhere during the salad course, and it was not till the dessert had been served that our heroine winged the crowd and shamed herself out of countenance. She had felt a touch of sympathy for a sad young man on her left, because of his silence and apparent detachment. She imagined him a stranger like herself. Suddenly, now, he turned, curved the fingers of one hand confidentially on the tablecloth beside her plate, fixed a pair of pale-gray eyes upon her, and remarked with the air of a man who was resuming a conversation they had had in some previous existence:

"One trouble with civilizations, all of them so far, is that they are built on a certain enormous ignorance of the history and nature of man, an ignorance that reaches from the crustacean period till now. We lost the anthropological facts in regard to our origin, imagined it some other way to suit our sentimental conceit, founded faith in gods and God on the fallacy. And now we've got to be undone and made over again, the whole self-consciousness of man, with this spiritual rhetoric left out. And it's bound to be painful—don't you think so?"

Embarrassed by Immortality

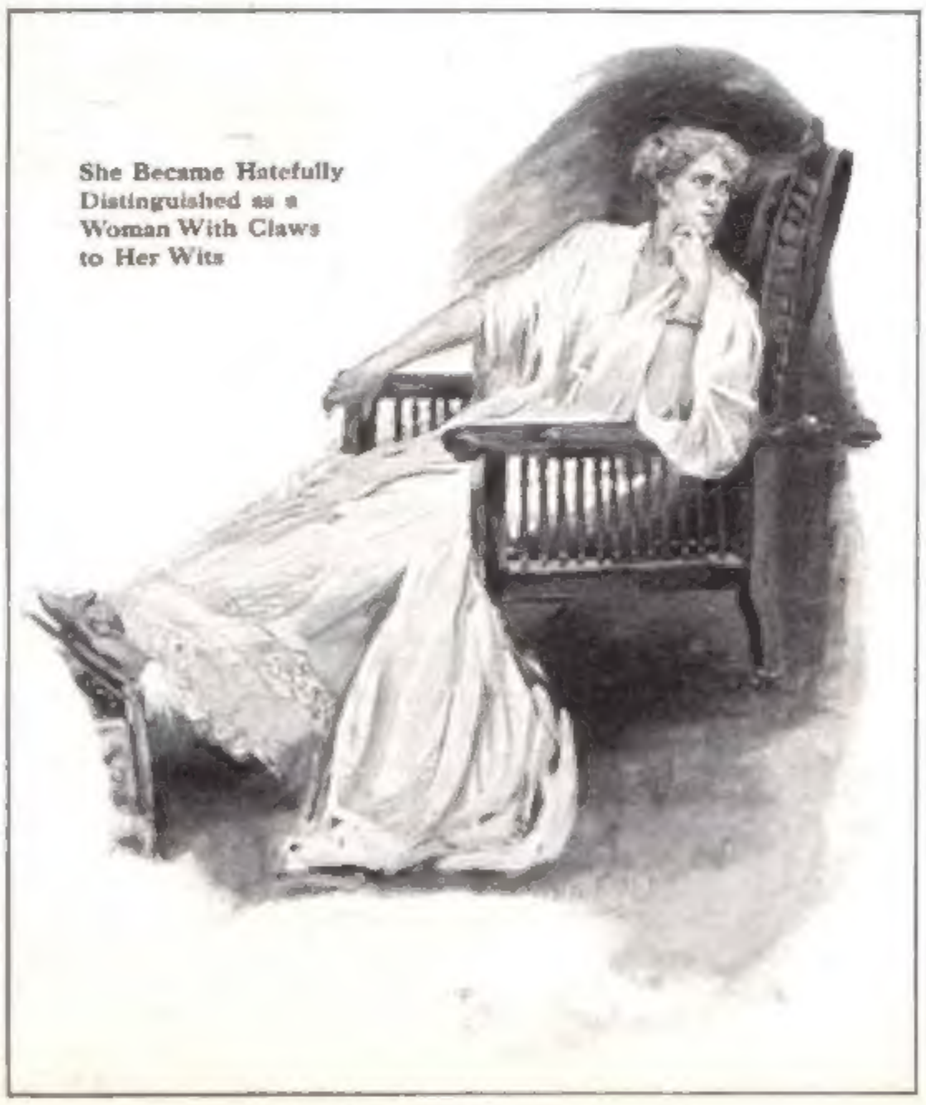
SALLY listened, covering him with the blue haze of her troubled eyes. Her brows wrinkled up and caricatured the noble simplicity of her face with a grotesque, puzzled expression. Then in her slow drawl she ventured naïvely:

"Are you referring to our faith in immortality?"

Her question seemed to jerk an ugly slouch hat over the eyes of the whole company and, for a moment, there was a shock, a kind of derisive silence, as if the Modern Devil—who is a far better informed person than Job or Milton knew—had entered and snickered across the table. About the worst blunder she could have made in such a company was to show a pop-eyed photograph of her own soul in a sentimental reference to immortality. This does not mean that your pseudo-intellectual New Yorker is prepared to deny his own hereafter. But the possibility of being immortal embarrasses him. It is simply the suspected skeleton in his closet, not yet confirmed by science, thank goodness!

This really explains the tendency of many popular ministers in New York to avoid the subject with apologetic sermons on the Scriptures, designed to expound them in a miracleless manner and to offer ethics instead of salvation. Sally was disconcerted when she realized her mistake, and hoped no one would ever discover that at home she was a Baptist who had experienced a "lively hope" of premonition of her "election" to eternal life.

You will have observed that the movement in this story is like that in Mr. Henry James' novels—all on the inside of the heroine and very little on the outside. So far we have got her to New York and nourished her once. But only Mr. James could give a properly-intricate account of what far distances she had traveled in the spirit, and how different she was from the simple, pragmatic Sally who had arrived but a few hours previously. She was



She Became Hatefully Distinguished as a Woman With Claws to Her Wits

destined never to get a really adequate impression of New York. Once you are hypnotized by the spirit of the place this is impossible. But she was already sensitized by it. The inherited insect nature of her mind was changing, and she was beginning to get what she had come for, "a sense of things." It was not the right sense, still it was sufficiently vivid if we may judge by her writings, which began almost at once to appear in odd corners of the press, like little lanterns in the dark.

Of these I shall have more to tell later. Now we must attend upon the year of her intellectual gestation when she thought she was assimilating New York. As a matter of fact, she was being more rapidly assimilated by it than is usually the fate of a simplified outsider.

No one person can take in a place like that. It is composed of too many tangents. Occasionally, of course, a man gets into it that cannot be assimilated, because he has no tangents at all—just a round-bodied man-power that is not destructible or consumable. These *Carnivora* inhabit the Street and the Exchanges. But Sally was none of these; she was only a pair of wings with a dot between, which she longed above everything to make "broad-minded." The sensation must be delightful and flattering, or so many people would not struggle to acquire it at such great expense to their other qualities. And the insect mind is capable of astounding pseudo-development, once it breaks the catechism chrysalis of its nativity.

In the first place, as I have said, she was moving in literary and artistic circles, which is equivalent to having a certain license to start with. Thus, while she had been brought up in the most temperate part of this country—in spite of the reputation it has on account of the bibulous excesses of a few of its males—she learned to "drink" socially at once. She was frightened the first time she saw the little glass standing at her plate with the invitation cherry in the bottom of it, and thought of the awful fate of Belshazzar. But, whatever else may be said, she came of game stock, and had not been bred to back down on account of fear from doing either right or wrong. Still, she drank gingerly, embarrassed lest some one might notice how awkwardly she did it. Immediately she felt the lift of her powers, and discovered herself more than the conversational equal of her companions—I have neglected to say that she became at once a great favorite with the Aladdinites. She was so utterly ignorant of all the things they knew that she presented the attraction to them of virgin soil, and they showed a diligence that was diabolical or philanthropic, according to your point of view, in sowing her mind down with their own seeds. In the course of it she also acquired the cigarette habit. This is the process by which you get, not into good society in New York, but into the spirit of the place. It is inebriating. All those who are in the thick of things there feel the need of stimulation, whether they get it or not.

It was in the latter part of this year that Jane Lee, an old schoolmate at home, received a letter from Sally advising her to get a divorce from Mr. Lee at once. Mr. Lee was a drunkard at times, and a poor provider all the time. His only unmortgaged property was an ever-increasing number of little Lees.

Sally wrote that in New York no intelligent, self-respecting woman would endure "such things." "Such" and "things" referred to Mr. Lee's habits and to the little Lees. She explained that Jane owed it to society to revolt against this treatment and thus set an example to other women suffering similar wrongs. Fortunately for Sally's reputation at home, Jane kept the contents of this letter to herself and, of course, went on bearing with Mr. Lee and the little Lees. When you are married in the South you do not divorce your husband for "such things." You may lose your temper, your good looks, your better hopes and everything else that is worth while to you personally, but you cling to the diphthong of yourself in marriage because—well, because, to women like Jane, marriage is as much a natural relation as maternity is. She would as soon have cast the youngest Lee baby into the fishpond as to desert poor Lee, who was not a responsible being and needed her as much as the baby did.

That might not be ethics, according to Sally, but it was something greater, older, more enduring. It was the fulfilling of the ancient law of sacrifice. Wherever the right order prevails you will find that some one has become the sacrifice, the propitiation for the weakness of some and for the helplessness of others. Usually in families like the Lees it is the little duodecimal woman who prays and fades and dies for the Sacred Order of the Family. But Sally had come into a place where there is some talk of making the babe a citizen and the mother a suffragist—all at the expense of the Government.

(Continued on Page 29)

A Funeral That Flashed in the Pan

Sad Days at Old Siwash—By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"Yes, a Fine Athlete—I Wish He Could Hear You Say That, Doctor"

HONEST, Bill, sometimes when I sit down in these sober, plug-away days—when we are kind to the poor dumb policeman and don't dare wear straw hats after the first of September—and think about the good old college times, I wonder how we ever had the nerve to imitate insanity the way we did. Here I am, rubbing noses with thirty, outgrowing my belts every year, and sitting eight hours at a desk without exploding. Am I the chap who climbed up sixty feet of waterspout a few short years ago and persuaded the clapper of the college bell to come down with me? Here you are all worn smooth on top and proprietor of an overflow meeting in the nursery. In about ten minutes you'll be tearing your coat-tails out of my hands because you have to go back home before the eldest kid asks for a story. Are you the loafer who spent all one night getting a profane parrot into the cold-air pipes of the college chapel? Maybe you think you are, but I don't believe it. If I were to tip this table over on you now you'd get mad and go home instead of handing me a volume of George Barr McCutcheon in the watch-pocket. You're not the good old lunatic you used to be, and neither am I.

Yes, times have changed. I don't feel as unfettered as I used to. There are a few things nowadays that I don't care to do. When I come home at night I take my shoes off and tiptoe to my room instead of standing outside and trying to persuade my landlady that the house is on fire. When I visit a friend in his apartments I do not, as a bit of repartee, throw all of his clothes out of the window while he is out of the room, and it has been a long time since I last hung a basket out of my window on Saturday night, expecting some early-rising friend to put a pocketful of breakfast in it as he came past from boarding-club. I am a slave to conventions and so are you, you slant-shouldered, hollow-chested, four-eyed, flabby-spirited pill-roller, you! The city makes more mummies out of live ones than old Rameses ever did out of his obituary crop.

And yet it's no time at all since you and I were back at Siwash College, making a dear playmate out of trouble from morning till night. I wonder what it is in college that makes a fellow want to stick his finger into conventions and customs and manners, to say nothing of the revised statutes, and stir the whole mess 'round and 'round! When you're in college, college life seems big and all the rest of the world so small that what you want to do as a student seems to be the only important thing in life—no matter if what you want to do is only to put a free-lunch sign over the First Methodist Church. What does the college student care for the U. S. A., the planet or the solar system? Why, at Siwash, I remember the biggest man in the world was Ole Skjarsen. Next to him was Coach Bost, then Rogers, captain of the football team, and then Jensen, the quarter. After him came Frankling, of the Alfalfa Delts, whose father shopped and bought railroads instead of gloves; then came Prexy, and after him the President of the United States and a few scattered celebrities, tailing down to the Mayor of Jonesville and its leading citizens—mere nobodies.

That's how important the outside world seemed to us. Is it any wonder that when we wanted to go downtown in pajamas and plug hats we paddled right along? Or that when we wanted to steal a couple of actors and tie them in a barn, while two of us took their places, we did not hesitate to do so? We felt perfectly free to do just what we pleased. The college understood us, and what the world thought never entered our heads.

Those were certainly nightmarish times for the Faculty of a small but husky college filled with live wires who specialized in applied mischief. It beats all what peculiar things college students can do and not think anything of it at all; and it's funny how closely wisdom and blame foolishness seem to be related. I remember after I had spent two hours putting my Polykon down on a concrete foundation so that I could recite John Stuart Mill by the ream, it seemed as if I couldn't live half an hour longer without a certain kind of pie that was kept in captivity a mile away downtown at a lunch-counter. And, moreover, I couldn't eat that pie alone. A college student doesn't know how to masticate without an assistant or two. When I think of the hours and hours I have spent traveling around at midnight and battering on the doors of perfectly respectable houses, trying to drag some student out and take him a mile or two away downtown after pie, I am struck with awe. When I came to this town I walked two days for a job and then sat around with my feet on a sofa cushion for three days. I'll bet I've walked twice as far hunting up some devoted friend to help me go downtown and eat a piece of pie. And that pie seemed three times as important as the easy lessons for beginners in running the earth that I had been absorbing all the evening.

You needn't grin, Bill. You were just as bad. I remember you were the biggest math. shark in college.

You could do calculus problems that took all the English letters from A to Z and then slopped over into the Greek alphabet; and everybody predicted that you would be a great man if anybody ever found any use for calculus. And yet the chief ambition of your life was to find a way of tampering with the college clock so that it would run twice as fast as its schedule. You used to sit around and figure all evening over it and declare that if you could only do it once and watch the Profs. letting out classes early and going home to supper at one P. M. you would consider your life well spent. Sounds fiddling now, doesn't it? But I admired you for it then. I really looked up to you, Bill, as a man with a firm, fixed purpose, while I was just a trifler who would be satisfied to steal the hands of the clock or jolly it into striking two hundred times in a row.

There was Rearick, for instance. He was the smartest man in our class. Took scholarship prizes as carelessly as a policeman takes peanuts from a Dago stand. Since then he's gone up so fast that every time I see him I insult him by congratulating him on getting the place he's just been promoted from. But what was Rearick's hobby at Siwash? Stealing hatpins. He had four hundred hatpins when he graduated, and he never could see anything wrong in it. Guess he's got them yet. Perkins is in Congress already. He out-debated the whole Northwest and wrote pieces on subjects so heavy that you could break up coal with them. But I never saw him so earnest in debate as he was the night he got old Bill Morrison drunk and drove his hack for him all evening. He told me he had driven every hack in town but Bill's, and that Bill had baffled him for two years. It cost him four dollars to turn the trick, but he was happier after it than he was when he won the Siwash-Muggledorfer debate. Said he was ready to graduate now—college held nothing further for him. Perkins' brains weren't addled, because he has been working them double shift ever since. He just had the college microbe, that's all. It gets into your gray matter and makes you enjoy things turned inside out. You remember "Prince" Hogboom's funeral, don't you?

What year was it? Why, ninety-ump-teen. What? That's right, you got out the year before. I remember they held your diploma until you paid for the library cornerstone that your class stole and cut up into paperweights. Well, by not staying the next year you missed the most unsuccessful funeral that was ever held in the history of Siwash or anywhere else. It was one of the very few funerals on record in which the corpse succeeded in licking the mourners. I've got a small scar from it now. You may think you're going home to that valuable baby of yours, but you are not. You'll hear me out. I haven't talked with a Siwash man for a month, and all of these Hale and Jahard and Stencilmania fellows give me an ashy taste in my mouth when I talk with them. It's about as much fun talking college days with a fellow from another school as it is to talk ranching with a New England old maid; and when I get hold of a Siwash man you can bet I hang on to him as long as my clutch will work. You just sit right there and start another Wheeling conflagration while I tell you how we killed Hogboom to make a Siwash holiday.

I helped kill him myself. It was my first murder. It was an awful thing to do, but we were desperate men. It was spring—in May—and not one of us had a cut left. You know how unimportant your cuts are in the fall when you know that you can skip classes ten times that year without getting called up on the green carpet and gimleted into a sieve by the Faculty. Ten cuts seem an awful lot when you begin. You throw 'em away for anything. You cut class to go downtown and buy a cigarette. You cut a class to see a dog fight. I've even known a fellow to cut a class in the fall because he had to go back to the room and put on a clean collar. But, oh, how different it is in May, when you haven't a cut left to your name and the Faculty has been holding meetings on you, anyway; when classroom is a jail and the campus just outside the window is a paradise, green and sunshiny and fanned by warm breezes—excuse these poetries. And you can sit in your class in Evidences of Christianity—of which you knew as much as a Chinese laundryman does of force-feed lubrication—and look out of the window and see your best girl sitting on the grass with some smug oyster who has saved up his cuts. How I used to hate these chaps who saved up their cuts till spring and then took my girl out walking while I went to classes! Is there anything more maddening, I'd like to know, than to sit before a big, low window trying to follow a psychology recitation closely enough to get up when called on, and at the same time watch five girls, with all of whom you are dead in love, strolling slowly off into the bright distance with five job-lot male beings who are dull and uninteresting and just cold-blooded enough to save their cuts until the springtime? If there is I've never had it.

In this spring of umpty-steen it seemed as if only one ambition in the world was worth achieving—that was to get out of classes. Most of us had used up our cuts long ago. The Faculty is never any too patient in the spring, anyhow, and a lot of us were on the ragged edge. I remember feeling very confidently that if I went up before that brain trust in the Faculty room once more and tried to explain how it was that I was giving absent treatment to my beloved studies, said Faculty would take the college away from me and wouldn't let me play with it never no more. And that's an awful distressing fear to hang over a man who loves and enjoys everything connected with a college except the few trifling recitations which take up his time and interfere with his plans. It hung over five of us who were trying to plan some way of going over to Hambletonian College to see our baseball team wear deep paths around their diamond. We were certain to win, and as the Hambletonians hadn't found this out there was a legitimate profit to be made from our knowledge—profit we yearned for and needed frightfully. I wonder if these Wall street financiers and Western railroad men really think they know anything about hard times? Why, I've known times to be so hard in May that three men would pool all their available funds and then toss up to see which one of them would eat the piece of pie the total sum bought. I've known Seniors to begin selling their personal effects in April—a pair of shoes for a dime, a dress suit for five dollars—and to go home in June with a trunk full of flags and dance programs and nothing else. I've known students to buy velveteen pants in the spring and go around with big slouch hats and very long hair—not because they were really artistic and Bohemian, but because it was easier to buy the trousers and have them charged than it was to find a quarter for a haircut.

That's how busted live college students with unappreciative dads can get in the spring. That's how busted we were; and there was Hambletonian, twenty miles away, full of money and misguided faith in their team. If we could scrape up a little cash we could ride over on our bicycles and transfer the financial stringency to the other college with no trouble at all. But it was a midweek game and not one of us had a cut left. That was why we murdered Hogboom.

It happened one evening when we were sitting on the front porch of the Eta Bita Pi house. That was the least expensive thing we could do. We had been discussing girls and baseball and spring suits, and the comparative excellence of the wheat cakes at the Union Lunch Counter and Jim's place. But whatever we talked about ran into money in the end and we had to change the subject. There's mighty little a poor man can talk about in spring in college, I can tell you. We discussed around for an hour or two, bumping into the dollar mark in every direction, and finally got so depressed that we shut up and sat around with our heads in our hands. That seemed to be about the only thing to do that didn't require money.

"We'll have to do something desperate to get to that game," said Hogboom at last. Hogboom was a Senior. He ranked "sublime" in football, "excellent" in baseball, "good" in mandolin, "fair" in dancing, and from there down in Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

"Intelligent boy," said Bunk Bailey pleasantly; "tell us what it must be. Desperate things done to order, day or night, with care and thoroughness. Trot out your desperate thing and get me an axe. I'll do it."

"Well," said Hogboom, "I don't know but it seems to me that if one of us was to die maybe the Faculty would take a day off and we could go over to Hambletonian without getting cuts."

"Fine scheme; get me a gun, Hogboom." "Do you prefer drowning or lynching?" "Kill him quick, somebody." "Look pleasant, please, while the operator is working." "What do you charge for dying?" Oh, we guyed him good and plenty, which is a way they have at old Harvard and middle-aged Siwash and Infant South Dakota University and wherever two students are gathered together anywhere in the U. S. A.

Hogboom only grinned. "Prattle away all you please," he said, "but I mean it. I've got magnificent facilities for dying just now. I'll consider a proposition to die for the benefit of the cause if you fellows will agree to keep me in cigarettes and pie while I'm dead."

"Done," says I, "and in embalming fluid, too. But just demonstrate this theorem, Hoggy, old boy. How extensively are you going to die?"

"Just enough to get a holiday," said Hogboom. "You see, I happen to have a chum in the telegraph office in Weeping Water, where I live. Now if I were to go home to spend Sunday and you fellows were to receive a telegram that I had been kicked to death by an automobile, would you have sense enough to show it to Prexy?"

"We would," we remarked, beginning to get intelligent.

"And, after he had confirmed the sad news by telegram, would you have sense enough left to suggest that college dismiss on Tuesday and hold a memorial meeting?"

"We would," we chuckled.

"And would you have foresight enough to suggest that it be held in the morning so that you could rush away to Weeping Water in the afternoon to attend the funeral?"

"Yes, indeed," we said, so mildly that the cop two blocks away strolled down to see what was up.

"And then would you be diplomatic enough to produce a telegram saying that the report was false, just too late to start the afternoon classes?"

"You bet!" we whooped, pounding Hogboom with great joy. Then we sat down as unconcernedly as if we were planning to go to the vaudeville the next afternoon and arranged the details of Hogboom's assassination. As I was remarking, positively nothing looks serious to a college boy until after he has done it.

That was on Friday night. On Saturday we killed Hogboom. That is, he killed himself. He got permission to go home over Sunday and retired to an upper back room in our house, very unostentatiously. He had already written to his operator chum, who had attended college just long enough to take away his respect for death, the integrity of the telegraph service and practically everything else. The result was that at nine o'clock that evening a messenger boy rang our bell and handed in a telegram. It was brief and terrible. Wilbur Hogboom had been submerged in the Weeping Water River while trying to abduct a catfish from his happy home and had only just been hauled out entirely extinct.

It was an awful shock to us. We had expected him to be shot. We read it solemnly and then tiptoed up to Hogboom with it. He turned pale when he saw the yellow slip.

"What is it?" he asked hurriedly. "How did it happen?"

"You were drowned, Hoggy, old boy," Wilkins said. "Drowned in your little old Weeping Water River. They have got you now and you're all damp and drippy, and your best girl is having one hysteric after another. Don't you think you ought to throw that cigarette away and show some respect to yourself? We've all quit playing cards and are going to bed early in your honor."

"Well, I'm not," said Hogboom. "It's the first time I have ever been dead, and I'm going to stay up all night and see how I feel. Another thing, I'm going down and telephone the news to Prexy myself. I've had nothing but hard words out of him all my college course, and if he can't think up something nice to say on an occasion like this I'm going to give him up."

Hogboom called up Prexy and in a shaking voice read him the telegram. We sat around, choking each other to preserve the peace, and listened to the following cross section of a dialogue—telephone talk is so interesting when you just get one hemisphere of it.

"Hello! That you, Doctor? This is the Eta Bita Pi House. I've some very sad news to tell you. Hogboom was drowned today in the Weeping Water River. We've just had a telegram—Yes, quite dead—No chance of a mistake, I'm afraid—Yes, they recovered him—We're all broken up—Oh, yes, he was a fine fellow—We loved him deeply—I'm glad you thought so much of him—He was always so frank in his admiration of you—Yes, he was honorable—Yes, and brilliant, too—Of course, we valued him for his good fellowship, but, as you say, he was also an earnest boy—It's awful—Yes, a fine athlete—I wish he could hear you say that, Doctor—No, I'm afraid we can't fill his place—Yes, it is a loss to the college—I guess you just address telegram to his folks at Weeping Water—That's how we're sending ours—Good-night—Yes, a fine fellow—Good-night."

Hogboom hung up the 'phone and went upstairs, where he lay for an hour or two with his face full of pillows. The rest of us weren't so gay. We could see the humor of the thing all right, but the awful fact that we were murderers was beginning to hang over our heads. It was easy enough to kill Hogboom, but now that he was dead the future looked tolerably complicated. Suppose something happened? Suppose he didn't stay dead? There's no peace for a murderer, anyway. We didn't sleep much that night.

The next day it was worse. We sat around and entertained callers all day. Half a hundred students called and brought enough woe to fit out a Democratic headquarters on Presidential election night. They all had something nice to say of Hoggy. We sat around and mourned and gloomed and agreed with them until we were ready to yell with disgust.

Hogboom was the most disgracefully lively corpse I ever saw. He insisted on sitting at the head of the stairs where he could hear every good word that was said of him, and the things he demanded of us during the day would have driven a stone saint to crime. Four times we went downtown for pie; three times for cigarettes; once for all the Sunday newspapers, and once for ice cream. As I told you, it was May, the time of the year when street-car fare is a problem of financial magnitude. We had to borrow money from the cook before night. Hoggy had us helpless, and he was taking a mean and contemptible advantage of the fact that he was a corpse. Half a dozen times we were on the verge of letting him come to life. It would have served him right.

Old Siwash was just naturally submerged in sorrow when Monday morning came. The campus dripped with sadness. The Faculty oozed regret at every pore. We loyal friends of Hogboom were looked on as the chief

mourners and it was up to us to fill the part. We did our best. We talked with the soft pedal on. We went without cigarettes. We wiped our eyes whenever we got an audience. Time after time we told the sad story and exhibited the telegram. By noon more particulars began to come in. Prexy got an answer to his telegram of condolence. The funeral, the telegram said, would be on Tuesday afternoon. There was great and universal grief in Weeping Water, where Hogboom had been held in reverent esteem. Hoggy's chum in the telegraph office simply laid himself out on that telegram. Prexy read it to me himself and wiped his eyes while he did it. He was a nice, sympathetic man, Prexy was, when he wasn't discussing cuts or scholarship.

Getting the memorial meeting was so easy we hated to take it. The Faculty met to pass resolutions Monday afternoon, and when our delegation arrived they treated us like brothers. It was just like entering the camp of the enemy under a flag of truce. Many a time I've gone in on that same carpet, but never with such a feeling of holy calm. "They would, of course, hold the memorial meeting," said Prexy. They had in fact decided on this already. They would, of course, dismiss college all day. It was, perhaps, best to hold the memorial in the morning if so many of us were going out to Weeping Water. It was nice so many of us could go. Prexy was going. So was the mathematics professor, old "Ichthyosaurus" James, a very fine old ruin; whom Hogboom hated with a frenzy worthy of a better cause, but who, it seemed, had worked up a great regard for Hogboom through having him for three years in the same trigonometry class.

We went out of Faculty meeting men and equals with the professors. They walked down to the corner with us, I remember, and I talked with Cander, the Polykon professor, who had always seemed to me to be the embodiment of Comanche cruelty and cunning. We talked of Hogboom all the way to the corner. Wonderful how deeply the Faculty loved the boy; and with what Spartan firmness they had concealed all indications of it through his career!

When Monday night came we began to breathe more easily. Of course there was some kind of a deluge coming when Hogboom appeared, but that was his affair. We didn't propose to monkey with the resurrection at all. He could do his own explaining. To tell the truth, we were pretty sore at Hogboom. He was making a regular Roman holiday out of his demise. It kept four men busy running errands for him. We had to retail him every compliment that we had heard during the day, especially if it came from the Faculty. We had to describe in detail the effect of the news upon six or seven girls, for all of whom Hogboom had a tender regard. He insisted upon arranging the funeral and vetoed our plans as fast as we made them. He was as domineering and ugly as if he was the only man who had ever met a tragic end. He acted as if he had a monopoly. We hated him cordially by Monday night, but we were helpless. Hoggy claimed that being dead was a nerve-wearing and exhausting business, and that if he didn't get the respect due to him as a corpse he would put on his plug hat and a plush curtain and walk up the main street of Jonesville. And as he was a football man and a blamed fool combined we didn't see any way of preventing him.

However, everything looked promising. We had made all the necessary arrangements. The students were to meet in chapel at nine o'clock in the morning and eulogize Hogboom for an hour, after which college was to be dismissed for the day in order that unlimited mourning could be indulged in. There were to be speeches by the Faculty and by students. Maxwell, the human textbook, was to make the address for the Senior class. We chuckled when we thought how he was toiling over it. Noddy Pierce, of our crowd, was to talk about Hogboom as a brother; Rogers, of the football team, was to make a few grief-saturated remarks. So was Perkins. Every one was confidently expecting Perkins to make the effort of his life and swamp the chapel in sobdrops. He was in the secret and he afterward said that he would rather try to write a Shaksperean tragedy offhand than to write another funeral oration about a man whom he knew was at that moment sitting in a pair of pajamas in an upper room half a mile away and yelling for pie.

As a matter of fact, there were so many in the secret that we were dead afraid that it would explode. We had to put the baseball team on so that they would be prepared to go over to Hambletonian at noon. The game had been called off, of course, and Hambletonian had been telegraphed. But I was secretary of the Athletic Club and had done the telegraphing. So I addressed the telegram to my aunt in New Jersey. It puzzled the dear old lady for months, I guess, because she kept writing to me about it. We had to tell all the fellows in the frat house and every one of the conspirators let in a friend or two. There were about fifty students who weren't as soggy with grief as they should have been by Monday night.

I blame Hogboom entirely for what happened. He started it when he insisted that he be smuggled into the chapel to hear his own funeral orations. We argued half the Monday night with him, but it was no use. He simply demanded it. If all dead men are as disagreeable as Hogboom was, no undertaker's job for me. He was the limit. He put on a blue bathrobe and got as far as the door on his promenade downtown before we gave in and promised to do anything he wanted. We had to break into the chapel and stow him away in a little grilled alcove in the attic on the side of the auditorium where he could hear everything. Sounds uncomfortable, but don't imagine it was. That nervy slavedriver made us lug over two dozen sofa pillows, a rug or two, a bottle of moisture and three pies to while away the time with. That was where we first began to think of revenge. We got it, too—only we got it the way Samson did when he jerked the columns out from under the roof and furnished the material for a general funeral, with himself in the leading rôle.

By the time we got Hogboom planted in his luxurious nest, about three A. M., we were ready to do anything. Some of us were for giving the whole snap away, but Pierce and Perkins and Rogers objected. They wanted to deliver their speeches at the meeting. If we would leave it to them, they said, they would see that justice was ladled out.

The whole college and most of the town were at the memorial meeting. It was a grand and tear-spangled occasion. There were three grades of emotion plainly visible. There was the resigned and almost pleased expression of the students who weren't in on the deal and who saw a vacation looming up for that afternoon; the grieved and sympathetic sorrow of the Faculty who were attempting to mourn for what they had always called a general school nuisance; and there was the phenomenally solemn woe of the conspirators, who were spreading it on good and thick.

The Faculty spoke first. Beats all how much of a hypocrite a good man can be when he feels it to be his duty. There was Bates, the Latin prof. He had struggled with Hogboom three years and had often expressed the firm opinion that, if Hoggy were removed from this world by a masterpiece of justice of some sort, the general tone of civilization would go up fifty per cent. Yet Bates got up that morning and cried—yes, sir, actually cried. Cried into a large pocket handkerchief that wasn't watertight, either. That's more than Hoggy would ever have done for him. And Prexy was so sympathetic and spoke so beautifully of young soldiers getting drawn aside by Fate on their way to the battle, and all that sort of thing, that you would have thought he had spent the last three years loving Hogboom—whereas he had spent most of the time trying to get some good excuse for rooting him out of school. You know how Faculties always dislike a good football player. I think, myself, they are jealous of his fame.

Maxwell made a telling address for the Senior class. He and Hoggy had always disagreed, but it was all over now; and the way he laid it on was simply wonderful. I thought of Hoggy up there behind the grilling, swelling with pride and satisfaction as Maxwell told how brave, how tender, how affectionate and how honorable he was, and I wished I was dead, too. Being dead with a string to it is one of the finest things that can happen to a man if he can just hang around and listen to people.

Pierce got up. He was the college silver-tongue, and we settled back to listen to him. Previous speakers had made Hoggy out about as fine as Sir Philip Sidney, but they were amateurs. Here was where Hoggy went up beside A. Lincoln and Alexander if Pierce was anywhere near himself.

There is no denying that Pierce started out magnificently. But pretty soon I began to have an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. He was eloquent enough, but it seemed to me that he was handling the deceased a little too strenuously. You know how you can damn a man in nine ways and then pull all the stingers out with a "but" at the end of it. That was what Pierce was doing. "What if Hogboom was, in a way, fond of his ease?" he thundered. "What if the spirit of good fellowship linked arms with him when lessons were waiting, and led him to the pool hall? He may have been dilatory in his college duties; he may have wasted his allowance on pool and billiards instead of in missionary contributions. He may have owed money—yes, a lot of money. He may, indeed, have been a little selfish—which one of us isn't? He may have frittered away time for which his parents were spending the fruit of their early toil—but youth, friends, is a golden age when life runs riot, and he is only half a man who stops to think of petty prudence."

That was all very well to say about Rameses or Julius Cæsar or some other deceased who is pretty well seasoned, but I'll tell you it made the college gasp, coming when it did. It sounded sacrilegious and to me it sounded as if some one who was noted as an orator was going to get thumped by the late Mr. Hogboom about the next day. I perspired a lot from nervousness as Pierce rumbled on, first praising the departed and then landing on him with both oratorical feet. When he finally sat down and mopped

It Took Seven of Us to Prevent Him From Reducing Perkins to a Paste and Frescoing Him All Over the Chapel Walls

(Continued on Page 24)

THE TARIFF STOCKING

Gifts for Good Boys From the Congress

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SEVERAL painstaking investigators have discovered that the cost of living has increased fifty-six per cent in the past ten years. While this discovery is significant it is in nowise startling. Most of the Great American Public are surprised the investigators did not discover that the cost of living has increased a hundred per cent, and some hotly contend it has increased two hundred per cent. A mere increase of fifty-six per cent may be statistically apparent, but the other percentages of increase are financially apparent to all those who are required to buy a few things on Saturday night for the coming week.

Apparently, the investigators who put this fifty-six-per-cent doctrine out were working under a strong pull. They did not want to be as calamitous as they could. However, an increase of fifty-six per cent in ten years, when, as is almost universally the case, there has been no proportionate increase in wages, is a matter for serious discussion. The gentlemen who comprise Congress, having had their wages raised fifty per cent in the ten years figured on, are not so much concerned, individually, inasmuch as almost any statesman can rustle that extra six per cent and thus break even. Still, they are hearing from their constituents on the subject, and it is my pleasure, as it is my duty, to report that the Cannon Cohorts of the House and the Aldrich Academists of the Senate are busily preparing to point with pride to the Tariff Law, as passed by the special session of the Congress now convened again, as a remedy for this painful state of affairs.

It is the sturdy contention of the patriots who passed this bill and secured the signature of President Taft for it that, as soon as it has had an opportunity to get to working smoothly, as soon as the administrative features are digested and in full operation, the People, as a whole, will find that a great boon has been conferred on them, and that any pother about the increased cost of living is merely the fulmination of malcontents, and not to be blamed on the statesmen who talked ten million words while framing this legislation.

There was considerable explanation required when the legislators were enjoying their vacations; but, necessarily, it was individual, as, indeed, it was sporadic. Now that Congress is in session, and the men who made the law have had an opportunity to confer, the country is to be calmed by a logical and convincing presentation of the real facts—to be shown that complaint is ill considered.

No Tax on Palmleaf Fans

IT IS to be pointed out to the man who pays anywhere from fifty to three hundred per cent more than he did ten years ago for the food he puts on his table, the clothes he puts on his back, the shoes he puts on his feet, that the statesmen who framed the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Law took ample cognizance of this situation and provided a remedy in that law. It may be there were advances in the woolen schedule and in the schedules bearing on other necessaries of life, but, it will be announced, these were matters of policy—Protective Policy—and in no way subversive of the best interests of the manufacturers. It will be stated that the making of a tariff is a complicated matter, and that a complicated matter always is attended by complications. In this instance the complications relate solely to the ultimate consumer, which is a condition that is always found when the Policy of Protection is maintained.

However, these points will be touched upon lightly. It is not the intention of the gentlemen who framed, and who will soon defend, the Tariff Law to pay more than passing attention to the schedules of the law, *per se*. For a justification of the measure, for a complete and sweeping defense of the measure, for an absolute rejoinder to the aspersions that have been cast on them, for an ample replication to all criticism they will elaborate on the great benefits to the common people contained in the free list. It may be, they will say, the tariff has been raised on various commodities that enter more or less into the economy of the lives of our citizens, to the consequent increase of price to the consumer. It may be they will admit the cost of living has increased, and various articles manufactured in this country are amply protected against pauper labor abroad, thereby making some of our people paupers who attempt to buy them; but that is a part of the general scheme and necessary in the development of the Aldrich and Cannon kind of a tariff.

Passing over these captious criticisms, and paying no attention to the man who inquires why his socks cost more than they did in 1900, they have taken their stand on the free list where, absolutely free of duty, to be imported by any person without tax or impost of any kind, there are various articles that will conduce to the fuller enjoyment of life by our people, who, in the happiness of these beneficences, should forget such slight increases as may have been noted in food, clothes and other similar items of minor importance.

Take the item of clothing, generally worn by our people, except in some portions of our colonial possessions. Bolting

cloth, of silk, is admitted absolutely free. To be sure, there is a slight restriction that it shall be imported for milling purposes and shall be permanently marked, but those are details. Any person can make a serviceable garment out of bolting cloth, and, by sending abroad for it and having it delivered at his house, need not bother with the customs.

Then, again, a fine appreciation of the needs of the people is evidenced by the placing of fans on the free list. With that true spirit of the founders of the Republic, who scorned all ostentation of wealth and vulgar display, the fans that can be imported free are limited to common, plain, palmleaf fans, but, it is held, these are good enough for anybody and much needed in our tropical summers. In exact line with this policy is the admission of undressed furs and needles, hand-sewing and darning. If desired undressed furs can be imported absolutely free of duty and, as can be seen, sewed by needles, imported free, into neat and tasteful garments. Then, if these prove too warm in the summertime, there is always a free fan to be had to be used for cooling purposes. Also, with rare insight into the needs of the people, whalebone is admitted free, thus enabling the housewife to impart a certain chic appearance to her garments of undressed fur.

A Perfect Tapioca

THIS is but a slight portion of the real benefits conferred. Take the subject of foods, most essential, as it happens. Here the genius of the tariff makers shone. Ample foods for all purposes are on the free list. If your grocer seeks to impose advanced prices on you, all you have to do is to import, free of duty, any of the various items on the free list, and laugh him to scorn. A tasty and substantial meal is provided for, or, indeed, a variety of tasty and substantial meals. For example, curry powder is admitted free, and shrimps. What is more appetizing than a nice dish of curried shrimps? If you are a nuttatarian you can import several kinds of nuts without impost, and, also, dried and powdered acorns, which are very nourishing, to any extent. Suppose you have a taste for Rickeys. Lime juice comes in free, as does lemon juice, so that lemonade will be within the reach of all, and orange juice. In our best circles orange juice is frequently taken for breakfast instead of the whole fruit itself, the tariff on the fruit having been raised to a considerable degree. But this is not all. There is no tariff on tapioca or turtles. Tapioca pudding is an old favorite with many Americans, and turtle soup ranks high as a luxury. Probably some ingenious housewife will invent a tapioca turtle, to the great enjoyment of her family. If you like a cocktail before dinner you will be cheered to know that the lemon peel that you twist over it comes in absolutely free and, also, the orange peel that you use in a Bronx. Unground spices are not taxed, which helps some if you have a grinder, and, as a concession to the taste of many of our people, there is no tariff on bologna sausage.

The gentlemen in Congress who are to make this statement have prepared a few sample free-list menus, of which this is one:

Turtle Soup

Curry of Shrimps — Bologna Sausage

Tapioca

Lemonade — Orange Juice

Nuts

Every ingredient of that nutritious meal can be imported free of duty by any person who desires. The Government has placed no tax on those nourishing articles of food. Why worry about the increase in the price of beef and pork and flour and other comestibles? It is a senseless scare.

But this is not all. Reaching out into the life of the people, with a wide grasp of the real situation, the tariff framers have provided for the free import of many articles used in their avocations.

Suppose you need a lifeboat? You can import one without paying a cent of duty. Lifeboats are always

handy about the house. One placed on the lawn and filled with growing flowers imparts a pleasant flori-nautical touch. Likewise, you can import fence posts free, so there will be no expense, except the initial cost of the posts and the freight, for fencing in the lawn where the lifeboat stands. More than that, if you feel the need of a skeleton, or some natural and unmanufactured teeth, you can bring them over free. Teeth are always useful, and a skeleton hanging in the parlor imparts a classy touch to the ensemble. Many of our best families have their private skeletons.

But, to progress, you can get in all the asafetida you want for nothing; also, balm of Gilead, stuffed birds—another pleasing decoration for the parlor—broken bells, if you like your bells broken, beeswax, and old bones not in skeleton form. Rags are free and some kinds of hair, illustrating the wide poetical knowledge of Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, who insisted on these articles being free to the American people, he, at the moment of making the list, recalling Kipling's immortal line, "A rag, a bone and a hank of hair," and being a Mormon himself.

If you need any unmanufactured lava you can get and manufacture it to suit yourself. You can make fine walks out of unmanufactured lava. Also, it is good for paper weights, if the chunks are not too large. Old brass is free for hammering purposes, hones, whetstones, and hoofs and horns. Almost any man who is handy about the house, by importing a few hoofs, a few horns and some of the undressed skins referred to above, can make a nice ornament for his den, especially as pulu is free, and pulu is stuffing for mattresses, and chairs, and animals and such.

The tariff makers will point out that they have gone much further than this in providing for the wants of the American people in their Tariff Law. You can get dried blood and dragon's blood in free, and, more than that, you are at liberty to import as many leeches and as much divi-divi as you like. There is no tariff on spunk, not a cent. Go to it! If you need a joss stick for your place, you can bring it in without bothering with middlemen. Also indigo, ipecac, iodine and iridium. They couldn't do much better than that, could they?

Ever watchful of the health of the people, the tariff makers took a terrible hack at the Drug Trust by making the ingredients of many of our medicines free. You can get aconite by the barrel without cost, and almost any acid, if you need acids in the house. If you want to dye something the range is wide. There is annatto, roucou, cudbear, myrobolans and valonia—a good choice, I should say.

This is not all. Suppose you have need for some xylidin, or some xylol, or some dimethylanilin, or some diamidostilbendisulfoacid, or some zaffer, or a little binitrochlorbenzol, or a few fancy fossils, or some chalk, or a pinch of civet, or cuttlefish bone for the canary, or a pint or two of gambier—perhaps you need a goldbeater's skin, or some kindling wood—now, say, there is something used in every family—think of that!—kindling wood free of duty—or want to buy a few manuscripts, or nux vomica or oakum. Well, you can import any of those useful articles with no more trouble to yourself than the mere buying them and getting them shipped to you, and not a cent of duty to pay, not a cent.

Is there anybody you want to poison? Arsenic is free as the air you breathe, so far as duty is concerned. So are shotgun barrels, sheepdip and silkworm eggs. There is brains in that classification. You can chase the sheep into the dip with the shotgun and, also, scare the silkworms off the eggs with the same utensil.

Important as are these concessions to the actual needs of the ultimate consumer, there is another portion of the free list that, the tariff makers say, will, as soon as it is explained, challenge the admiration of the entire nation. Realizing fully that the scarcity of money in various sections of the country has accentuated the complaint because of the increased cost of living, the tariff makers have provided an easy and natural remedy. They feel that any criticism, however pointed, there may be of other features of the bill must be silenced by the work they have done in this connection. Fully alive to the necessities of the people, and while deprecating the somewhat insistent demand of the consumers that they should be shown where they profit, they have reserved this greatest and most important argument and gift to the last.

Let it be supposed that a scarcity of money does interfere with the purchase of necessities; let us admit, for the purpose of presenting the matter more forcibly, that the

(Concluded on Page 24)

THE BEST POLICY

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Potash & Perlmutter Have a Fire

I

"WE WOULD be spending money foolishly, Mawruss," Abe Potash said to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, as they sat in the salesroom of their new place of business. "In the first place, we got it already twenty thousand dollars' insurance, and in the second place, the building is fireproof."

"Is that so?" Morris replied. "Well, Pinkel Brothers' building where they got it a loft is fireproof, and they got it also oitermatic sprinklers, Abe, and they somehow get burned out anyhow."

"You couldn't prove to me nothing by Pinkel Brothers, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "Them people has got already a hundred operators and we ain't got one, Mawruss, and every operator smokes yet a cigarettel, and you know what them cigarettels is, Mawruss. They practically smokes themselves. So, if an operator throws one of them cigarettels in a bin from clippings, Mawruss, that cigarettel would burn up them clippings certain sure. For my part, I wouldn't have a cigarettel in the place; and so, Mawruss, we wouldn't have no fire, neither."

"I know, Abe," Morris protested; "but the loft upstairs is vacant and the loft downstairs is vacant, and everybody ain't so grouchy about cigarettels like you are, Abe. Might one of them lofts would be taken by a feller what is already a cigarettel fiend, Abe. And fires can start by other causes, too; and then where would we be with our twenty thousand insurance and all them piece goods what we got it?"

"But the building is fireproof, Mawruss."

"Sure I know," Morris replied; "fireproof buildings is like them gilt-edge, A Number One concerns what you sell goods to for ten years, maybe, and then all of a sudden when you don't expect it one of 'em busts up on you. And that's the way it is with fireproof buildings, Abe. They're fireproof so long as nobody has a fire in 'em."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and lit a fresh cigar.

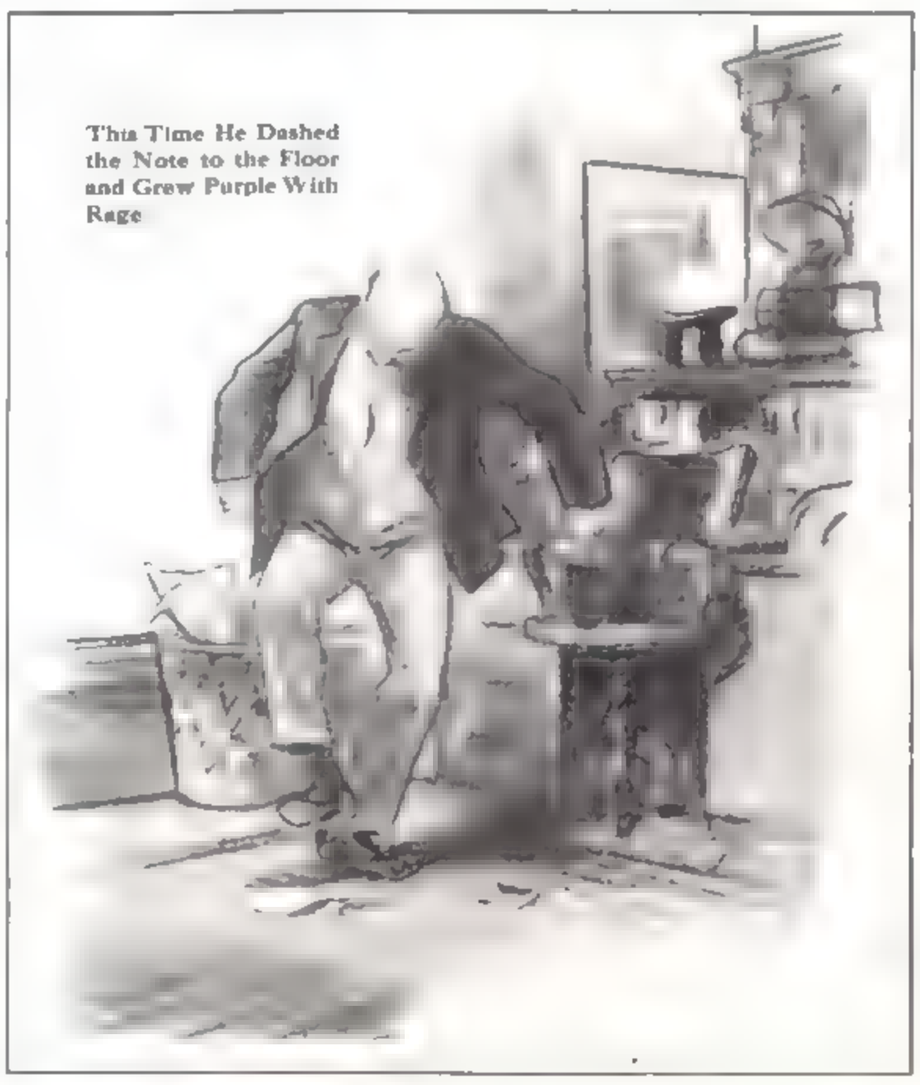
"All right, Mawruss," Abe said; "I'm satisfied. If you want to get some more insurance, go ahead. I got worry enough I should bother my head about trifles. A little money for insurance we can afford to spend it, Mawruss, so long as we practically throw it in the streets otherwise."

"Otherwise?" Morris repeated. "What do you mean we throw it away otherwise, Abe?"

"I mean that new style thirty-twenty-eight what you showed it me this morning, Mawruss," Abe replied. "For a popular-price line, Mawruss, them new capes has got enough buttons and soutache on to 'em to sell for twenty dollars already instead of twelve-fifty."

"That's where you talk without knowing nothing what you say, Abe," Morris replied. "That garment what you seen it is the winder sample what I made it up for Louis Feinholz's uptown store. Louis give me a big order while you was in Boston last week, a special line of capes what I got up for him to retail at eighteen-fifty. But he also wanted me to make up for him a winder sample, just one garment to hang in the winder what would look like them special capes, Abe, y'understand, something like a diamond looks like a rhinestone. Then, when a lady sees that cape in the winder she wants to buy one just like it. So she goes into Louis' store and they show her one just like it, only three inches shorter, a yard less goods into it, about half the soutache on to it and a dozen buttons short, Abe; because that winder garment what we make for Louis costs us ourselves twenty-five dollars, and Louis retails the garment what he sells that lady for eighteen-fifty. And that's the way it goes."

"That's a fine crook, that Louis Feinholz," Abe cried virtuously. "I wonder that you would sell people like that goods at all, Mawruss. That feller ain't no good, Mawruss. I seen him go back three times on four hundred hands up at Max Geigerman's house last week, a dollar a hundred double-double. He's a gambler, too."



This Time He Dashed the Note to the Floor and Grew Purple With Rage

"Well, Abe," Morris answered, "a feller what runs a chance on auction pinocle ain't near the gambler like a feller what is willing to run a chance on his business burning out and don't carry no insurance, Abe."

"Who is willing to run a chance, Mawruss?" Abe cried. "Just to show you I ain't willing to run a chance I will go right down to J. Blaustein and take out a ten-thousand-dollar policy, Mawruss."

Morris colored slightly.

"Why should we give it Blaustein all our business, Abe?" he said. "That feller must got it a thousand customers to Rudy Feinholz's one."

"Whose one?" Abe asked.

"Rudy Feinholz's," said Morris. "I thought I told it you that Louis Feinholz's nephew got an insurance business on Lenox Avenue, and I promised Louis I would give the young feller a show."

"You promised you would give him a show, Mawruss?" Abe repeated. "You promised Louis you would give that kid nephew of his what used to run Louis' books a show?"

"That's what I said, Abe," Morris answered.

"Well, all I can say, Mawruss," Abe declared as he put on his hat, "is that I wouldn't insure it a pinch of snuff by that feller, Mawruss. So if you take out any policies from him you can pay for 'em yourself, Mawruss, because I won't."

He favored Morris with a final glare and banged the door behind him.

II

TWO hours later when Abe reëntered the sample-room his face was flushed with triumph and he smoked one of J. Blaustein's imported cigars.

"You see, Mawruss," he said, flourishing a folded policy, "when you deal with fellers like Blaustein it goes quick. I got it here a ten-thousand-dollar insurance by a first-class, A Number One company."

Morris seized the policy and spread it out on the table. For ten minutes he examined it closely and then handed it back in silence.

"Well, Mawruss," Abe inquired anxiously, "ain't that policy all right?"

Morris shook his head.

"In the first place, Abe," he said, "why should we insure it a loft on Nineteenth Street, New York, in the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Insurance Company, of Manchester, England? Are we English or are we American, Abe?"

This was a poser, and Abe remained silent.

"And then again, Abe," Morris went on, "supposing we should—maybe, I am only saying—have a fire, Abe, then we must got to go all the way to Manchester, England, already to collect our money. Ain't it?"

Abe stared at his feet and made no reply, while Morris again examined the folded policy.

"Just listen here to these here names of the people what run the company, Abe," he said. "Chairman, the rutt honn Earl of Warrington."

Abe looked up suddenly.

"What kind of Chinese talk is that, Mawruss?" he said. "Rutt honn?"

"That's no Chinese talk, Abe," Morris replied. "That's printed right here on the policy. That rutt honn Earl of Warrington is president of the board of directors, Abe; and supposing we should maybe for example have a fire, Abe, what show would we stand it with this here rutt honn Earl of Warrington?"

Abe grabbed the policy, which bore on its reverse side the list of directors headed by the name of that distinguished statesman and Cabinet minister, the Rt. Hon. Earl of Warrington.

"J. Blaustein would fix it for us," Abe replied.

"J. Blaustein!" Morris jeered. "I suppose, Abe, him and the rutt honn Earl of Warrington drinks coffee together every afternoon when J. Blaustein makes a trip to Manchester, England. Ain't it? No, Abe, you are up against a poor proposition, and I hope you ain't paid for that policy, Abe."

"J. Blaustein ain't in no hurry," Abe said. "We never pay him inside of sixty days, anyway."

"Well, we ain't going to pay him for that policy inside of sixty days or six hundred and sixty days, neither, Abe. We're going to fire that policy back on him, Abe, because I got it here a policy for ten thousand dollars which Rudy Feinholz just brought it me, Abe, and we are insured in a good American company, Abe, the Farmers and Ranchers' Insurance Company, of Arizona."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should we insure it a stock of cloaks and suits by farmers and ranchers, Mawruss?" he asked.

"Ain't it better we should insure our goods by farmers and ranchers as by somebody what we don't know what he does for a living, like the rutt honn Earl of Warrington?" Morris retorted.

"But when it comes right down to it, Mawruss," Abe said, "how are we better off, supposing we got to go all the way to Arizona to collect our money?"

"That's what I told it young Feinholz," Morris replied, "and he says supposing we should, so to speak, have a fire, he guarantees it we would collect our money every cent of it right here in New York. And anyhow, Abe, any objections what you got to this here Farmers and Ranchers' policy wouldn't be no use anyhow."

"No?" Abe said. "Why not?"

"Because I just sent it Rudy Feinholz a check for the premium," Morris said, and walked out of the sample-room before Abe could enunciate all the profanity that rose to his lips.

III

LOUIS FEINHOLZ'S order was shipped the following week, and with it went the cape for his show window. Abe himself superintended the packing, for business was dull in the firm's showroom. A particularly warm March had given way to a frigid, rainy April, and now that the promise of an early spring had failed of fulfillment cancelations were coming in thick and fast. Hence, Abe took rather a pessimistic view of things

"I bet yer Feinholz will have yet some kicks about them goods, Mawruss," he said. "When I come down Feinholz's street this morning, Mawruss, it looked like Johnstown after the flood. I bet yer Feinholz ain't making enough in that store just now to pay electric-light bills."

"You Tell the Customer That This Here Cape Ain't for Sale"

"I don't know about that, Abe," said Morris. "Louis carries a mighty attractive line in his winders. Them small Fifth Avenue stores ain't got nothing on him when it comes to the line of sample garments he carries in his show winders, Abe."

"Sure I know," Abe rejoined; "but he ain't got nothing on one of them piker stores when it comes right down to the stock he carries on the inside, Mawruss. Yes, Mawruss, when I sell goods to a feller like Feinholz, Mawruss, I'm afraid for my life until I get my money."

"Well, you needn't be afraid for Feinholz, Abe," said Morris, "because, in the first place, the feller has got a fine rating; and then again, he couldn't fire them goods back on us because, for the price, there ain't a better-made line in the country."

"I hope you're right, Mawruss," Abe replied as he rang the bell for the freight elevator. "It would be a fine comeback if he should return them goods on us after we give his nephew the insurance we did."

Again he pressed the elevator bell.

"What's the matter with that elevator, Mawruss?" he said. "It takes a year to get a package on to the sidewalk."

"That's on account of somebody moves in downstairs, Abe," Morris answered. "Kaskel Schwartz, what used to be foreman for Pinkel Brothers, him and Moe Feigel goes as partners together in skirts."

"Is that so?" Abe said, jamming his thumb on the elevator bell. "I hope he don't got the cigarettel habit."

At length the elevator arrived, and Jake, the shipping clerk, carried out the brown paper parcels comprising Feinholz's shipment.

"If that's the last I seen of them garments," Abe said as he returned to the showroom, "I'm a lucky man."

"Always you're beefing about something happening what ain't going to happen, Abe," Morris retorted. "Just a few minutes since you hoped Kaskel Schwartz ain't going to be careless about cigarettels, and now you're imagining things about Feinholz sending back the goods."

"Never mind, Mawruss," Abe replied; "in two days' time I shall breathe easier yet."

For the rest of the day it rained in a steady, tropical downpour, and when Abe came downtown the next morning the weather had moderated only slightly.

"Yes, Mawruss," he said as he entered, "that's a fine weather for a cloak business, Mawruss; and I bet yer, Mawruss, if we was making cravenettes and umbrellas yet we would be having a long dry spell."

He heaved a great sigh and approached the bookkeeper's desk, where Morris had laid the morning mail.

"Did you hear from those suckers out in Kansas City what made the kick about them London Smokes, Mawruss?" he asked.

"Sure I did," Morris replied; "they says they decided to keep the goods."

"I guess it left off raining in Kansas City," Abe commented. "Them suckers only made that kick because they thought they couldn't sell nothing in wet weather. Any other kicks, Mawruss?"

"Yes," Morris replied shortly.

Abe looked up.

"Louis Feinholz!" he gasped.

Morris nodded and handed Abe a letter. It read as follows:

THE LONGCHAMPS
L. FEINHOLZ, PROPRIETOR
"EVERYTHING FOR MADAME . . ."

NEW YORK, April 10, 1909.

GENTS: Your shipment of this date arrived and we must say we are surprised at the goods which you sent us. They are in no respect up to sample which we keep pending a settlement of any differences which we might have in respects to this matter.

Yours truly, L. FEINHOLZ.

Dic LF to RC

"What does that sucker mean, Mawruss?" Abe asked. "We ain't sent him no sample of them capes, Mawruss. We made 'em up according to his instructions, Mawruss. Ain't it?"

Morris nodded solemnly and again Abe read the letter.

This time he dashed the note to the floor and grew purple with rage.

"Why," he choked, "that sucker must mean it the winder sample."

Again Morris nodded solemnly.

"I Was Scared Stiff"

"But a ten-year-old child could tell that them garments ain't like that winder sample, Mawruss," Abe went on

"Sure I know," Morris replied sadly, "and a district court judge could tell it, too. Also, a jury by the city court could tell it, Abe; and also, I rung up Henry D. Feldman and asked him if he could take a case for us against Louis Feinholz, and Feldman says that Feinholz is such an old client that he couldn't do it. And that's the way it goes."

"But them capes was never intended to be the same like that sample, Mawruss," Abe cried.

"That's what I told Louis Feinholz when I rung him up after I spoke to Feldman, and Feinholz says he got the goods and he got the sample, and that's all he knows about it. Then I asked him if he didn't say it distinctly we should make up a first-class, expensive winder sample and ship it along with the order, and he says he don't remember it and that I should show him a writing."

"Ain't you got it a writing?" Abe asked.

"I ain't got no writing about the winder sample, Abe," Morris replied. "I only got it a writing about the order."

"But ain't you got no witnesses, Mawruss?" Abe asked.

"Witnesses I got it plenty, Abe," Morris answered. "And so has Feinholz got it witnesses. What's the use witnesses when all Feinholz has got to do is to get Henry D. Feldman to make theayter acting over that sample? For you know as well as I do, Abe, any one would see that them garments is *doch*, anyway, a cheap imitation of that winder sample, Abe."

At this juncture Jake, the shipping clerk, entered.

"Mr. Potash," he said, "here comes Margulies' Harlem Express with them packages what we shipped it the Longchamps Store yesterday. Should I take 'em in?"

Abe jumped to his feet.

"Did Margulies bring 'em up?" he asked.

"He had 'em just now on the elevator," Jake replied.

"Wait, I go with you," Abe said. Together they walked rapidly toward the freight elevator, which opened into the cutting-room, but before they reached the door a shrill outcry rose from the floor below.

The East Side slogan of woe, "Oi gewalt," blended with women's shrieks, and at length came the cry: "Fie-urr! Fie-urr!"

Simultaneously Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, lifted up her voice in strident despair while a great cloud of black smoke puffed from the elevator shaft, and the next moment Abe, Morris, Jake and the half-dozen cutters were pushing their way downstairs, elbowed by a frenzied mob of operators, male and female. When they arrived at the ground floor the engines were clanging around the corner, and Abe and Morris ran across the street to the opposite sidewalk. Suddenly an inarticulate cry escaped Abe and he sank on to a convenient drygoods box.

"What's the trouble, Abe?" Morris asked. "Are you sick?"

"The policies!" Abe croaked, and closed his eyes. When he opened them a minute later his partner grinned at him reassuringly.

"I got 'em in my breast pocket, Abe," Morris said. "As soon as I seen the smoke I grabbed 'em, and I locked up yet the safe with the books inside."

Abe revived immediately.

"That reminds me, Mawruss," he said as he took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket: "What become of Miss Cohen?"

IV

TWENTY minutes later the fire was extinguished, and Abe and Morris returned to their loft. The first person to greet them was Miss Cohen, and, aside from a slight careening of her pompadour, she seemed none the worse for her dangerous experience.

"Mr. Potash," she said in businesslike tones, "the Longchamps Store just rung up and says about them garments what they returned that it was all a mistake, and that they was all right and you should reship 'em right away."

The showroom was flooded with sunlight and a mild spring breeze had almost dissipated the acrid smell of smoke.

"What did I tell you, Mawruss?" Abe said. "Feinholz is like them suckers in Kansas City. He was scared he couldn't sell them capes in wet weather, and now it's cleared up fine he wants 'em bad, Mawruss. I'll go and see what happened to 'em."

He hustled off toward the rear of the loft while Morris turned to Miss Cohen.

"Well, Miss Cohen," he said, "how did you make out by the fire just now?"

Miss Cohen blushed and patted her pompadour.

"Oh, Mr. Perlmutter," she said, "I was scared stiff, and Mr. Margulies, the expressman, pretty near carried me up to the roof and we stays there till the firemen says we should come down."

"And where's Margulies?" Morris asked.

"He's gone back to the cutting-room," Miss Cohen replied. "When he seen the smoke coming up he shuts quick the iron door on the freight elevator and everything's all right in the cutting-room, only a little water by the elevator shaft."

"And how about the packages from Feinholz?" Morris continued. But before Miss Cohen could reply Abe burst into the sample-room with a broad grin on his face.

"That's a good joke on Feinholz, Mawruss," he said. "All the fire was in the elevator shaft and them garments what he returned it us is nothing but ashes."

"But, Abe," Morris began, when the telephone bell trilled impatiently. Abe took up the receiver.

"Hallo!" he said. "Yes, this is Potash. Oh, hallo, Feinholz!"

"Say, Potash," Feinholz said at the other end of the wire, "we got the store full of people here. Couldn't you send up them capes right away?"

Abe put his hand over the mouthpiece of the 'phone.

"It's Feinholz," he said to Morris. "He wants them capes right away. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him nothing," Morris cried. "The first thing you know you will say something to that feller, and he sues us yet for damages because we didn't deliver the goods."

Abe hesitated for a minute.

"You talk to him," he said at length.

Morris seized the receiver from his partner.

"Hallo, Feinholz!" he yelled. "We don't want nothing to say to you at all. We are through with you. That's all. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and turned to Abe.

"When I deal with a crook like Feinholz," he said, "I'm afraid for my life."

Ten minutes later he went out to lunch and when he returned he brandished the early edition of an evening paper.

"What you think it says here, Abe?" he cried. "It says the fire downstairs was caused by an operator throwing a cigarettel in the clipping bin. Ain't that a quincidence, Abe?"

"I bet yer that's a quincidence," Abe replied. "A couple more of them quincidences, Mawruss, and we got to pay double for our insurance. I only wish we would be finished collecting on our policies for this here quincidence, Mawruss."

Morris shrugged his shoulders and was about to make a reassuring answer when the door opened and two men entered.

One of them was Samuel Feder, vice-president of the Kosciusko Bank, and the other was Louis Feinholz, proprietor of the Longchamps Store.

"Well, Abe," Feder cried, "what's this I hear about the fire?"

"Come into the office, Mr. Feder," Abe cried, while Morris greeted Feinholz. "Morris will be through soon."

"Say, Mawruss," Feinholz said. "What's the matter with you boys? Here I got to come downtown about them capes, and my whole store's full of people. Why didn't you ship them capes back to me like I told you?"

"Look a-here, Feinholz," Morris exclaimed in tones sufficiently loud for Feder to overhear, "what d'ye take us for, anyhow? Greenhorns? Do you think you can write us a dirty letter like that and then come down and get them capes just for the asking?"

"Ain't you getting touchy all of a sudden, Mawruss?" Feinholz cried excitedly. "You had no business to deliver them goods in such rotten weather. You know as well as I do that I couldn't use them goods till fine weather sets in, and now I want 'em, and I want 'em bad."

"Is that so?" Morris replied. "Why, I thought them garments was no good, Feinholz. I thought them capes wasn't up to sample."

"What are you talking about?" Feinholz shouted. "Them goods was all right and the sample's all right, too. All I want now is you should ship 'em right away. I can sell the lot this afternoon if you only get 'em up to my store in time."

Morris waved his hand deprecatingly.

"'Senough, Feinholz," he said; "you got as much show of getting them goods as though you never ordered 'em."

"Why not?" Feinholz cried.

"Because them goods got burned up on our freight elevator this morning," Morris replied.

"What!" Feinholz gasped.

"That's what I said," Morris concluded; "and if you excuse me I got some business to attend to."

Feinholz turned and almost staggered from the store, while Morris joined his partner and Sam Feder in the firm's office. Feder had overheard the entire conversation and greeted Morris with a smile.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "it serves that sucker right. A feller what confesses right up and down that the goods was all right and then he fires them back at you just because the weather was rotten ought to be sued yet."

"What do we care?" Abe replied. "We got 'em insured, and so long as we get our money out of 'em we would rather not be bothered with him."

Elbowed by a Frenzied Mob of Operators, Male and Female

"Did you have any other damages, boys?" Feder asked, with a solicitude engendered of a ten-thousand-dollar accommodation to Potash & Perlmutter's debit on the books of the Kosciusko Bank.

"Otherwise, everything is O. K.," Morris replied cheerfully. Together they conducted Feder on a tour of their premises and, after he was quite reassured, they presented him with a good cigar and ushered him into the elevator.

"I guess you put your foot in it with Feinholz, Mawruss," Abe said after Feder had departed. "How can we go to that kid nephew of his now and ask him to adjust the loss, Mawruss?"

Morris arched his eyebrows and stared at his partner.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Abe?" he asked. "Ain't J. Blaustein good enough for you? Ain't J. Blaustein always done it our insurance business up to now all O. K., Abe? And now that we got it our very first fire, why should you want to throw Blaustein down?"

Abe put on his hat thoroughly abashed.

"I thought we got to get Rudy Feinholz to adjust it the loss," he said. "Otherwise, I wouldn't of suggested it. But, anyway, I will go right down to Blaustein and see what he says."

Morris jumped to his feet.

"Wait," he said; "I'll go with you."

Half an hour afterward Abe and Morris were seated in J. Blaustein's office on Pine Street, recounting the details of the fire.

"How many garments was there?" Blaustein asked.

"Forty-eight, and we figured it up the loss at twelve-fifty apiece," Morris explained. "That's what we billed 'em to Feinholz for."

Blaustein frowned.

"But look a-here, Perlmutter," he said: "them insurance companies won't pay you what you were going to sell them garments for. They'll only pay you what they cost to make up. They'll figure it: so much cloth—say, fifty dollars; so much trimminga—say, forty dollars; so much labor—say, thirty dollars; and that's the way it goes."

"But how could we prove that to the company, Mr. Blaustein?" Abe protested. "There ain't enough left of them garments to show even what color they was."

Blaustein rose to his feet.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "we'll discuss that later. The first thing we must do is to go up and see young Feinholz. That Farmers and Ranchers' Insurance Company is a pretty close corporation. Louis Feinholz's brother out in Arizona is the president, and they got such a board of directors that if they printed the names on the back of the policy it would look like the roster of an East Side free-burial society. Also, this here Rudy Feinholz what acted as your broker is also general agent, adjuster and office manager for the Metropolitan District; and, taking it by and large, youse gentlemen is lucky you come to me instead of him to adjust this loss."

V

RUDY FEINHOLZ'S insurance business occupied what had once been the front parlor of a high-stoop brownstone residence. Similarly the basement dining-room had been converted into a delicatessen store, and the smoked meats, pickles, cheese and spices with which it was stocked provided rather a strange atmosphere for the Metropolitan Agency of the Farmers and Ranchers' Insurance Company. Moreover, the Italian barber who rented the quondam back parlor was given to practicing on the mandolin; and when Abe, Morris and J. Blaustein entered the Metropolitan Agency a very imperfect rendition of Santa Lucia came through the partition and made conversation difficult for the Metropolitan agent.

"What d'ye say if we all go round to the Longchamps," he said, "and talk things over."

"I'm agreeable," Morris said, looking at his partner.

"Sure thing," Blaustein replied. "That delicatessen store smell is so thick around here that I'm getting ptomaine poisoning."

"But," Abe protested, "maybe Louis Feinholz don't want us round there. We ain't on the best of terms with Louis."

"That's all right," Rudy Feinholz said. "I arranged with him to bring you round there. Uncle Louis is a heavy stockholder in the Farmers and Ranchers', and ——"

"'Senough!" Morris cried. "I hear enough about the family history of this here Farmers and Ranchers'. It wouldn't make no difference to me if your mother was the vice-president and your sister the secretary. All I want is we should settle this thing up."

"Well, come along, then," Rudy cried, and the two brokers and their clients repaired to Feinholz's store. Abe and Morris entered not without trepidation, but Louis received them with unaffected amiability.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "that's too bad you got a fire in your place."

"We can stand it," Morris replied. "We was insured."

Feinholz rejoined: "Yes, you was insured by your loft, but you wasn't insured by your freight elevator."

"But by the rules of the Fire Insurance Exchange," Blaustein interrupted, "when a policy reads ——"

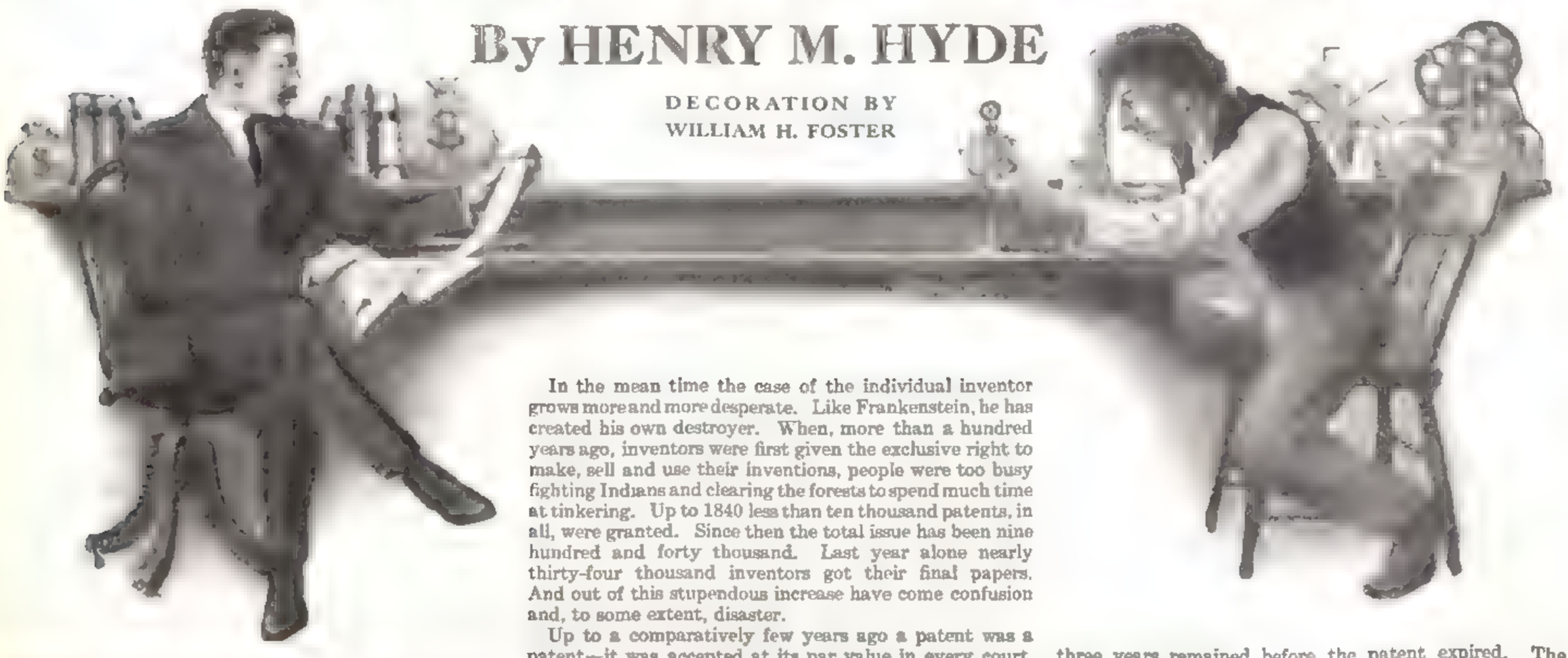
(Concluded on Page 36)

THE VANISHING INVENTOR

What it Costs the Man With a New Idea

By HENRY M. HYDE

DECORATION BY
WILLIAM H. FOSTER



THE American inventor! In the great gallery of national types there is no more dramatic and appealing figure. His hair is unkempt, his face unshaven, his clothing threadbare. His shoulders are bent and his features marked with care and privation, but in his deep-set eyes shines the light of genius. In his right hand he proudly holds a clutter of metal wheels, levers and springs which represent a whole new industry, a new era in human progress. From the remote backwoods farm, the little workshop, the attic room—with a half-starved family living below stairs—he has fought his way up through poverty, ridicule and indifference to the unquestioned mastery of untainted millions. To him is given the grateful homage of a public that is quick to recognize and reward its benefactors. He is the real creator of national commercial supremacy, the irresistible leader of the triumphant Yankee invasion.

The picturesque figure still stands to inspire the youthful imagination, but the man himself is fast disappearing. By the vast increase in his numbers and in his industry the American inventor has come near to destroying himself.

Swamped in the flood of nearly a million patents already granted, the patent system—designed as a protection and encouragement to the individual inventor—has become a vast maze of complicated and highly-expensive litigation. Instead of protecting the inventor it makes it easy to rob him. To the unscrupulous and predatory corporation it furnishes the deadliest possible weapon against less powerful competitors. Instead of hastening progress it now often serves to block it. Instead of proving a great benefit to the public by reducing the cost of commodities it is now used as the safest and easiest possible method of enforcing uniform and higher prices in whole great industries.

How the Sherman Act is Evaded

SINCE corporation lawyers went seriously to work to devise methods of evading the Sherman law against restraint of trade they have found no scheme so simple, so secure as this: Suppose, for instance, there is keen competition in the sale of farm wagons and it is desired to form a trust that shall stop the war and establish, all over the country, a high and uniform price for wagons. If all the makers simply got together and signed a gentleman's agreement that they would not sell their product at less than six hundred dollars an item, that would be a violation of the anti-trust law and a criminal offense. But suppose one of these manufacturers owns a patent covering an end-gate lock for wagon boxes. It is entirely legal for him to grant a license to each of the other manufacturers to use his device, the only consideration being that no wagon on which it is used shall be sold for less than six hundred dollars. This method of establishing and even enforcing high and uniform prices has been sustained by the courts. Many large industries are now operated under it. Its use is likely to become more general.

In the mean time the case of the individual inventor grows more and more desperate. Like Frankenstein, he has created his own destroyer. When, more than a hundred years ago, inventors were first given the exclusive right to make, sell and use their inventions, people were too busy fighting Indians and clearing the forests to spend much time at tinkering. Up to 1840 less than ten thousand patents, in all, were granted. Since then the total issue has been nine hundred and forty thousand. Last year alone nearly thirty-four thousand inventors got their final papers. And out of this stupendous increase have come confusion and, to some extent, disaster.

Up to a comparatively few years ago a patent was a patent—it was accepted at its par value in every court. It was taken for granted that before issuing it the examiners of the Patent Office had made certain that the invention that it covered was new and useful. Any man holding the authority of the Patent Office could go before the Federal court and, if he could show a *prima facie* case of infringement, get a temporary injunction shutting down the plant of the infringer until the case was heard.

The Story of an Indiana Farmer

BUT as the Patent Office filled up with records, as inventions multiplied in every line and in every land, it became practically impossible for the examiners to make certain that an invention was really new. So vast is the quantity of records to be examined that no reputable patent attorney will undertake to make a thorough search in less than thirty days. Often sixty, even ninety days are spent in "examining the state of the art" before a careful attorney will commit himself on the novelty of an invention. When really important and valuable claims are involved the report of the first attorney is usually supplemented and checked by entirely distinct searches made by a second and often by a third firm of attorneys. With more than thirty thousand patents actually issued in a single year it is easy to see that it would take a whole great army of examiners to make anything like a complete examination. Because, then, of the vast increase in their number, patents gradually lost their value and assured validity. Today there is only a small number of judges in the country who will issue preliminary injunctions in causes involving a patent that has not already been held valid by the courts. Under the general rule of the courts an infringer may today go on, unrestrained, making his illegal profits until the case is finally disposed of on its merits. That may easily take ten years, and in the mean time the practical victory is quite certain to go to the longest pocketbook.

Instead of plowing and cultivating his crops an Indiana farmer spent most of his time pottering about the toolshed. Weeds rioted over his ragged acres. None of his family suffered from overeating. If the vocabulary of his neighbors had not been limited they might justly have called him a thriftless husbandman. Finally, he got from Washington a patent on an improved wagon wheel. Promptly the inventor put a second mortgage on the little farm and started to wander over the state, trying to interest some manufacturer. Several years went by. A single contract with a small factory to pay a royalty on the improved wheels that it made was the sole result of his work.

The inventor went East. His family scattered. He himself, discouraged and desperate, fell ill after more years of fruitless effort. While he lay at a poor hotel in Washington, penniless and practically an object of charity, a letter came from the little wagon works, inclosing a check for twelve hundred dollars on account of royalties. It cured him. He got up, went to work again and, at the end of a few months, had organized a company in Massachusetts to manufacture his wheels on a big scale. Only three years remained before the patent expired. The merit of the invention was quickly recognized. Enormous profits were in sight. The inventor applied for an extension of his patent for the second and final term of seven years.

While the application was pending in the Patent Office a rival manufacturer employed a patent attorney in Washington to oppose it. Twice before the patent had been attacked and its validity sustained by the highest courts. But the new opponent was determined to overthrow it. Sixty days—at fifty dollars a day—the attorney spent in searching the records of the Patent Office with microscopic care. He could find no prior invention that conflicted with the claim he was fighting. Finally, in despair, he appealed to one of the assistant librarians, an ancient bookworm. That worthy dug out of the dust under an old bookcase two musty volumes printed in German and dating back more than a hundred years. In one of them the lawyer found a drawing and description of a wagon wheel almost identical with that at issue. Slipping in his card to mark the place he carelessly tossed the books on the floor and kicked them back under the shelf. That night he sent a telegram to the attorney for the patentee, asking him to come to Washington at once. The attorney came and was escorted to the Patent Office, where the book was produced.

"Well?" snapped the other, as he looked up from reading it.

"I don't think this mark need stay here any longer," said the attorney. "Let's go back to your office." He closed the book and put it back in its dusty corner—where it may be still resting, untouched.

"Now, what do you want us to do?" the attorney went on when they were alone.

"I want you to give my client a free license to use your patent during the term of its extension. Then we won't oppose it."

The bargain was quickly made, and it is of record that both parties made big fortunes during the next seven years.

The Procedure in Patent Causes

THAT was in the old days before extensions were abolished, but many similar instances occurred later. In one of them a lawyer was paid twenty thousand dollars simply to keep quiet about a reference he had discovered, which, if made public, would have rendered a valuable patent worthless. In the mean time the courts found in scores of cases, after issuing preliminary injunctions, that the patents, infringements of which were claimed, had been issued without first making sure that the invention was new. In that way gross injustice was often done. So the rule became general of refusing to grant injunctions until after the case has been finally proved.

Today the procedure is something like this: After suit has been brought the evidence must be taken on both sides. Under the rules of the Federal courts this evidence may be taken before a notary public anywhere in the United States, or, by court order, anywhere in the world.

All the evidence must be taken down in shorthand—at a cost of thirty cents a hundred words—and then set up in type and printed—at a further cost of sixty cents a page. In addition, there are the traveling expenses of lawyers and witnesses, the fees of lawyers and mechanical experts and the other court costs. The poor inventor may be dragged from Boston to Seattle, from St. Paul to New Orleans, and all the time the stenographic, notarial and printing bills are piling up. Two or three thousand pages of testimony are by no means unusual. And all this before the case even comes on for a first hearing. A man must be very sure of his ground and fairly well-to-do before he dares to enter on such an undertaking. In the classic fight that decided the validity of certain telephone patents the aggregate costs on both sides are estimated, by one of the lawyers in the case, to have reached the huge sum of one million three hundred thousand dollars. And even if he finally wins the victor is still out the amount he has spent for costs and attorney's fees. What chance has the traditional poor inventor in a money-matching contest of this kind?

On the other hand, take the case of a large corporation controlling a certain industry, which is determined to hold its monopoly at any cost. An inventor secures patents on a competing device and starts in business on a small scale. The monopoly may secure samples of the competing devices and copies of the patents under which they are manufactured, and its patent attorneys and experts be set to work under instructions to discover at least "colorable" grounds for claims of infringement. That, in the present complicated state of nearly every "art"—to use the *palois* of patent practice—is almost always easy to do. Forthwith, not one but sometimes a dozen or twenty suits are started in as many parts of the United States, wherever a selling agent or even a user of the competing machine can be found. The patentee is bound in honor, if not in law, to defend all such suits. The fact that they have been brought is widely advertised. The agents of the new company become frightened and desert it. Its customers, terrified at the possibility of large damages against them, stop using its devices. It finds it almost impossible to make new sales. And, meantime, it is put to great expense in defending the suits already brought. In scores of cases such tactics have resulted in the complete ruin of small companies, and that without the suits for infringement against them ever having been brought to trial.

Another thing that greatly adds to the complexity, cost and uncertainty of all patent litigation in the United States is the fact that there are practically nine separate and entirely distinct supreme courts for patent causes. Under the law no patent case can be taken higher than the United States Circuit Court of Appeals unless the judges of that court themselves refer it to the Supreme Court at Washington for a final decision. There are nine Circuit Courts of Appeals and their decisions are sometimes exactly and most ludicrously opposite. In a historic instance one such court decided that a certain patent, brought before it on proceedings for infringement, had been actually infringed, but that, unfortunately, the patent itself was not a valid one. Another court of equal authority and with the same case and evidence before it gravely declared that, though the patent was quite sound and valid, it had not been infringed. Consequently, several suits for the infringement of the same patent are often brought in as many different circuits on the ground that, since decisions differ so widely, the litigant should be allowed to buy several tickets in the great lottery.

The procedure of the Patent Office itself is also regularly taken advantage of and used by corporations that wish to extend beyond the period of seventeen years the monopoly given them by law. A corporation, for instance, may be making a machine that contains two patentable devices, both being essential to its working. Applications for patents on both are made and one is promptly pushed through the Patent Office. With it as a club competitors are driven out of business. The application for the other patent is made in such a form that the Patent Office is certain to send it back for amendment or explanation. The law allows a year before such a document must be answered by the applicant. Just before the time expires the answer is made, but it is purposely written in such a way as to demand further amplification. After a delay of some months in the Patent Office it comes back a second time to the company's attorneys, who are certain to wait their full legal year before replying. By this and similar methods an application is often kept pending for years. Finally, just before the first patent expires a full and satisfactory application is completed, the second patent is issued, and the company thus has its monopoly continued for a second term of seventeen years.

An application for a patent is supposed to be a secret document. Nobody but the inventor, his attorney and the authorities of the Patent Office is supposed to know of its existence. An application may be filed and the device put on the market. Competitors recognizing its merit and finding, after a search, nothing to indicate that it is protected by a patent may adopt it on their machines,

(Continued on Page 38)

The March on the Wilderness

CANADIAN EMPIRE BUILDERS AND THEIR TACTICS

By Samuel H. Barker

WHEN we realize that within a decade some 350,000 people of the United States have chosen to surrender their American birthright and to give allegiance to the British Crown by becoming settlers in western Canada it makes us pause. These people not only have gone themselves, but, also, they have taken with them tangible property—household and farm utensils, livestock and actual money—to the aggregate value of about $350,000,000 according to official estimates.

Any country that can thus draw our citizens to it, and on such a scale, must have about it something above the ordinary, and that Canada has in many ways. It is not the purpose here to go into the subject of the settlement and development of "the last, best West." That story has been told and retold, and deserves all the attention it has received. It is to some presentation of the great, big, twentieth-century things that Canada is doing within her vast domain that this article will be devoted.

Among these achievements there stands a railroad project which in conception, in purpose and in execution ranks easily in first place among all the transportation undertakings in America of which history makes a record. In the United States the driving of a gold spike some forty years ago signalized the completion of the first overland railroad. That was an epoch-marking event. But the Union Pacific-Central Pacific line constituted no more than a final section in a transcontinental railroad. It ran west only from the Missouri River.

Canada is to have the first really transcontinental railroad line ever conceived as one project and carried out as one whole. This is the national transcontinental railway to extend from Moncton, in New Brunswick, west to Prince Rupert in British Columbia—a through distance of 3561 miles. By this railroad, already far on its way to completion, Canada will have a great twentieth-century overland transportation line, stretching from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific.

Back in 1903 this stupendous development project took positive form with the passing of a special authorizing act by the Dominion Parliament. The idea sprang from the corporate mind of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. It was given the breath of life and started on its way as a great national project through the active support of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other far-sighted and courageous men in the Liberal party.

More or less politics helped in the birth of the national transcontinental railway. But all that is now a matter of history. We have here to do only with achievement and the fruits of achievement. For years Canada has been bounden to the good will of the United States. The

No. 1 Tunnel. Trains Enter the Mountain on the Upper Track, Turn Around Inside the Mountain and Come Out on the Lower Track

privilege which this nation has so far freely accorded Canada—that of allowing Canadian exports and imports to pass through American territory in bond—has none the less been as a constant possible menace to the foreign commerce of Canada.

This national transcontinental railway is designed to strike off these shackles and to make Canada free to trade with the world as her best interests dictate. At present American seaports command a big share of Canada's foreign trade. Through the long Canadian winter, when the St. Lawrence River is ice-bound, the outports for Canada become St. John, Portland, Boston and even New York. Canada's present chief railroad systems, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, reach Atlantic seaports—but only across American territory.

All this will be made different with the completion of the national transcontinental railway. Throughout its entire length of 3561 miles it will be every foot of the way on Canadian territory, and with the Government-owned-and-operated Intercolonial Railway will afford the shortest possible Canadian route to Canada's two Atlantic seaports—St. John and Halifax. Then, should trouble or disagreement come between the two countries, Canada need not fear a threat of withdrawal of the bonding-in-transit privilege which, under present conditions, is so essential to her commercial welfare.

Other results which, in the natural order of things, are, perhaps, of greater consequence to the Canadian people, will be accomplished through the instrumentality of this national transcontinental railway. For one thing, it is to open the way for settlement and development of a great land area heretofore not only inaccessible, but also in large measure unknown, to man. It runs for hundreds of miles through country that geographers have left almost blank on the map.

For a great part of its length the national transcontinental railway will lie well to the north of the Canadian Pacific and all other existing railroads in Canada. Only in the east and in the grain country of western Canada does the new line share the territory of the older railroads. And so it is to become the great pioneer route of twentieth-century Canada.

But its mission is yet larger. It is to make Canada free in transportation from the United States, and it is at the same time to guarantee to the Canadian people all the rights of untrammeled transportation throughout the length and breadth of their huge country. It is to be a power in the hands of the Government and to prevent any corporation-owned railroad from throwing artificial barriers in the way of free movement of internal trade.

To understand all this it is necessary to have some idea of the way this railway is being created. Virtually, it is underwritten by the Canadian people. In a large sense, they are building it. The project is divided between the Canadian Government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. A majority of the stock of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is to be held by the old Grand Trunk Railway Company. West to Winnipeg the railroad is being constructed by and will be owned by the Dominion Government.

Funds have been raised largely by sale of Canadian three and one-half per cent bonds. Up to the end of 1908 the total Government expenditure on the railroad was

$46,000,000 in round figures. Of the 1805 miles of line from Moncton to Winnipeg, track is now laid for 470 miles; about half of the grading for roadbed is completed and the whole of it is under contract.

This Government half of the new Canadian transcontinental line, upon completion, is to be leased for fifty years to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway under an agreement that it shall always be open to the use of other railroads requiring a free outlet from western Canada to eastern parts of the Dominion. The company is to operate the line, provide the necessary cars and locomotives, and, after seven years, is to pay a rental equal to three per cent on construction cost, representing the Government's capital investment.

West from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is building the line and will own and operate it as part of one great transcontinental system. This western division is 1756 miles long, divided into a prairie section of 916 miles now in operation, and a mountain section of 840 miles, of which 414 miles is under contract. The present expectation is that three years more will see the entire line in operation.

The Canadian Government has placed its credit behind the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, which so far has issued about $80,000,000 of securities to provide construction funds. The Government places its guaranty upon bonds of the railroad to the amount of $13,000 per mile on the prairie section and for three-quarters of the cost of the mountain section. It also undertakes to pay the interest on these guaranteed mountain-section railroad bonds for seven years after completion of the line

This autumn, for the first time, the new line is participating in the business incident to getting out the grain crop of western Canada. A through stretch of 1349 miles of railway is in operation, extending from west of Edmonton to Fort William on Lake Superior. And so the influence of the great project upon transportation in North America has become a present one.

By Canada's new transcontinental railway two days of travel and 800 miles of distance will be taken out of the trip from England to Japan. The railroad is being constructed with very low grades and easy curves so as to render it economical of operation and to give it an inherent power to dominate rates. It crosses the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of only 3712 feet, which is scarcely more than half as high as the lowest summit point on any of the existing transcontinental lines.

The Government Subsidies

CANADA has had previous experience in fostering railroad facilities. In no country has the need for modern transportation been greater. With a keen and intelligent sense of their needs in this direction the Canadian people, through the Dominion Government and through provincial and municipal channels, have been liberal in the encouragement given to railroad projects.

The Canadian Pacific Railway alone has received subsidies to an aggregate amount approaching $63,000,000 and land grants to the extent of some 20,000,000 acres. Entirely apart from expenditures on the national transcontinental line, the Dominion Government has paid over $133,000,000 in railroad subsidies. Provinces and municipalities have contributed nearly $53,000,000 more. Besides this, guaranties of the Dominion and Provincial Governments have been placed upon $59,000,000 of railroad securities. The total land grants given exceed 52,000,000 acres.

But this price paid to get railroad facilities has been one of the best investments the Canadian people or any people so situated could have made. Still another step was taken. Government ownership and operation of railroads in Canada is a fact. Out of the entire railroad system of 23,000 miles of line the Dominion Government owns and operates 1719 miles of railway. The nation's cash investment in these properties now aggregates about $95,000,000.

The Government lines in Canada are efficiently operated. They do not yield profits to swell the nation's revenue, but this is because they are run on a different basis from the Government railroads in Germany, for example, which have been made the vehicle for huge indirect taxation of the people. The Canadian Government railroads perform service at rates no more than sufficient to cover operating cost.

Freight rates on the Intercolonial Railway, at once the chief Government line and the most important system in the maritime provinces, average twenty to twenty-eight per cent lower than rates in effect on corporation-owned railroads in Canada. There has been no advance in the general rates charged on the Government railroads in a dozen years. In order that greater transportation facilities may be provided it is now urged that these rates be raised as authorized some three years ago. With this done they will still be lower than the rates in effect on competing corporation-owned railroads.

When the Jesuit priests first came to Canada—then a wilderness peopled only by a few roving Indians—to lay claim to the country in the name of Christ and the French King, they made their pioneer way over Canadian waterways. Later, when the contest for possession of the country grew fierce between the French and the English, the key to the situation lay in those same waterways. Whichever side could hold command over them would be the victor in the struggle

Canada's Wonderful Waterways

WOLFE won it for the English, giving his life in the achievement. Then, gradually, came world trade in slowly-growing proportions. And it, too, followed the waterways. They were Nature's highways and they remain such today, only now, through a better command of these waterways, Canada plans to command more than her own share of American commerce. This situation is one of living interest. It should be better comprehended in the United States. A brief analysis of the matter will demonstrate why.

First of all, let it be understood that Montreal, the commercial metropolis and great seaport of British North America, is located 986 miles up the St. Lawrence. Up to that port, during about seven months of the year, great ocean steamships come from almost all parts of the world to lay down their cargoes and to embark Canadian and, also, American grain, lumber, cattle and other products.

Railroads lead to Montreal; so does a magnificent system of inland waterways. Vessels up to 255 feet long and drawing not more than fourteen feet of water are now afforded free passage from Montreal clear through to the ports at the head of Lake Superior, some 1300 miles farther west. Thus do the waterways of Canada, made obedient to the needs of man, carry freight inland for 2300 miles.

Let us see how this is done by following seaward a cargo of grain raised in western Canada and brought to Fort William on Lake Superior, say, over the new national transcontinental railway. The Great Lakes big steamer comes east over Lake Superior, passes down through the famous locks at the "Soo" and so into Lake Huron, proceeds past Detroit and into Lake Erie. So she comes to Port Colborne at the foot of Lake Erie. Until man made a way for water commerce to overleap the great cataract of Niagara the fierce descent of waters from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario blocked the way.

But across the neck of land between these lakes Canada built the Welland Canal. Locks enable vessels to pass quietly from one to the other. Arrived at Port Colborne, the Great Lakes steamer must discharge her grain cargo into the 800,000 bushels capacity grain elevator there, from which it is taken by a smaller vessel. When the grain starts in a small steamship no trans-shipment is necessary.

Through the Welland Canal this grain we have been following moves down into Lake Ontario and on to the beginning of the great St. Lawrence River. Down this stream it goes, passing around rapids through six lock canals until it brings up in Montreal at the head of ocean navigation. From Lake Erie to Montreal the distance covered is 376 miles, of which 73 miles is by canal

Upon this tidewater-to-lakewater route Canada has expended $70,000,000, and upon all her canals about $94,000,000. The investment has proved profitable. This lake, river and canal route between Montreal and the upper Great Lakes carries now something more than 2,000,000 tons of freight each year.

Just now Canadians are rubbing their hands with a sense of commercial exhilaration as they see American-grown wheat drawn through Montreal by the million bushels—all because of the low transportation cost over this water route.

In his latest official report J. B. Hunter, Deputy Minister of Public Works of Canada, says:

"In view of the fact that the grain trade of Montreal has now grown to be more extensive than that of New York it is patent that Canada's waterways must be still further improved in order to maintain the supremacy of the St. Lawrence route over all its competitors. The belief is becoming more general that the grain of both the western states and western Canada must find its outlet via the great Canadian waterway"

That is a very complacent statement of the Canadian view. It also is a distinctly confident expression of opinion as to what can be done. Up there in Canada the active business men and the farsighted statesmen are agreed that the waterways must be enlarged to permit of the passage down into Lake Ontario of the largest steamships now used on the upper lakes. So these farsighted men propose constructing larger locks in the St. Lawrence canals so that 2000-tons-capacity vessels can go between Lake Ontario and Montreal.

Canada Ready for Big Enterprises

SUCH improvements—which it is believed are entirely within the compass of Canada's present-time financial ability and which would take not more than five years to make—would, it is calculated, reduce the cost of transporting grain from the foot of Lake Erie to Montreal to about half what it costs to get it from Buffalo to New York. Such a saving is well worth trying for. Accomplished and demonstrated it means greater export trade through Canadian seaports.

There is another greater canal project under serious consideration. It will cost $100,000,000 and ten years' time to carry it out, but Canada, though her entire population is only a little over 7,000,000, is bold to take up big propositions that make for her greater development and progress. By what will be known as the Georgian Bay Waterway it is intended to bring lake steamers of the largest size now in use right down to Montreal.

The plan is for a water route from Lake Huron across the Province of Ontario to Montreal. It would be 440 miles long, three-quarters of this route being through natural river and lake channels requiring no artificial improvement. It would include only 28 miles of land-cut canal and 80 miles of dredged channel. Only 27 locks would be needed to lift traffic up from Montreal to the watershed and to drop it down on the other side to Lake Huron.

Progressive Canadians fully expect to see this huge water-transportation project made a reality. The Georgian Bay ship canal would cut down the present boat distance between Montreal and Fort William on Lake Superior by 282 miles, to 934 miles. It would make the through route from Fort William to Liverpool 4123 miles, against 4929 by the present route via New York. Economic advantages make prosperity in these days

Canada is fully conscious of the immense possibilities that the future holds for her, and every effort that prudence and enterprise can suggest is being put forth to improve existing conditions. Her Government, under the Liberal leadership, is working to a comprehensive scheme of development, which can begin as modestly as the means of a young country permit, but which can be added to uniformly from year to year as the development of the country progresses.

Big things have been accomplished in Canada. Still greater ones are on the point of realization. More yet are in early prospect. With her vast, but so far mainly latent, natural resources Canada is quietly preparing to give such an account of herself as will make the world think

A General View of the Kicking Horse Valley. The Tunnels are Used to Reduce the Grades From the Upper Track, Right-hand Side, to Lower Track, Left Side. Former Grade Was About Four Per Cent. Present Grade About Two Per Cent

WHITE MAGIC

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VII

ROGER was working in the studio, with doors and windows wide. It was fiercely hot.. He had reduced his costume to outing shirt and old flannel trousers—the kind they make in the Latin Quarter—baggy at the hips, tapering to a close fit at the ankles and hanging with a careless, comfortable, yet not ungraceful looseness. He was working at *the* picture. He had not decided on a name for it. Should he call it April?—or Dawn? or The Water Witch? Or should he give it its true name—Rix? That title would mean nothing to any one save himself. But to him the picture meant nothing else. True, there was landscape in it; the play of early morning light on foliage, on leaping water, on placid water made it the best landscape he had ever done—incomparably the best. The canoe, too, was a marvel in its way. But the girl—*there* was the picture! He made another infinitesimal change—it would have been impossible to count the number of those changes he had made. Then he stood off at a little distance to look again.

"Is it in the canvas—or is it in my mind?" said he aloud.

He could not tell. He rather feared he was largely imagining the wonders he thought he saw in that pictured face and form.

"It may be rotten, and I a fool hypnotized by her and by my own vanity, for all I know. But—what do I care? I am getting the pleasure."

Pleasure? Never before had he taken such deep, utter joy in his work. Not merely joy in the doing—that was his invariable experience—but joy in the completed work. Never before had he brought anything so near to the finish without a feeling of dissatisfaction, sense of failure, of having just missed his aim. He viewed the picture from a dozen points. And each time he saw something new, something yet more wonderful.

"I'm damned if it's there! It simply can't be. Not the greatest genius that ever lived could produce what I imagine I see."

He took a dozen new positions, standing long at each viewpoint. But the illusion—it must be illusion! refused to vanish. The work—the figure part of it—persisted in appealing to him as a product of transcendent genius.

"That business didn't stop a minute too soon—not a minute! For it's evident I was on the verge of falling in love."

On the verge? . . . What was the meaning of the illusion of a picture greater than ever artist made? . . . . On the verge?

"Why, hang it all, I've done nothing but think about her since we kissed. I'm bewitched! I'm in love!"

The kiss was a week old now—ought to have lost its power long ago; for there is power in a kiss from a pretty woman, even though a man does not love her. But this kiss had an extraordinary, an unprecedented quality. Other kisses—in days gone by—had given their little sensation and had straightway drifted into the crowd of impressions about the woman or about the general joyousness of life when the senses are normal and responsive. But this kiss—it had individuality, a body and soul of its own, a Jack's beanstalk kind of vitality. It was more vigorous day by day. He could feel it much more potently today than on the day it was given. Really, it did not make a very powerful impression then. He had experienced much better kisses. He had felt awkward—a little ridiculous—rather uneasy and anxious to escape. Now ——

"Not a minute too soon—not a minute! As it is, I'm going to have the devil's own time forgetting her."

What had become of all his projects for a career, for rapid striding into fame? Gone—quite gone. He simply wanted to stay at the studio and work on and on and yet on at the one picture—at the one figure in that picture. He had vaguely decided on a scheme for another picture when this should be done. What was it? Why, a picture of a woman sitting under a tree, her hands listless, her whole body relaxed and inert—except her eyes. Her eyes were to be winging into the depths of the infinite. He had planned out the contrast between the eyes, so intensely, so swiftly alive, and the passive rest of her And who was this woman? Rix! He had still more vaguely planned a third picture. Of what? Rix again

"Not a minute too soon? By Heaven, a minute too late!"

"Well, what of it?" demanded he gloomily of his gloomy self. Why, pay the bill. Pay like a man. "I couldn't marry her if I would. I wouldn't marry her if I could. But I can pay the bill for making a fool of myself." He glowered savagely around. "The next time a good-looking woman comes here," he muttered, "I'll take to my heels and hide in the woods till she's gone. I see I'm no longer to be trusted in female society. At my age—with my plans—after all I've been through—to make such an easy ass of myself!" He sat down despondently on the bench—sprang up—for was it not there—lying there—just where he had seated himself—that he had first seen her? He glanced round the studio. He groaned. Everything in it reminded him of her; and there, in the center, in the most favorable light, on the easel—was she herself!

He rushed outdoors. Sunshine shimmering and sparkling on the foliage—he could see her, the yellow hair aflame with sunbeams, flitting gracefully through the aisles of the forest! A heavy bill it was to be! But he set his teeth "She is not for me, nor I for her. If she were here now I'd talk to her just as I did. But, thank God, I didn't realize until I had done the only thing that's sane and honorable. I wonder how long it will be before I can begin to forget?"

Every morning he awoke vowing he would not touch or look at her picture that day. Every morning he cut short his walk that he might get to the studio earlier and busy himself at the picture. He partially consoled himself with the reflection that at least he was improving it, was not altogether wasting his time. And he found evidence of real strength of purpose in the fact that he kept away from the waterfall. For two weeks he daily feared—or hoped—whether fear or hope or both he was not sure that she would come to the studio. As the days passed and she did not appear he felt that she was getting over her infatuation; to stay away thus long unless her enthusiasm had cooled was wholly unlike her impetuous and brave nature. This thought did not make him happier exactly, but athwart its gloom shot one sincerely generous gleam: "Anyhow, I'm paying alone," said he to himself. "And that's as it should be. It was altogether my fault. I am older, more experienced. I ought to have seen that the strangeness and novelty of our meetings were appealing to her young imagination—and I ought to have broken off at the very outset. If she had been a poor girl leading a quiet, dull life the consequences might have been serious. Yes, and I might have been weak enough to marry her out of regret—and that would have been misery for us both."

He tried fighting against the desire to spend his days with that picture. He tried yielding to the desire. But neither abstinence nor excess availed. He tried savage, sneering criticism—found that he loved her for her defects and her weaknesses. He tried absurd extravagance of romancing—found that he had quite lost his sense of humor where adulation of her was concerned. The kiss flamed on. He decided to leave—to fly. But he discovered that if he went he would surely take the picture; and of what use to go, if he lugged his curse along with him?

One afternoon late he went to the door to get the full benefit of a cool breeze that had sprung up. He saw, a few hundred yards away, Rix and a man climbing up through the dense woods toward his workshop. He wheeled round, rushed in and put the picture away—far back in the depths of the closet, behind a lot of other pictures. In its place on the easel he set a barely-begun sketch—one of his attempts to distract his mind. Then, with no alteration in his appearance—his hair was mussed this way and that, and his negligee shirt was open at the neck and rolled up to the elbows—he lit a cigarette and sauntered to the door again. His not making any effort to improve upon his appearance was characteristic and significant; rarely indeed has there been a human being habitually less self-conscious than he. It would take a very vain person to continue to think of himself or herself on becoming suddenly a spectator at some scene of tremendous interest. Roger was in that state of mind all the time. His senses were so eager, his mind so inquisitive, his powers of observation so acute that his thoughts were like bees on a bright summer day—always roving, and returning home only to unload what had been gathered and quickly depart again in quest of more from the outside.

As the ascent was steep he had ample time to compose his thoughts and his expression. She must not see or feel anything that would make it, however little, harder to pursue the road Fate had marked out for her. The man beside her was obviously her father—obviously, though there was no similarity of form or manner or figure. The relationship was revealed in that evasive similarity called family favor—a similarity which startlingly asserts itself even in dissimilarities, as if the soul and the body had a faint aureole which appeared only at certain angles and in certain lights. He was a little, thin man—dry and dyspeptic—with one of those deceptive retreating chins of insignificant size that indicate cunning instead of weakness. He had a big, sharp nose, a rough skin and scraggly mustache, with restless, gray-green eyes. He was very slouchily dressed in dusty gray. When he took off his straw hat to wipe his brow Roger was astonished by the sudden view of a really superb upper head which transformed his aspect from merely sly to dangerously crafty—the man with the nature of a fox and the intelligence to make that nature not simply a local nuisance but a general scourge. "I'd like to paint him," thought Roger—and compliment could no further go in an artist who detested portrait work.

As the two drew near Rix waved her sunshade at him and nodded. He advanced, holding to his cigarette. When she extended her hand—a gloved hand, for she was in a fashionable white walking costume—her eyes did not lift and her color wavered and her short, sensitive upper lip trembled slightly. "Mr. Wade, I want you and father to know each other," said she. As her voice came the thrill that shot through him dropped his cigarette from between the fingers of his left hand. He and Richmond gave each the other a penetrating, seeing glance, followed by a smile of immediate appreciation.

Richmond gave and took back his hand quickly—the handshake of the man who is impatient of meaningless formalities. "I've come to look at the picture," said he, in his voice the note of one who neither wastes his own time nor suffers other to waste it.

Roger froze instantly. "I'm sorry you've had your journey for nothing," said he.

Richmond looked at him aggressively. Roger's tone of the large, free spirit that does as it wills was to Richmond, the autocrat, like a challenging trumpet. "It's here—isn't it?" said he.

"But it's not finished," replied the big artist, gentle as the voice of a great river flowing inevitably on its way.

"No matter," said Richmond graciously. "We'll take a look at it, anyhow."

"Oh, no, we sha'n't," said Beatrice, laughing. "He has a rule against it, father. And he's like iron where his rules are concerned. But you'll give us some chocolate, won't you, Mr. Wade?"

"Delighted," said Roger, with a gesture inviting them to precede him into the studio.

Richmond looked round him scrutinizingly. "Nothing to distract your mind from your work, I see. That's the way my office is fitted up. I'm always suspicious of chaps surrounded by elegant fittings." And he gave Roger an approving look that was flattering, if a trifle suggestive of superiority.

"It's not wise to judge a man by any exteriors," said Roger. "What he does is the only safe standard."

Richmond reflected, nodded. "Yes," said he. "Yes. Is that the picture?" He pointed one brown, bony hand at the sketch on the easel.

"No," said Roger curtly, and he flung a drape over the sketch. "How is your mother, Miss Richmond?"

"Well—always well," said Beatrice. "She sent you her best. But she's cross with you for not coming to call."

Richmond grinned sardonically. "From what I've heard of Wade," said he, "he's not the kind you find nestled among the petticoats with a little cup in his hand." He smiled upon Roger. "In America, at least, you never find men who amount to anything at these social goings-on. In five years I've been to only one party in my own house, and to none in anybody else's house."

"May I help with the chocolate—Mr. Wade?" asked Beatrice.

"No. You two will sit quietly. I don't mind being watched."

While he made the closet give up the necessary utensils and concocted the chocolate with the aid of spirit-lamp stove the three talked in rambling fashion. Several times Richmond brought up the subject of the picture; every time Roger abruptly led away from it, Beatrice with increasing nervousness helping him. But Richmond was not discouraged. It became evident that he had made up his mind to see that picture and was only the more resolved because the artist had his will set against it. Finally he said:

"It's really necessary, Mr. Wade, that I see the picture. Your friend, Count d'Artois, speaks highly of your work. But I always judge everything for myself. And I must see before I decide about giving you a commission—a dozen panels for an outing-club house I and some of my friends are going to put something like half a million into."

"Why, father, you didn't tell me anything about this!" exclaimed Beatrice, flushed and agitated. And Roger understood that she, nervous about his sensibilities, was letting him know that she had not arranged this.

Her father's amused laugh confirmed Roger's impression that Beatrice was telling the truth. "No, my dear, I did forget to ask your permission," said Richmond ironically. "I apologize. Now, Wade, you see I'm not asking out of idle curiosity or merely because I'm anxious to see what you've made of this girl of mine. So, don't be bashful. Trot out the picture."

But Roger smilingly shook his head. "I couldn't undertake any work at present."

"Honestly, Chang, I didn't know a thing about this," cried the girl. Then, to her father: "He's so peculiar that he wouldn't ——"

"Oh, no, I'm not such an ass as that," interrupted Roger good-naturedly. "Sugar in your chocolate, Mr. Richmond? No? When are you sailing, Miss Richmond?"

Beatrice understood—abandoned the subject. "Perhaps we sha'n't go," she replied.

And she went on to detail at length and with much vivacity the merits and demerits of several plans for the summer she and her mother were considering. Richmond's frown deepened. After five minutes he set down his empty cup and cut squarely across her stream of lively talk.

"The panels will be a good thing—from the financial standpoint," said he, a note in his voice like a rap for undivided attention.

Beatrice glanced anxiously at Roger, said to her father: "Oh, papa, don't let's talk business. This is a party."

"*I* came on business," retorted Richmond. "And I know Wade wouldn't thank us for coming if we were here just to fool away his time."

"I usually knock off for chocolate at this hour," said Roger. "About the panels—thank you very much, but I can't do them."

"Why not?" inquired Richmond, so much irritation in his tone that it was scarcely polite.

Roger looked amused. "I haven't thought of the reason yet," said he courteously. "If I change my mind later I'll let you know."

Richmond did not conceal his disgust with what seemed to him an exhibition of youthful egotism bordering on impertinence. Beatrice, eager for her father to get a favorable impression, looked woefully depressed. "You misunderstood me, Mr. Wade," said he, resuming the Mr. to indicate his disapproval. "I did not offer you the commission."

"And I didn't accept it," said Roger, laughing. "So, there's no harm done. Let me give you some chocolate."

"Thanks—no. We are going." And the financier rose. "Come along, Beatrice."

The girl, pale and crestfallen, half rose, reseated herself, looked appealingly at Roger, who seemed not to see, then stood. "When can we see the picture?" she asked, casting desperately about for an excuse for lingering.

"We don't want to see it at all," her father put in, with a jovial, sardonic laugh that revealed unpleasantly his strong, sallow, crowded teeth. "Mr. Wade needn't bother to complete it. I'll send him a check for whatever you settled as the price ——"

"Father!" gasped Beatrice despairingly. Then, to Roger: "He doesn't mean it. He's simply joking."

"Your father and I understand each other," said Roger tranquilly. "The picture'll be done in a few days. I'll send it to Red Hill immediately. I always like to get a finished job out of the place. I've got a terrible habit of tinkering as long as a thing's within reach. As for the check"—he smiled pleasantly at Richmond, who looked—and felt—small and shriveled before the large candor of the artist's expression—"your daughter is a poor business woman. She forgot to make a bargain. So it lies between your generosity and mine." Roger made a courtly bow, with enough mockery in it to take away affectation. "I'm sure mine will come nearer the value of the picture. I'll make you a present of it—with my compliments."

"Can't permit it!" said Richmond angrily.

But Roger remained suave. "I don't see how you're going to help yourself," said he. "I can send it back to you as often as you return it to me, and if you can refuse to take it in, why, so can I. You can't make me ridiculous without my making you ridiculous also. You see, you're in my power, Mr. Richmond." All this with the utmost good humor and friendliness.

Richmond could think of nothing to say but a repetition of his curt "Can't permit it!" He glanced toward his daughter, jerked his head toward the door. "Come along, child. Good-day, sir." Roger's expression, from the height of his tall figure, was so compelling that he put out his hand, which Roger took and shook with the cordiality of a host to whom any guest is inviolably sacred.

Beatrice and Roger shook hands that is, Beatrice let her hand rest lifelessly in Roger's until he dropped it. He bowed them out into the sunshine and stood in the doorway, watching them. At the edge of the forest Beatrice turned suddenly and started back. Roger saw her father wheel round—heard his sharp "Beatrice!"—saw his look of furious amazement. The girl came almost running. Roger braced himself, through his whole body a gripping sensation that was either terror or delight.

When she stood before him, her eyes down, her cheeks pale, her bosom heaving, she said: "The other day you asked me whether I'd give up everything for you. I didn't know then. I do know now."

"Pardon me, but I did not," said Roger, calm and cold.

"However it was," she rushed on, "that question came up. And I didn't know then whether I would or would not. Well—I know now."

"Your father is impatient."

"I'm sure I would," she said.

Roger laughed pleasantly. "And *I'm* sure you wouldn't. And it doesn't matter whether you would or wouldn't. Good-by, Rix. Your father's glance is aimed to kill."

"How cruel you are—and how blind!" she cried, eyes and cheeks aflame. And as quickly as she had come she sped away to rejoin her father.

Roger heaved a great sigh. "Now," said he aloud, "I've seen the last of her. I can resume."

VIII

"I SUPPOSE you went back to apologize for me," said her father as they started on together.

"You don't understand him," replied she miserably. "Artists great artists—are different."

"He is a good deal of a man. D'Artois was right. I'll see that he does those panels." And Richmond gave the nod of a man who has money and knows that money is all-powerful.

Beatrice stopped short; her eyes opened wide. "Why," exclaimed she, "I thought you disliked him!"

"Not at all not at all," replied her father "He's a disagreeable chap. But all men who amount to anything are. A man who's thoroughly agreeable is invariably weak An agreeable man's rarely worth more than twelve or fifteen a week. What this world needs is more people like this friend of yours. I saw that he had built himself up solidly from the ground. I wish I had a son like that! Your brothers are pretty poor excuses, thanks to the vicious training your mother has given them. 'Be a gentleman—make everybody comfortable—don't do anything to hurt anybody's feelings or to make yourself conspicuous.' That is, be a cipher." Richmond snorted. "A gentleman is a cipher—and ciphers count for nothing unless they're annexed after a figure that stands for something. But I suppose a successful man can't expect to have strong sons. He has to be thankful if they're not imbecile or dissipated."

Beatrice had been caught up and whirled all in a twinkling from depth to height. The way down through the woods was rough and toilsome. She flitted along as if it were smooth as a French highroad. She beamed upon her father. "What a difference between the ordinary young man—the sort we meet—and a man like Roger Wade!" cried she.

"Those tailor's dummies!" said Richmond contemptuously. "You can't compare a *man* with them."

He was on his favorite topic for private and public addresses—the topic that enabled him to express the views which had won for him the name of being the most democratic of the big financiers. Like all men of abounding mentality he was a huge talker; get him started and the only thing to do, whether one wished or no, was to listen. Usually, Beatrice, who was not fond of silence and soon reached the limit of her capacity for listening, would imperiously interrupt these monologues—and both would enjoy the tussle between their wills as each tried to compel the other to listen. But this discourse—composed though it was of commonplaces he had repeated and she had heard scores of times—she drank in as if it had been the brand-new thing her soul had long thirsted to hear. Like all fluent talkers Richmond often fell victim—in conversation, never in action—to the intoxication of bubbling ideas and phrases. Before they reached the place where they had left the T-cart to await their return Richmond had not merely committed himself finally and completely to the gospel of the aristocracy of achievement, he had hailed that aristocracy as the only one, had ridiculed and denounced all others as utterly contemptible.

Beatrice took advantage of his pause for getting the horses under way. She gave his arm a loving squeeze. "I'm so proud of you!" she said tenderly, gazing at him with sparkling eyes and delicately-flushed cheeks. "I *knew* you'd feel that way about him!"

"About whom?" said her father, whose flooding sermon had borne him swiftly far from view, or remembrance even, of the text whence it had sprung.

"About Chang."

"Chang? What Chang? Who's Chang?"

"Roger Wade."

"Oh, of course," said he indifferently. "He's a case in point."

"I knew you'd help me with him," pursued the happy girl.

"Of course I will," said Richmond. "Hasn't he been doing what you wanted about the picture?"

"I want *him*," said she, feeling close and sympathetic, completely in touch with this splendid, broad-minded father of hers.

Richmond reined in the horses so sharply that one of them reared. It took a minute or so for them to be quieted, with the groom racing round from the seat behind to steady their heads. When the cart was moving smoothly on Richmond said: "What did you say just as that brown devil began to act up?"

"I want to marry Roger Wade," replied Beatrice, too strongly under the delusion to read plain signs aright. "You see why. You've said yourself that he was one of the realest men you had seen. You can't wonder at my caring for him. All the others seem so—so puny—beside him. I'd be ashamed to show any of them as my husband. What shall I do, father? How can I get him?"

If one finds oneself pointing south when he ought to be pointing north there are two ways to act. One may veer gently and gradually, hoping that the shift will pass unobserved; or one may make the change with speed swifter than thought or sight, and may point north so stiffly that it will seem impossible that one ever was pointing, or ever could point, in any other direction. When Richmond found it necessary to flop he did not sidle—he flopped. He proceeded to flop now—with a jerk and a bang. "What are you talking about?" he said savagely. "You're going to marry Peter."

The instant prompting of instinct to Beatrice was that her father would not help, would not consent, would not tolerate. But straightway came the memory of his gallant democratic speechifyings still echoing in her ears. "You know I couldn't marry a Peter after I had seen Roger," said she gayly. "All the time you were talking—as we walked down from his studio—I knew what you really had in mind. You were giving it to me for thinking of Peter when I might have the other man. You thought I was hopelessly frivolous and snobbish like the rest of the family. But I'm like you, father. I don't want to be married to a tailor's dummy. I want a *man!*" She

nodded brightly at his thunderous face. "And we'll get him—you and I!"

Richmond did not relent, not a whit. He hurled at her through his eyes the hot wrath of his tyrant will. "You are going to marry Peter, I tell you. I'm astounded at you. I'm disgusted with you. I'd have thought you could see straight through a cheap, lazy fortune-hunter. Vanity—always vanity! He makes a few flattering speeches, and you believe he is in love with you. And you begin to make a god out of him. I'm glad you spoke to me about this. If the Vanderkiefs had any idea of it they'd drop you double-quick."

Beatrice knew her father—knew when he was in earnest. Never before had she seen or felt a deeper earnestness than this of his now. She sat dazed, staring at the restless ears of the thoroughbreds before her.

"No good ever comes of marrying out of your own class," continued he. "I thought you had more pride. I know you have. You were joking. Let's hear no more about it."

"He is not a fortune-hunter," said Beatrice in a numb way.

"I tell you he is!" cried Richmond violently. "The impudent hound! No wonder he tried to work off that picture of his as a gift!" Richmond laughed with a sneer. "The impudent puppy!"

"He is a great artist," said Beatrice. "D'Artois says so."

"What of that? What's an artist? What standing has he got? But don't talk about it. I'll not be able to contain myself." He faced her sharply. "Look at me!"

The girl turned her eyes slowly, with her wounded soul's suffering revealed in them. But Richmond did not see people ever; he saw only his own purposes. "How far has this gone?"

She eyed him steadily long enough for him to get the sense of an immovable obstacle squarely across the path of his indomitable will. "It has gone so far that I'll not marry any one else," she said. "I couldn't."

"Don't let me hear that kind of talk!" shouted Richmond, in his rage forgetting the groom. "You are going to marry a man who can make you happy—a man in your own station—a man who has family and standing."

"But you said Roger was of the only true aristocracy," pleaded Beatrice. "You said——"

"And a fool I was, to talk to a silly little idiot of an ignorant girl with no experience of life, with no ability to understand what I was talking about. I wasn't discussing a husband for you. I wasn't discussing the world as it is. I wasn't discussing people of our station. I wasn't discussing fortune-hunting artists. It shows how little sense you've got, that you could twist what I said into an appeal to you to marry an impudent fortune-hunter!"

In his fury at her for being thus stupid he gave the off thoroughbred a sharp cut with the whip. The horse, unused to such loutish disrespect to his royal blood, leaped forward, started to run. For five minutes Richmond had to fix his undivided attention upon the horses. The girl, unconscious of what was going on about her, sat in the blinding storm of her own unhappiness.

"You and Peter are engaged?" was her father's resuming remark.

"In a fashion."

"What does that mean?"

"Not much of anything," replied his daughter indifferently.

Richmond's strong, sallow teeth looked as if they were crowded because they were pushing eagerly to the fore in competition to be first in sinking into the prey. Said he: "I want the date of the wedding fixed at once."

Silence.

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you answer?"

"You didn't ask a question. You issued an order."

"And you will obey it."

Silence.

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

"I won't tolerate sullenness. I am your father. I know life—the world—what is best for my family—for you. I don't often interfere. When I do, I expect obedience."

He Went on Drawing as if He Were Alone

"It seems to me you are blustering a good deal, for one who is sure of obedience," said Beatrice, in a way that brought out all her latent resemblance to the incarnation of passionate will and willful passion who begot her.

"I've always been indulgent with all my family—with you," fumed Richmond. "But I think you know me well enough to know I'm not to be trifled with."

"Nor am I," said the girl with cool haughtiness.

"Where did you and your mother pick up that vagabond, anyhow?" demanded Richmond.

"*I* picked him up. D'Artois told you——"

"D'Artois was talking about him as an artist, not as an equal."

"Equal!" cried Beatrice. And she laughed mockingly.

"Don't be impudent to me!" raged her father. "You've been brought up in a certain way. You're not fit for any other way of life. You are not to be allowed to make a fool of yourself, to muddle your life up. I'll have no scandals in my family—no scoundrels blackmailing me to release my daughter."

Beatrice's look at him was so appealing, so reminiscent of his bold talk about democracy, about the democracy of achievement, that some men, if they had been in his place, would have been ashamed and confounded. Not Daniel Richmond, however—not when his plans of social grandeur, nursed all these years in his secretest heart, were endangered.

When Rhoda was marrying the Earl of Broadstairs he had been able to keep his pose intact—had contrived to protest against one of his children's yielding to the craze for "decayed aristocrats with fly-blown titles," and to yield only because "personally, Broadstairs wasn't as bad as some," and because the girl and her mother had made it clear to him that her heart would be broken if she didn't get the man she loved—at the price such luxuries cost. He had assumed that Beatrice had been equally well brought up—to love where she should, to do as well in the American upper class as her sister had done in the foreign upper class. This revelation of her waywardness, the waywardness of the child who was his especial pride, for whom he had dreamed the most dazzling splendors of social grandeurs in New York—this astounding revelation put him in the rage of his life. His face was a study in hatefulness. Beatrice shivered as she looked at it—but not with fear.

"Yes," said she calmly, after a pause. "I've been brought up in a certain way. But I was born to insist on having what I want. I want Roger. And, father, I'm going to have him—in spite of you both."

After a pause, in a voice of dreadful calm Richmond said: "You are going to marry Peter Vanderkief within six weeks or two months—or you are going to get the shock of your willful life."

"No," replied she, in a voice of calm equally dreadful. "I have already had that shock. I thought mother was the snob. I thought women were the snobs. But I see it's the men—worse than the women—you worse than mother. Oh, father," she said, changing suddenly to passionate pleading, "how can *you* be like this! *You*—of all men!"

"Never mind me, young lady," snapped her father. "I'm going to save you from this blackmailing fortune-hunter." And the unpleasantly crowded teeth showed savagely through the ragged gray mustache.

"I have asked him to marry me, and——"

"What!" shouted Richmond, again forgetting the groom. "Are you *crazy?*"

"I am," said Beatrice simply. "I love him. I'm crazy—permanently crazy."

"Your mother will take you to New York this very day. You'll sail day after tomorrow morning."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the girl.

The sound Richmond made was in the guise of laughter—of mockery. But no snarl or roar could have been so fraught with menace. "We'll see about this, miss," said

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada By Subscription $1.50 the Year Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 18, 1909

The Lords and Their Living

IN THE whole constitutional history of England no finance or appropriation bill had been amended or rejected by the Lords. Lord Lansdowne's motion to reject the Lloyd-George budget had, therefore, a rather revolutionary flavor. For more than two hundred years the principle that taxation was exclusively the prerogative of the Commons had not been seriously challenged. In proposing to challenge it at this late day many Conservatives undoubtedly were actuated by a sincere belief that the Commons had abused their prerogative by putting into a finance bill legislation of a sort that the Peers had a constitutional right to pass upon.

This belief seems to us clearly mistaken, yet it was undoubtedly held in certain quarters.

In short, Lord Lansdowne's motion raised a great question of constitutional interpretation; and by the terms of the motion itself that question was referred to the people to be decided by them at a general election. The motion plainly implied that, should a decisive majority of the nation sanction the budget, the Lords would bow to that mandate and pass the bill. And thereafter, the question whether the Lords had a right to reject a finance bill would be considered as answered in the negative.

Should such a question be raised in the United States probably it would be found that the Supreme Court had decided it fifty or seventy-five years ago—the decision having, very likely, been made according to the political complexion of the court at the time. From that there would be no appeal, no matter how greatly times and conditions had changed. Or, the question would now be submitted to the Court; five justices would decide it one way and four another, the opinion of the five being final. The vast advantages of England's living constitution seem obvious.

The Lloyd-George Budget

WITHOUT a resort to bayonets we make the Astors pay the state every year two or three per cent of the total value of their land. But if the Astors and their fellow-landlords composed the United States Senate, and had never paid any but the most nominal taxes, and we proposed to tax their land, we should, of course, have a revolution on our hands.

This has been, substantially the condition of England ever since the Lloyd-George budget was introduced in the House of Commons last spring.

The budget, as we have pointed out, does slightly increase income tax and death duties. An income exceeding five thousand pounds a year pays an additional sixpence for every pound above the first three thousand; but there is a concession as to earned incomes not exceeding three thousand pounds. On an estate of ten thousand pounds the new death duty is five per cent instead of four; on fifty thousand pounds it is seven per cent instead of five; on a million pounds it is fifteen per cent instead of ten.

But the Lords, while criticising these increases as oppressive to capital, do not regard them as revolutionary. The revolution is in the land tax. This does not apply to small holdings in the country, or to small residences occupied by the owner, or to land whose value arises from its use for agriculture. Practically, it applies to that land which has been made immensely valuable without any action on the owner's part, simply because it is situated in or near a city. This land is to be valued at its present worth, bare of improvements. Whenever it is transferred by deed, long lease or will -or every fifteen years in the case of land owned by corporations—its value, bare of improvements, is to be compared with that of the present time, and the increment in value is to be taxed twenty per cent

When a long-term lease expires the improvements that have been made by the tenant fall to the landlord. In this way, noble monopolists of city land in England have received millions of pounds of improvements made by their tenants. The new budget proposes that hereafter out of every ten pounds so received one pound shall go to the state.

These are the provisions that Conservative Peers describe as revolutionary.

A Slap on the Wrist

ANOTHER act in the farce called "Uncle Sam as a Trust-Buster" was presented to an admiring public in the United States Circuit Court, at St. Paul, in November. The court, no doubt, simply did its duty under the law; but the law itself is a farce.

Three judges agreed that the Standard Oil Company is a combination in restraint of competition—which everybody for the last thirty years has known it to be. They decreed that it must dissolve. Chief counsel for the Trust has already indicated the course that will be pursued if this judgment is affirmed by the Supreme Court. The stock of the forty or more sub-companies, now held by the New Jersey corporation, will be distributed *pro rata*, he says, among the shareholders of the New Jersey concern. Thus the leading stockholders in the New Jersey company will receive a majority of the stock in each of the sub-companies. The minority stockholders will, unquestionably, send their proxies, at every annual election, to whomsoever the leading stockholders select. For all practical purposes, ownership and control of all the sub-companies will be as much consolidated as in the past. There will be no more competition among them than before. The public will not benefit to the extent of a penny.

More than twenty years ago another court solemnly decreed that the Oil Trust was an illegal combination and must dissolve—which it promptly did, simply to reorganize in another form. We all know how much competition among the various sub-companies of the Trust has resulted from that former judgment. The same amount of competition will result from this new judgment.

Chasing a Will-o'-the-Wisp

THE Oil Trust was formed some thirty years ago and has been growing ever since, absorbing one competitor after another. A great many of these concerns, formerly competitive, were taken over twenty or more years ago. Their original owners sold out to the Trust, went into other business, retired, died. Can any act of Congress or decree of court call them back, reinvest them with ownership of their plants, and make them operate as independent competing concerns? Will any other men come forward, buy those separate plants and operate them on the competitive basis that was found untenable twenty or more years ago?

Certainly not.

Only three days before the court ordered the Standard Oil Company to dissolve a new combination, as extensive as the Oil Trust, was announced—that between the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company. It is "authoritatively" reported in Wall Street that negotiations, heretofore pending, for a great copper combination will not be abandoned because of this decision against the Oil Trust.

Wall Street and all other intelligent sections of the country know well enough that though Congress may make a trust more "cumbersome"—as chief counsel for the Oil Trust expresses it—it can neither undo the combinations already formed nor prevent the forming of new ones.

If the Supreme Court upholds the decisions of the Circuit Courts in the Oil and Tobacco Trust cases the Government can at once procure the dissolution of the steel, match, cracker, lead, woolen and dozens of other combinations organized on the same lines. The result will be great temporary embarrassment, the final cost of which will be borne by the body of consumers. But it will not be a resurrection of that free competition which the foolish Sherman Law insists upon, in the face of the economic experience of the whole world.

Killing the Speculating Goose

THE Chicago Board of Trade has again voted down "anti-corner" measures. One proposed amendment to the rules would have authorized the fixing of a settlement price in cases of default in a cornered market; the other threatened expulsion to manipulators of the market. Both were decisively defeated.

On the whole, this is probably commendable. General, promiscuous indulgence in speculation on the Board has no doubt considerably declined of late years. The total trade may at times be as large as ever; but we are led to believe that it is carried on more by professionals and less by a host of small-fry novices.

"The country" doesn't rise to the lure with the same regularity as of old.

Much the same evolution has happened, or is happening, with regard to speculation on the Stock Exchange. Million-share days are common enough; but a much greater part of the trade than formerly originates with insiders and habitual gamesters. Hopeful novices, a tip in one hand and a certified check in the other, no longer swarm to brokers' offices as in the palmy times of a decade ago.

This beneficial decline in "public" speculation is not the result of a moral impulse, still less of legislation. It results from sad experience. Of late years the grain and stock markets have been so persistently rigged by inside manipulators that even the average sucker can see it. He has noticed the loaded dice so often that he grows circumspect. The ranker the manipulation the better, in the end, for the sucker; the sooner he will learn the lesson.

We rather hope, therefore, that the Board of Trade will continue to vote down "anti-corner" rules.

The Childless Paradise

A PROFESSOR at Cornell, whose mathematical abilities are beyond suspicion, has recently calculated that should the decline in the American birth rate continue unchecked it will reach absolute zero in one hundred and fifty years. At the end of that period no births whatever will occur.

We imagine that this prospect will be viewed with considerable regret in the country, where children are wanted because there is both room and use for them; but in the larger cities it should be regarded as highly encouraging

Flat landlords, probably, will deem this almost too good to be true. Young children, notoriously, have long been their special bane, not only because they muss up and deface the premises, but also because they drive away very desirable tenants who approve of children on general principles, but not on the same hallway with themselves. And the landlord simply reflects the attitude of the city in general toward the irresponsible and demonstrative young. It has no place for them. They can't play in the streets without interfering with traffic by getting themselves run over. Except at long intervals there is no other place for them to play—unless their parents are poor, when some philanthropic society may provide a little space for them.

To witness the letting out of a public school in what real-estate agents call a "high-class apartment neighborhood" is a moving sight. So many young children, too full of life to realize what sad public nuisances they are! You can see them, so to speak, offering their happiness and affection to this dense region of brick and stone, just as though they were really wanted there, or as though any reasonable provision had been made for them.

A Poser for the Insurgents

WE AGREE with Speaker Cannon, Congressman Boutell and back-action statesmanship generally that themselves and their principles were notably vindicated at the by-election in the Sixth Congressional District of Illinois, which is mostly in the city of Chicago. At this election party regularity was the great issue, and Senator Lorimer's candidate triumphed over the independent Republican by a decisive majority. The Chicago newspapers figure that this victory for regularity and rebuke to insurgency is all the more binding because several thousand machine Democrats plumped their votes for Senator Lorimer's man.

When Uncle Joe was sadly beset by insurgency in the late Speakership contest it was a devoted band of stalwart Tammany Congressmen who came to the rescue; and every one knows that Senator Lorimer's elevation to the Upper House was achieved by the votes of almost as many Democrats as Republicans.

This is something to give the insurgent Republican Senators pause. They may, and actually do, seduce many Republican voters from allegiance to the party machine; but can they win while the pure flame of devotion to Republican regularity burns quenchlessly in the breasts of the Honorable Charles Murphy, of New York, and the Honorable Roger Sullivan, of Illinois? Backed by thousands of earnest, unwavering machine Democrats, well may the great exponents of Republican regularity defy those insecure, wavering members of their own party who want to know what they are voting for before they vote.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Cannoneer

YOU know that curious slant of the human mind that impels a man—any man—who comes down the street and sees a sign, "Fresh Paint," to touch the paint to discover if it really is fresh?

Well, it is the same with Victor Murdock in another phase. Every time Victor sees Uncle Joe Cannon he feels impelled to stick his finger in one of the Speaker's aged and benevolent eyes. Of course, he hasn't done it yet and, mayhap, he never will; but the impulse is there all the same. He can't help it. It is just like a turkey gobbler going frantic when a girl with a red dress happens by, or like an old lady having the vapors when a naughty boy rattles a stick along the palings

Victor doesn't like the Speaker. He doesn't like the Speaker's system, his committees, his committee chairmen, the rules under which the Speaker operates his organization, and, much less, the organization he operates under the rules. It is a fixed and militant conviction of Murdock's that, with present conditions prevailing, the average member of the House has about as many legislative functions as a wedge of custard pie; whereas, being from Kansas, and congenitally, constitutionally and collectively an insurgent, he insurges from morn to dewy eve.

The idea of not allowing a Kansas patriot to run foot-loose and fancy-free through the halls of Congress does not appeal to Murdock. What, he inquires, is a Kansan for, if not to be foot-loose and fancy-free? What he repeats, is a Murdock for, if not to enjoy the same ecstatic privilege? Why, he demands in clarion tones, should a Kansan, and especially a Kansan with red hair, submit to the following and appended outrages, to wit:

Czarism	Autocracy	Tyranny
Cæsarism	Dictatorship	Imperiousness

and many others, too numerous to mention?

Naturally, as there are no answers to these assorted queries, Murdock does not submit—that is, he submits, but he does not submit. He submits with the reverse English, so to speak. He registers his vote, and his protest, and his determination, and anything else he sees fit to register; and then they roll the machine over him

There are various kinds of insurgents doing business in Congress. Some of them are the conversational kind, who fondly imagine that every time it is up to Freedom to shriek she should use them for her megaphone and who keep the Sainted Lady yelling at the top of her voice most of the time. There are insurgents who insurge relentlessly up to the last ditch and then fall in that ditch, to be plucked out by the regulars. There are a few—not many, but a few—who go through. And, since assault and battery on Uncle Joe has grown to be all the rage in some parts of the country, this number will increase. It does beat all how much courage it gives an insurgent to find out the folks back home won't reëlect him unless he chops an arm off Uncle Joe now and then.

Murdock is one of the go-through kind. As an insurgent he seems very set in his ways. Still, he has the vast advantage of not being extra loquacious about it. He has made some speeches on the subject of curtailing the power of the Speaker, but not many nor extended ones. His part has been plugging along outside and inside, getting people of his own mind together and trying to win. He hasn't succeeded yet, but that is not saying he will not; for the trouble Murdock and his allies have made for the benignant Speaker doesn't seem to get any less acute, no matter how much Uncle Joe rampages around and tells how imperative it is that the majority must rule.

A Plan to Draw the Speaker's Claws

MURDOCK'S contention is as old as it is obvious, but that doesn't lessen its force any. He says what every other man who has bucked the rules says—that so long as the Speaker has the sole power to appoint the committees, so long will the Speaker be the absolute ruler of the House—for, as any person who has watched legislation even superficially in Washington knows, the committee chairmen are loyal to the Speaker, and the Speaker sees to it that enough committee members are loyal to the chairman to make the loyalty an even thing all around.

There are other phases of the Speaker's power. It isn't wholly, although it is largely, lodged in the committee appointments. The point Murdock makes is that the House, being a representative body, should represent. He objects to hiving the power in the hands of one man. He wants larger committees, and committees appointed by the House itself, instead of by the Speaker. He wants open committee sessions and all that sort of thing, claiming that until these things are brought about, and the Speaker made merely a presiding officer, the House deprives itself of its constitutional prerogatives and becomes a mere machine for carrying out the wishes of a few men.

After Murdock found himself in Congress he began coming to bat regularly with these propositions. Others had been before him and others were with him. There had been many insurgent movements on various propositions, some relating to the division of the pork and others to questions of policy. Usually, the organization won. The discipline of the Republican majority was great and effective. Many a man who yelled loudly for a change did not, when the final test came, have the nerve to vote as he yelled. Still, each insurgent movement developed a few men, sometimes only one or two, who liked the game, who became regular insurgents, and who could be depended on to come across on any proposition that had as its object the curbing of Speaker Cannon, the revision of the rules and the attainment of individual representation.

Most of the original insurgent movements were jokes. They fell to pieces before the onslaught of the Speaker. However, the labors of a few men like Murdock finally created a compact opposition body in the majority, that, in its turn, fostered a public sentiment which, although the rules for the Sixty-first Congress are adopted and Cannon is Speaker again, is likely to cut a large figure in the elections of 1910 and, it may be, overthrow enough of the Cannon men to enable the protesters to initiate some of their reforms in the Sixty-second Congress.

Murdock couldn't help being an insurgent if he tried, and he never did try very hard. He is a professional Kansan, and he is red-headed. Temperament and environment combined in producing an aggressive young man, who, while he doesn't take himself so seriously as some other professional Kansans that might be named, operates along Kansas slants, to a considerable advantage to his own reputation and to much discomfort to the men who rule the House.

He comes from a Kansas newspaper family and was managing editor of the Wichita Eagle when he was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress. He began as a printer and was a reporter when he was fifteen, having started at the case in vacations when he was ten. He moved to Chicago when he was twenty and worked as a reporter on Chicago papers. In 1894 he went back to Wichita to the Eagle. He writes editorial articles for that paper yet, when he is not busy in Washington, and now and then lops a few branches off Uncle Joe, just to keep his hand in.

There are a good many showier insurgents than Murdock, but not many who will stand longer without hitching. He does not go John-Wesley-Gainesing around, being very economical in the matter of public fulminations in the House, at any rate; but he keeps working all the time and is as effective as any of his colleagues, and more effective than most. Knowing his constituents, he lets off an occasional skyrocket out in Kansas, pyrotechnically pledging his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the cause of extirpating Cannon from the body politic. That is a hefty job, but to it Murdock brings a high enthusiasm, a stern resolve, and the reddest head of hair in Congress.

He Has the Reddest Head of Hair in Congress

Modest Expectations

HUGH HUME, the Portland, Oregon, editor, tells a story of an Irishman named Mike Flannery who found a valuable package belonging to a local capitalist. He took it around to the capitalist's house and was rewarded. As he left, he met a friend

"What's the matter, Mike?" asked the friend. "Didn't he give you as much as you expected?"

"I thought he would give me more than I expected," replied Flannery sourly.

And All Was Forgiven

THE Owen County courthouse, at Spencer, Indiana, was built in 1823. For years there has been a local legend that the fathers of the county placed a jug of twenty-five-year-old whisky under that cornerstone.

They decided, last summer, to build a new courthouse, and when the wreckers began tearing down the old structure there was a large crowd daily watching the work and wondering how long it would be until they got to the cornerstone.

Spencer had voted dry in the previous election, and the thought of a jug of stuff more than a hundred years old was enticing. One night after the work was well along the contractor went to a leading merchant and told him he had peeked into the box under the cornerstone and that there was nothing in it but the roll-call of the Masonic lodge and the address a preacher had made when the stone was laid

"That won't do at all," said the merchant. "It must have a jug, and a jug it shall have."

So a jug was forthcoming. Next morning news of the discovery went out, and the watchers gathered in the temporary courthouse to talk it over and try it out.

In half an hour they had forgotten the increased taxes that the new courthouse meant and were unanimously sorry they hadn't torn the old building down long ago.

The last sip was given to a local official, who made a speech which closed as follows: "Gentlemen, our respected and revered fathers knew blamed little about building courthouses, but when it came to making red liquor they knew all about it."

Loud cheers!

The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative Palmer, of Pennsylvania, began life as a stenographer.

¶ Marion G. Scheitlin, city editor of the New York Herald, is the only city editor of Swiss descent in captivity.

¶ Representative Brownlow, of Tennessee, learned the trades of tinner and locomotive engineer when he was a young man.

¶ C. Webb Murphy, who has made half a million with the Chicago National League Club, was a Cincinnati reporter fifteen years ago.

¶ Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville got out designs for one hundred and twenty vessels and seven hundred thousand horse-power in engines during his terms as engineer-in-chief of the navy.

¶ Truman H. Newberry, of Michigan, who was Mr. Roosevelt's last Secretary of the Navy, and his seventh, by the way, wants to come back to Washington as United States Senator.

A typical irrigated fruit farm in the Bitter Root Valley.

An Exceptional Issue of 6% Bonds Secured by a Thousand Farms

Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Company, Montana

In the past 15 years we have sold 72 separate issues of reclamation bonds — Drainage and Irrigation.

Some of these issues have run into millions. All have been amply secured by first liens on good farm land. Not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

Irrigation bonds have become the most popular bonds that we handle, and this house has become the largest dealer in this ideal class of security.

We now have to offer an unusually attractive issue, where the security approaches the absolute. Back of this bond issue are first liens on more than a thousand farms. The farms have recently sold at an average price of $200 per acre, and the bonded indebtedness is limited to $30 per acre.

Here is a case where a rich Company has actually invested about twice the amount of the bond issue. And the bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the entire irrigation system, in addition to all the farm liens.

We offer this issue as a supreme example of what investors may secure through us in Irrigation bonds.

$2,500,000 Invested

The Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co. owns one of the largest irrigated fruit and land projects in the world. Its investment in the project to date approximates $2,500,000. Additional canals now under construction will cost around $200,000.

The men back of the project are wealthy, experienced and capable. We have never known an irrigation project which was in abler hands.

The land to be irrigated consists of about 40,000 acres of the finest fruit land in Bitter Root Valley, Ravalli County, Montana. This section — which includes Hood River, Yakima, Wenatchee and Bitter Root — is known as the greatest fruit belt in the world. It is the most famous of apple regions.

The valley begins at Missoula, with a population of 15,000, and runs to Hamilton. The valley's population is 33,000. A branch line of the Northern Pacific R. R. runs through it. At Missoula there is the main line of the Northern Pacific and the new transcontinental line of the C. M. & St. Paul.

A large part of the valley has for many years been under irrigation, and has netted the farmers, from various crops, from $200 per acre up. Fruit land in the valley has been lately sold as high as $1,000 per acre.

The land is well fitted for diversified farming. But the bench lands, which form a large part of the Company's project, are too valuable to be used for anything but apple raising.

The Water Supply

The Company owns Lake Como, a natural reservoir three miles long and one and one-half miles wide. Rock Creek, which feeds this lake, drains a water shed of 55 square miles. This lake and its drainage bed lie entirely within the Bitter Root Forest Reserve, and perpetual water rights have been confirmed to the Company by the United States Department of the Interior. The Company's ownership is unassailable.

The Company has also secured control of the water supply of Lost Horse Canon, an adjacent stream having a drainage area of 56 square miles. Its water supply is further augmented by the flow from Skalkaho and Willow Creeks.

The amount of land available for irrigation is limited to a definite area. Beyond this, on every side, the country runs into mountains. One rarely finds a project where the water supply for a fixed area of land is so certain and so abundant.

The engineering work, as required by Montana statutes, has been subject to the supervision of three engineers, including the State Engineer of Montana. The project embraces no difficult engineering features.

$250 to $400 per Acre

During the past year, 15,000 acres of this Company's land have been sold at prices ranging from $165 to $400 per acre, of which forty per cent is paid down. In September, 1909, the Company sold $800,000 worth of land, and the minimum price is now $250 per acre.

The average holding is 20 acres. The buyers in large part are actual residents, and mainly people of means and education attracted from states farther east.

The Bond Security

The bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property of the Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co. This Company's investment is approximately twice the amount of the bond issue.

They are additionally secured by first liens on the farms and orchards watered. These liens are given by individual land owners in payment for the land and water rights. Forty per cent of the price is paid down. The balance is paid in annual installments.

These first mortgage liens are deposited with the trustee — the First Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago. To secure each $1,000 bond there is deposited $1,400 in these liens.

The average selling price of this land, since the commencement of the project, has been around $200 per acre, while the bond issue is limited to $30 per acre.

Thus the bonds are doubly secured. First, by a first mortgage on the whole irrigation system. Second, by first liens on farm lands conservatively worth more than six times the bonds.

Rarely has an issue of Irrigation bonds been backed by such ample security.

Details of the Issue

The bonds offered are the first mortgage bonds of the Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co. The interest rate is six per cent. The amount of the issue will not exceed $1,200,000.

The bonds are dated July 1, 1909. Principal and semi-annual interest (January and July) are payable at the First Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, or the First National Bank, New York, at option of the holder.

All bonds are of $1,000 denomination, except $200,000 of the 1919 maturity, which are $500 denomination.

Part of the bonds mature on January 1 of each year from 1914 to 1919. We can offer at present any maturity. The bonds are paid off from the annual installments which the farmers pay on their mortgages.

Bonds due in 1914 and 1915 are not optional. Bonds due in 1916, 1917 and 1918 are optional at 103 and accrued interest on any interest day after July 1, 1915. Bonds due in 1919 are optional at 103 and interest on any interest day after date.

Price, 101 and accrued interest.

We furnish an opinion in approval of the legality of the bonds by Messrs. Shope, Busby, Zane & Weber, Chicago.

Orders may be telegraphed at our expense.

We handle no Irrigation bonds which are not sound to the core, but we rarely have opportunity to offer bonds so inviting as these.

Trowbridge

ESTABLISH

MUNICIPAL AND

BON

First National Bank Building
CHICAGO

111 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

January Investments

In addition to the Irrigation Bonds here described, we have on hand at all times a large list of high grade Municipal and Public Utility Corporation Bonds offering a wide range of selection. These Bonds are purchased by us after a most thorough investigation, and we furnish the opinion of eminent counsel in approval of the legality of each issue. We present below, for the consideration of those desiring a safe, conservative investment, some of our present holdings, which we offer subject to prior sale or advance in price.

Amount	NAME OF SECURITY	Interest Payable	Due	Price with Interest	Yielding About
$100,000	**City of Chicago, General Corporate 4's** — Assessed valuation $477,190,399; Bonded debt $28,720,000; Population 2,500,000.	Jan. and July	1911-24	To Net	3.90%
15,000	**Battle Creek, Mich., Sewer 4's** — Assessed valuation $18,370,385; Net bonded debt $303,000; Population 30,000.	May and Nov.	1923-28	To Net	3.90%
33,000	**Douglas County, Wis., Asylum 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $23,208,410; Net bonded debt $200,000; Population 50,000.	Jan. and July	1910-29	To Net	3.90%
26,500	**Cudahy, Wis., Sewer 5's** — Assessed valuation $1,793,655; Net bonded debt $35,000; Population 3,250.	Mar. and Sept.	1910-29	To Net	4.00%
457,000	**Kansas City, Kans., Water Works 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $71,391,650; Net bonded debt $1,422,199.20; Population 112,000.	Jan. and July	1939	106.85	4.10%
400,000	**Kansas City, Kans., Water Works Extension 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $71,391,650; Net bonded debt $1,422,199 20; Population 112,000.	Aug. and Feb.	1939	106.85	4.10%
11,000	**Park County, Montana, School 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $6,699,487; Net bonded debt $199,000; Population 14,000	June and Dec.	1924	104.45	4.10%
9,500	**Will County, Ill., School District 5's** — Assessed valuation $292,837; Net bonded debt $14,500; Population 1,000.	June and Dec.	1914-27	To Net	4.12%
75,000	**Bolivar County, Miss., Bridge 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $7,560,300; Net bonded debt $283,000; Population 60,000.	May	1934	To Net	4.20%
28,000	**Lincoln County, Idaho, Refunding 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $2,800,101.17; Net bonded debt $288,985.78; Population 12,000.	Jan. and July	1919-28	To Net	4.25%
14,000	**Blaine County, Idaho, Refunding 4½'s** — Assessed valuation $3,259,100; Net bonded debt $189,294.11; Population 7,000	Jan. and July	1919-28	To Net	4.25%
23,000	**Rosedale, Kansas, Water Works 5's** — Assessed valuation $3,214,970; Net bonded debt $8,430.10; Population 7,500.	Jan. and July	1929	109.33	4.30%
15,000	**Canyon County, Idaho, School District 5's** — Assessed valuation $1,219,317; Net bonded debt $69,665.67; Population 6,000.	Jan. and July	1929	109.33	4.30%
72,000	**Washoe County, Nevada, School District 5's** — Assessed valuation $10,696,876; Net bonded debt $128,000; Population 18,000.	May and Nov.	1914-29	To Net	4.38%
25,000	**Canyon County, Idaho, School District 5's** — Assessed valuation $620,469; Net bonded debt $42,000; Population 3,500	Mar. and Sept.	1919-29	To Net	4.40%
25,000	**Nashwauk, Minnesota, Sewer 5's** — Assessed valuation $1,607,977; Net bonded debt $50,000; Population 2,500.	May and Nov.	1910-29	To Net	4.50%
25,000	**Corinth, Mississippi, Corporate 5's** — Assessed valuation $1,976,835; Net bonded debt $41,000; Population 7,000.	Mar. and Sept.	1934	105.91	4.60%
14,500	**Ft. Morgan, Colorado, Water Works 5½'s** — Assessed valuation $405,000; Net bonded debt $7,500; Population 4,000.	Mar. and Sept.	1923	107.95	4.70%
45,000	**Carmen, Oklahoma, Water & Light 6's** — Assessed valuation $575,000; Net bonded debt $15,000; Population 1,200.	Feb. and Aug.	1934	To Net	5.25%
1,000,000	**Idaho-Oregon Light & Power Co., First and Ref'd'g 6's**	Apr. and Oct.	1925-40	100	6.00%

The Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Bonds, if desired, should be ordered immediately. About half of the issue has been sold at this writing, and the balance is being sold very rapidly. We shall be glad to send further information, however, to those who desire it.

Full descriptive circulars regarding all issues mentioned will be mailed upon request. Please mail this coupon to our nearest address for further particulars.

&Niver Co.

D 1893

CORPORATION

DS

50 Congress Street
BOSTON

First National Bank Building
SAN FRANCISCO

Troubridge & Niver Co.

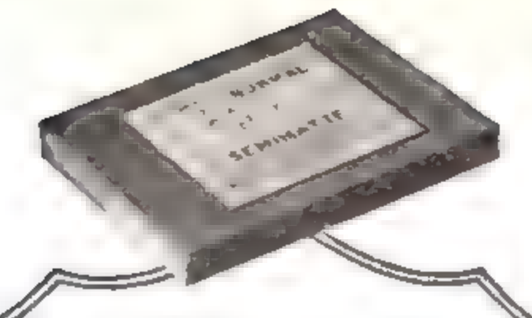
Please mail me complete circulars regarding all the bonds mentioned in your announcement

First National Bank Building
CHICAGO

50 Congress Street
BOSTON

111 Broadway
NEW YORK

First National Bank Building
SAN FRANCISCO



Clearer, deeper, softer photographs with

CYKO PRINTS AT NIGHT

PAPER

Prints day or night in any light. Gives the delicate middle tints, with transparency in shadows and detail in high lights, that make true artistic expression. Best for any negative, plate or film. Four grades; five surfaces.

Use Cyko; insist that others who print your negatives use Cyko.

All independent dealers sell Cyko Paper, Ansco film, pure chemicals. Buy where you see the Ansco Sign. FREE from us or dealers — Two Volume Photo Library.

Ansco Company,
Binghamton, N. Y.

BARNEY & BERRY ROLLER ICE SKATES

THREE generations of users have proved the superiority of the famous

Barney & Berry Skates

The styles have changed but the quality that made the name famous has never varied. You can get other skates

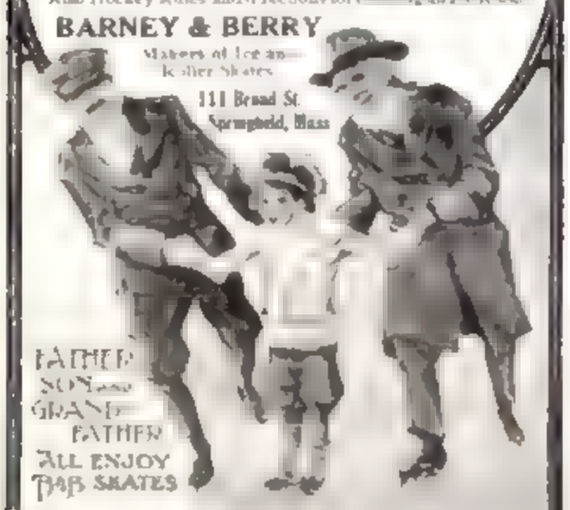
Barney & Berry Skates

than in any other make. The high grade Barney & Berry skates have to be sharpened but seldom. Examine them at your dealer's.

Illustrated Catalog Free

Also Hockey Rules and directions for Hockey and Polo Skating

BARNEY & BERRY
Makers of Ice and Roller Skates
111 Broad St.
Springfield, Mass



SPEND YOUR WINTER AT

TUCSON, ARIZONA!

World-famous Climate and Ideal Tourist Resort. No fogs. Beautiful Residence City. Seat of Arizona University. Population over 20,000. Commercial and mining center. On main line of Southern Pacific Railroad. Hunting, Automobiling, Golf, Tennis, Baseball and Horseback Riding popular winter pastimes.

Write Chamber of Commerce for

Free Illustrated Booklet!

W 10 H S

CLASS PINS

and BADGES for COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY or LODGE

Either Style with any three letters or figures and one of two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver 20c each, $2.50 a doz. Silver Plated 10c ea., $1.00 a doz. Special designs [illegible]

Catalog free. Badge Bros. Co., 304 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

The Senator's Secretary

WE HAVEN'T been able to find a word for it yet, down here in Washington, but something has happened that comes very close—impinges, so to speak—on the wreck of an institution. To be frank about it, President Taft has cut loose from William Dudley Foulke, the great Civil Service Reformer, publicist, protagonist and ready-letter-writer of Richmond, Indiana. A large, not to say pursy, gentleman who abides in the White House has said "Scat!" and William Dudley has scatted to a scattering scatteration.

You see, William Dudley held the job of letter-writer-in-ordinary to the last Administration. Any time he felt like taking his pen in hand he took it and indited a few thousand words of advice, counsel, information or question to Colonel Roosevelt. Needing many mediums for the promulgation of his various ideas, the Colonel used William Dudley as one. They did a brother act that was a wonder—for they were both stars. Notwithstanding the Colonel's epistolary facility, he never could beat William Dudley, who wrote letters with both hands at once with equal ease, and dictated another the while.

It usually happened like this: William Dudley would have a few thoughts on a subject and he would arrange them neatly in a letter and put that letter up to T. R. Then T. R. would answer the letter, giving his ideas about William Dudley's thoughts and answering his questions, and presently there would appear in the public prints a story saying that on such-and-such a date Mr. Foulke felt moved to write to the President along these lines, and he received an answer from the President that clearly set forth the President's position on the topic mentioned in the letter, which was as follows, colon, quote.

William Dudley got considerable action in this manner. His star performance was his letter in which he inquired of the President if it were possible the President intended to let calumnies like these—indicating the stories published during the campaign about the purchase of the Panama Canal—go unanswered. Is it possible, Mr. President, that you—and so on.

Well, it wasn't possible, for President Roosevelt wrote a reply to William Dudley stating that fact and, incidentally, removing such hide as he could from the editors of the New York World and the Indianapolis News, who had printed the story.

Quiet Cabinet Meetings

In due course of time President Roosevelt retired. Then came President Taft. William Dudley did not notice the change. He kept sending in those "My dear Mr. President" long ones, but he didn't have much luck with the answers. Not a one was given out for publication at the White House. William Dudley gave out none, either, the replies being sort of cold and formal. However, he persevered, and, a time ago, sent in a letter that required specific answer as to why Mr. Taft was not doing certain things.

Whereupon Mr. Taft replied, as we say, briefly but to the point. He said he was President himself, that he had delegated none of the powers of the office, and that he was getting rather bored by the correspondence. A long and impressive epistolary silence was what was required of William Dudley. If your opinion is wanted it will be asked for, but, until it is asked for, please keep it to yourself. We feel we must conduct this Administration according to our own ideas instead of yours, my dear Mr. Foulke, and while we realize this may cost you some pangs and us the loss of your advice, we shall bear our burden as best we may and, hoping these few lines will find you well ——

Now, it's pretty tough for an institution to get a squidge put on it in that way. Still, that's Taft's way. He inherited the grandest aggregation of advice-givers, publicists, publicity artists, protagonists and paraders the world has ever known. They had been free to come and go and to write as often as they liked, and they started in on Taft. They didn't get anywhere, for Taft isn't much concerned with publicity. The way he has put the lid on his Cabinet shows that. Right in the midst of the Zelaya business, the consideration of the message, the Sugar Trust fraud recrudescence, the Standard Oil decision, the Supreme Court vacancy and a dozen other big things there was a Cabinet meeting.

It lasted three hours. Then the Cabinet members came out. The reporters tackled them one after another. Knox was sure nothing had been said about Nicaragua. Wickersham knew nothing of the Standard Oil decision. No candidates for any of the numerous vacancies had been talked about. In fact, there was nothing, absolutely nothing. It was, therefore, apparent that the Cabinet and the President had sat around for three hours on a busy day and talked about golf or the fit of Archie Butt's new uniform. Must have been that.

In the old days the correspondents had free access to the President. Now it is as hard to see him as it is to get an interview out of Chief Justice Fuller. He sees some persons from time to time and talks freely enough, but he seems to have the crudest ideas as to front-page stories. Wherein he differs somewhat from Mr. Roosevelt, who knew more about getting on the front page than any man alive, as is witnessed by the success of his apt and able pupil, William Loeb, Collector of the Port of New York. Loeb learned how in Washington. Nevada Stranahan was Collector of New York for seven years, and not one person in ten thousand in New York ever heard of him. They all know William Loeb, however.

The White House Clipping-Bureau

And Mr. Taft isn't very keen about the newspapers. He reads very few of them. Grover Cleveland, when he was President, had a continual row with many newspapers and hated most of them. He read one Washington paper and that was about all. McKinley read every paper. He devoted Sunday mornings to this task. Every Sunday morning Secretary Cortelyou would bring in a great pile of newspapers to Mr. McKinley, with all sorts of political and personal comment, good and bad, marked, and McKinley would go over it all.

President Roosevelt read a few papers regularly, but he read a lot of them by proxy, and he delighted in getting the adverse comment, so that he could go back at it. He wanted to know what the people were saying. He and McKinley kept their ears to the ground all the time.

A man went into the White House a time ago and found a pile of clippings on the desk of one of the secretaries.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Clippings for the President."

"May I see them?"

The clippings were handed to him and he examined them. Presently he said: "For Heaven's sake, these are all favorable clippings. Don't you show the President the unfavorable ones?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why not? He should see both sides of every question."

"I know, but we are afraid he wouldn't like it."

Of course, that situation probably has remedied itself by this time. Being secretary to the President is a trade, and Taft put some new men on the job. Plenty of funny things have happened, too, and one of the funniest is a story that Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, tells on himself.

Doctor Shaw was one of the close friends of President Roosevelt. He was frequently at the White House and, during the campaign and while the fight was on for Taft's nomination, was enthusiastically for Taft.

Presently, after Taft was elected, Doctor Shaw came to Washington and went over to the White House. He sent in his personal card in the course of the routine. After he had waited for a time he was shown into the secretary's office.

The secretary was writing. After a time he looked up and said: "This is Doctor Shaw, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes. Doctor, you are connected with the Review of Reviews, I understand."

Of course the Doctor laughed, said he was, and went in. It is the puny little

THERE'S GOLD IN ASHES

Do you realize what quantities of unburned coal you are constantly throwing away? Wasting good fuel is wasting money.

HILL'S HUSTLER ASH SIFTER

sifts your entire week's ashes with a few turns of the crank. No dust—no dirt. No back-breaking work. Enclosed rotary sifter rolls out clean, unburned coal in scuttle. Fits wood or iron barrel. Lasts a life-time. Soon saves its cost in fuel. All dealers.

Write to-day for Folder 5, describing these sifters in full.

HILL DRYER COMPANY

305 PARK AVENUE WORCESTER MASS.

See the Money You Save

Hayden's Film Tank $1.00
Takes all sizes up to 4x5, very simple to operate.

Hayden's Improved Film Printing Frame 75c
[illegible] any position on [illegible] locked, making all prints alike.

Hayden's Convertible Plate Frame $1.50
Takes dry plates 1 inch [illegible]

Hayden's Convertible Plate Tank $3.50
[illegible]

A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
Asylum Bldg. Brockton, Mass.

Here's a Shaving Bib! Shave Yourself!

Moore's Spring Shaving Bib, Patented, is made of [illegible]. You're fully protected [illegible]. You'll always use Moore's Spring Bib [illegible] $1.00

E. C. MOORE & SON CO., Dept. A, Detroit, Mich.

MEN WANTED

2264 men average $7.42 profit per day

Selling "WEAR-EVER" Aluminum Specialties during July and August, 1909

[illegible]

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Desk 19, Pittsburg, Pa.

COST CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

The only Profession in which the demand exceeds the supply. We [illegible] Theory of Accounts, Auditing, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping and Business Practice

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE Dept. N, 27-29 East 22nd Street New York
Recognized Accountancy School of the World

We supply hotels, families, dealers, and jobbers with first class shell oysters, sanitary shipped opened oysters, flake crab meat, clams, and all A1 grades of sea foods at lowest responsible prices. Special quotations given for the holiday trade.

RALPH RIGGIN & BRO., Crisfield, Md., Oyster Dept.

Repetti's

Delicious Caramels

Standard of Purity and Excellence

Chocolates Bonbons Glacé Nuts Caramels 80 cents the pound

Smart Set Cuban Nut Chocolates, \$1.00 pound

Hand Painted Boxes

Delicately hand painted boxes filled with our finest confections, 2 lb \$2.00—3 lb \$3.00—5 lb \$5.00 make very acceptable gifts. Shipped anywhere, prepaid.

Special Trial Offer If you are not acquainted with our candies we will send you a full quarter pound box of our delicious Caramels (12 flavors) or a quarter pound of our chocolates, postage paid on receipt of 15 cents

Agents wanted in every city.

REPETTI King of Caramel Makers 9198 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Gift of Thrift

The One Best Gift

5% FIRST MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE NOTES

\$500 Denomination; maturities one to twenty years. Interest payable semi-annually.

Security in every case is of UNQUESTIONED character. All papers prepared by us. We collect all interest coupons and principal notes for purchasers of these securities free of charge.

Buy the boy or girl one for a Christmas Present, that will mature the year they become of age.

It will be a fine present, with twice yearly reminder to the recipient of your wise forethought

Write us for circulars giving full details of Notes we are offering.

Capital and Surplus, - - \$9,500,000

Mercantile Trust Co.

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Slip-Easy

CRAVATS

3 for \$1.00 post paid

The Cravat You Have Been Looking For

Reversible

Origins and Best Slip Easy Avoid Imitations

David & David

David & David are New York's Foremost Haberdashers \$1.00 for THREE

Slip Easy

3 for 1.00 POST PAID

David & David

Broadway & 32nd [illegible], New York City

Portable Vacuum Cleaning

"Best of Every Test"

The Thurman Portable Electric

Cleans everything in the home.

YOU NEED IT NOW

Made by the pioneer manufacturer of all kinds of vacuum

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACH'Y CO.

Dept. 122 No. 519 No. Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Good Pay for Picture Plays

Ten to one hundred dollars paid for ideas for motion picture productions.

For particulars and hints on the preparation of manuscripts send a stamped and addressed envelope to

LUBIN MANUFACTURING CO., 926 Market St., Philadelphia

man who makes a fuss over a thing like that. Indeed, after the office of the secretary to the President gets working smoothly it is a mighty good place to find your own importance, as projected against that of the Chief Executive. Plenty of men who are largely inflated come to Washington with the idea they can rush in to see the President any old time. That was almost true with President Roosevelt, who would get forty men in his room at once, and clear them all out in ten minutes. It made no difference to him who came in. He had his system down fine.

President Taft does things differently. He lets his visitors talk to him. President Roosevelt did all the talking on every subject. Taft listens. Consequently, he is chary about letting in men to whom it is not worth while to listen and to whom it is not worth while to talk. Still, it makes a lot of patriots rather peevish to be anchored outside, while the President discusses every phase of whatever subject is before him with the visitor who has clamped on him. The White House is now a contemplative, discursive institution.

Inasmuch as the President picked out a Cabinet of lawyers, those lawyers seem to think it is up to them to do something legal. They have about settled on the proposition that the railroads need more regulating than anything else, and are concentrating there. The big lawyers of the Cabinet, Knox, Wickersham, Nagel, Dickinson, with the President and Solicitor-General Bowers, who is a big lawyer, also, have taken the railroad problem up seriously and *seriatim*.

Congress isn't in the mood to do much, but it is willing to do anything the people want in the way of railroad legislation. Consequently, a general average will be struck. Railroad men are quoted as saying that if the lawmakers keep fooling with the railroads there won't be another mile of track laid in this country for twenty-five years—but that is taken with a grain of salt. Congress, despite the recommendations of the President, has several strings to its bow. It can muddy up the water with a Sugar investigation or with any other similar project, and keep the minds of the people off what it should do by calling attention to what it is doing.

An investigation of the Sugar Trust frauds would be meat for Congress. It would give the people something to talk about, and it is nothing in which Congress itself is implicated. Congress can make a noise, and discover fraud, and be properly shocked, and discuss punishments and remedies, and do all that sort of thing, causing a fine diversion, and, under cover of the smoke, pass the appropriation bills and get away.

It is becoming more and more apparent that Mr. William Howard Taft is a man of fixed habit of mind. He does things in his own way. There was a loud howl because, when Congress was within a few days of assembling, it was discovered he had not written his message. He was told he should have had it done long before. Apparently Mr. Taft was not interested. He wrote his message when he got good and ready, and only then, notwithstanding the advice he heard about it and the tearful imploring of the distributors—which is another evidence that publicity is one of the last things he thinks about. When Colonel Roosevelt was setting about a message he had it in type and distributed long enough before the event so copies could be mailed to all the papers in this country, and to the English papers as well, thus giving the little fellows the same chance as the big ones, saving telegraph tolls, and getting acres more space at home and abroad than would have been secured if he had delayed. Next time, it is likely, Mr. Taft will not wait so long.

A Put-Up Game

LATE in the autumn of 1906 an American traveler left Florence for a visit to San Marino, the miniature republic perched high on a peak of the Apennines, some twenty miles from the Adriatic coast town of Rimini. It was raining in torrents when the traveler, an American, reached Rimini, and the diligence which connects San Marino with the outer world had already left. After lunching at the local hostelry he made his way to the piazza of the town, where the local cabmen are always to be found. Picking out a likely-looking horse and a comfortable vehicle he opened negotiations with the driver, of whose features but little could be seen under the great sou'-wester that he wore as a protection from the driving rain. After the usual chaffering so dear to the heart of every Italian, a bargain was struck whereby the cabman agreed to call for the American at his hotel at sunrise the following morning, taking him to San Marino and back for the sum of forty lire. "And as experience has shown me that your memory is apt to be short where such matters are concerned, we had better put this in writing," said the American.

Producing a greasy notebook the agreement and the amount were duly entered and signed by the cabman, and the traveler betook himself to his tavern. At daybreak the next morning a cab rattled down the deserted street, and the waiting American, in answer to the driver's hail of "*Per San Marino, signor!*" scrambled in, taking with him his belongings, a valise and an umbrella. Glancing back, as they neared the end of a long stretch of lonely, forest-bordered road, the traveler saw behind them another vehicle fast overtaking them, the driver now and again lashing his foam-flecked animal to greater speed.

Another moment and he was waving a greasy notebook in the face of the amazed American. The case was plain enough; the American, quite unwittingly, had started with another driver and the man with whom he had made the bargain, arriving at the hotel and finding his fare gone, had started in pursuit. The traveler, only too willing to correct his mistake, tossed his bag into the other vehicle and told the coachman to go on. Instead of proceeding, however, the two men conferred in whispers, after which one of them approached the impatient American. "We are poor men, signor," he said, "and you have tried to take advantage of us. You bargained with me that I was to take you this morning to San Marino, and behold, you steal away with another man. My horse is weary from overtaking you and my companion here has lost a day's employment. It is only just, then, that you recompense us; that you give to each of us a *maccaroni*." (A *maccaroni*, I might explain, being the Italian equivalent for tip.) "Give us each a hundred lire then, and we will be content."

It was not until then that the American realized the trap into which he had fallen—two desperate and determined men, a lonely road, himself unarmed and practically at their mercy. "I'll see you damned first," he said, and slipping off his overcoat, put his back against the wagon.

"It would be better, signor, if you gave us the little *maccaroni* we ask," said one of the men, balancing in his hand the brass-bound stock of oak which served him as a whip—a formidable weapon. The other ruffian, a glint of steel in his hand, slipped silently behind the carriage. "It was a ticklish position," said the American. "I stood there," continued the traveler, "balanced on my toes and hoping to get in the first blow—if the fellow behind me with the knife didn't get me first. We were close to a bend in a heavily-wooded road, and just as the brigand in front of me raised his stick and the pebbles crunched under the stealthy approach of the one behind, there came the clatter of hoofs and the jingle of accouterments and around the bend in the road trotted three Italian *carabinieri*.

The fellow with the knife jumped on the box of his carriage and, lashing his horse, disappeared down the road to Rimini; the man in front dropped his whip and falling on his knees embraced my legs and began to patter out prayers for forgiveness. The troopers who appeared so opportunely were just going on their morning patrol as it happened, and came upon me only by chance. Had I not tipped them handsomely they would have taken us both to prison, the coachman for attempted robbery and myself, according to the pleasant custom they have in Italy, as a witness. And if they had done that," the American concluded, "I should have lost the services of a picturesque ruffian of a coachman and the experience of a very interesting trip."

6816

The Utmost in Style and Quality at Moderate Cost

Every piece of Karpen furniture is a model of good taste—a reproduction of one of the famous style periods or a harmonious modern design. Karpen furniture comes in a range of style and price that suits it to every purpose and to every pocket book. It costs no more than unnamed, unknown guaranteed furniture.

All Karpen Furniture is Guaranteed

2513

Every piece of Karpen furniture is stamped with the name of Karpen. It is the only upholstered furniture made that is vouched for by the maker—sold under a life-long, binding guarantee.

Should any defect of workmanship or material ever develop—even after years of use—your dealer is authorized to replace the piece **free.**

The Karpen guarantee stands everywhere and always for Karpen Sterling genuine leather—for durable fabrics and lasting colors—for Karpen steel springs, the kind specified by the United States Government. Yet Karpen furniture costs no more than the commonplace kind.

3796

Send for Karpen Free Style Book No. S. D.

It contains 500 photographic reproductions of Karpen pieces and interiors drawn by leading decorators, showing you how to get the most artistic effects for any room in the house, in any of the great furniture style periods or in the modern designs.

3356

Several pages show our wood finishes and leathers in the actual colors.

With the book we will send you the name of a dealer in your vicinity whom we will authorize to make a special introductory price to you on Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture. Be sure to ask for Style Book No. S. D.

S. Karpen & Bros.

Karpen Building, CHICAGO

Karpen Building, NEW YORK

1,339 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the new U. S. Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere. (27

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO-NEW YORK

TRADE MARK

Seeing the Town

Travelling or shopping in the crowded, dusty city makes it very hard to keep a linen collar even presentable—but you will be delighted with the real comfort and economy of our

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

PAT. DEC. 26, 1905. PAT. NOV. 24, 1908.

They are entirely different from the *ordinary* waterproof collar—never shiny, and with the correct dull finish and linen texture of the best linen collar you can buy.

Challenge Collars are made in the latest models—they are absolutely waterproof—can be cleaned with a rub. They have a snappy, stylish appearance yet *they cut out laundry bills altogether.*

If dealers everywhere [illegible] send us [illegible] and we will send you [illegible] sent by [illegible]. Let us send you our latest style book.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"
Established 1883
725-727 Broadway, New York

Boston [illegible] Philadelphia, 900 Chestnut St
Chicago [illegible] San Francisco, 716 Mission St.
St. Louis [illegible] Detroit, 117 Jefferson Ave
Toronto [illegible]

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

The last word in tobacco making.

In a metal box 10c

At all Dealers

Spaulding & Merrick
Chicago, Ill.

RATS KILLED BY SCIENCE

By the use of the wonderful bacteriological preparation, discovered and prepared by Dr. Danysz, of Pasteur Institute, Paris. Used with striking success for the past few years in England, France, and Russia.

DANYSZ VIRUS

contains the germs of a disease peculiar to rats and mice only and is absolutely harmless to birds, human beings and other animals. The [illegible] to be open, because of feverish [illegible] it is also contagious to them. The virus is easily prepared and applied.

How Much to Use [illegible] one tube. Ordinary dwelling [illegible] one [illegible] feet, one dollar; [illegible] feet, $2.

INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
27 Old Slip, New York, N.Y.

15 CENTS 13 WEEKS [illegible] The Pathfinder THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

[illegible] the world's news briefly for busy readers. Unique foreign summary, popular novels condensed, odd sketches, home lives [illegible] of live interest, reliable [illegible]. This [illegible]

Send 15c now for 13 weeks to Pathfinder Washington, D. C.

"From Dawn to Dusk"

[illegible] new "Book Beautiful" mailed to any person sending us ten names of readers and 25 cts., until Jan. 1. As a work of art [illegible] illustrations, ideal gift

McDONALD PUBLISHING CO., Carnation Texas

THE TARIFF STOCKING

(Concluded from Page 9)

cost of living has increased—what then? Why simply this: The tariff makers have inserted a provision in the free list—mark this carefully—admitting all coins, whether of gold, silver, copper or other metals, free of duty. In other words, if you feel a scarcity of money, if you are pressed for change, if you have not the price at hand, all you have to do is to import such a quantity of coins, gold, silver, copper or other metals, as will relieve the stringency, and this kindly Government will not exact one cent of toll from them. You can bring them in free.

Further, if you so desire, you can import gold and silver bullion in any quantities without a particle of tariff tax. Why should any person want for money when, by the simple expedient of importing gold and silver bullion, as much as is needed can be obtained? Bullion, you understand—and here is where the tariff makers were far-seeing—can be exchanged at any sub-treasury for money, and, indeed, sold to any manufacturing jeweler. If you are averse to bringing in bullion you can bring in gold and silver ore on the same terms.

Some people prefer diamonds, and you import as many uncut diamonds as you like. It is so with radium and platinum. Whenever you need some radium this Government will lay no taxing hand on it. Bring it in, and welcome. Could statesmen, with the best interest of the country at heart, do more?

It is the pleasant hope of the tariff makers that after the beneficences of the free list are explained to the people, as here set forth, there will be no more of this yowling about the increased cost of living. It is their opinion that the patriotic American citizen should not complain because meat and flour and bread, and clothing and rent, and shoes and various other commodities cost more, under the Policy of Protection, than they did twelve years ago, when the Dingley Law was passed; especially as it is apparent that the Policy of Protection is the one policy that has made the American workingman the king of his class the world over, not to mention all that has been done for the wage-earner in the free list of the present Tariff Law.

They expect that the country will settle down to a long period of prosperity, and, while not being able to say with certainty that the cost of living will not increase in a proportionate ratio in the coming years, they fully expect that the additional benefits the people will derive from the free list will offset any apparent increase there may be.

Finally, to show to the people as a whole that they—the people—were prominent in the minds and hearts of the tariff makers, the tariff makers desire to call attention to the fact that not only have they provided for their necessities but also for their pleasures. If the wage earner will examine the free list he will observe that ice is free—absolutely free. You can import all the ice you like without tax. Also, curling stones are free. Thus, when a wage earner needs diversion—as all wage earners do—he can import a sufficient quantity of ice, place it in his back yard, provide himself with a few untaxed curling stones, and enjoy himself to the utmost at the ancient game of curling, and there is no more healthful exercise.

A FUNERAL THAT FLASHED IN THE PAN

(Continued from Page 7)

his forehead the whole school gave one of those long breaths that you let go of when you have just come up from a dive under cold water.

Rogers followed Pierce. Rogers wasn't much of a talker, but he surpassed even his own record that day in falling over himself. When he tried to illustrate how thoughtful and generous Hogboom was he blundered into the story of the time Hoggy bet all of his money on a baseball game at Muggledorfer, and of how he walked home with his chum and carried the latter's coat and grip all the way. That made the Faculty wriggle, I can tell you. He illustrated the pluck of the deceased by telling how Hogboom, as a Freshman, dug all night alone to rescue a man imprisoned in a sewer, spurred on by his cries—though, Rogers explained in his halting way, it afterward turned out that this was only the famous "sewer racket" which is worked on every green Freshman, and that the cries for help came from a Sophomore who was alternately smoking a pipe and yelling into a drain across the road. Still, Rogers said, it illustrated Hogboom's nobility of spirit. In his blundering fashion he went on to explain some more of Hoggy's good points, and by the time he sat down there wasn't a shred of the latter's reputation left intact. The whole school was grinning uncomfortably, and the Faculty was acting as if it was sitting, individually and collectively, on seventeen great gross of red-hot pins.

By this time we conspirators were divided between holy joy and a fear that the thing was going to be overdone. It was plain to be seen that the Faculty wasn't going to stand for much more loving frankness. Pierce whispered to Tad Perkins, Hogboom's chum, and the worst victim of his posthumous whims, to draw it mild and go slow. Perkins was to make the last talk, and we trembled in our shoes when he got up.

We needn't have feared for Perkins. He was as smooth as a Tammany orator. He praised Hogboom so pathetically that the chapel began to show acres of white handkerchiefs again. Very gently he talked over his career, his bravery and his achievements. Then just as poetically and gently he glided on into the biggest lie that has been told since Ananias short-circuited retribution with his unholy tale.

"What fills up the heart and the throat, fellows," he swung along, "is not the loss we have sustained; not the irreparable injury to all our college activities; not even the vacant chair that must sit mutely eloquent beside us this year. It's something worse than that. Perhaps I should not be telling this. It's known to but a few of his most intimate friends. The saddest thing of all is the fact that back in Weeping Water there is a girl—a lovely girl—who will never smile again."

Phew! You could just feel the feminine side of the chapel stiffen—Hogboom was the worst fusser in college. He was chronically in love with no less than four girls and was devoted to dozens at a time. We had reason to believe that he was at that time engaged to two, and spring was only half over at that. This was the best of all; our revenge was complete.

"A girl," Perkins purred on, "who has grown up with him from childhood; who whispered her promise to him while yet in short dresses; who sat at home and waited and dreamed while her knight fought his way to glory in college; who treasured his vows and wore his ring and [illegible]

"'Tain't so, you blamed idiot!" came a hoarse voice from above. If the chapel had been stormed by Comanches there couldn't have been more of a commotion. A thousand pairs of eyes focused themselves on the grill. It sagged in and then disappeared with a crash. The towsled head of Hogboom came out of the opening.

"I'll fix you for that, Tad Perkins," he yelled. "I'll get even with you if it takes me the rest of my life. I ain't engaged to any Weeping Water girl. You know it, you liar! I've had enough of this——" You couldn't hear any more for the shrieks. When a supposedly dead man sticks his head out of a jog in the ceiling and offers to fight his Mark Antony it is bound to create some commotion. Even the professors turned white. As for the girls—great smelling salts, what a cinch! They fainted in windrows. Some of us carried out as many as six, and you had better believe we were fastidious in our choice, too.

There had never been such a sensation since Siwash was invented. Between the panic-stricken, the dazed, the hilarious, the indignant and the guilty wretches like myself, who were wondering how in thunder

Holstein Milk For Family Use

Tell us a good reason why you should not [illegible] Holstein Milk for general family use. Follow us a minute:

First. Pure bred Holst[illegible] tempered, [illegible]

Second. [illegible] This means [illegible]

Third If medical [illegible] have their own pur[illegible] it the milk for your [illegible] no more, but it DOES [illegible] the breed to you and [illegible]

Fourth. [illegible]

Fifth. [illegible] Story of Holstein Milk [illegible] asking.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
38 American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

$1

English Knockabout Hat

A pleasing, sensible Christmas gift in a beautiful Holiday box

[illegible] Black Brown Dark Green Gray Mixture Dark Blue [illegible] White [illegible] $1.00. [illegible]

State size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Panama Hat Co. 181-A WILLIAM STREET NEW YORK CITY

Eyes of Wonder

Ask your Dealer for this heart-appealing cast. Ivory [illegible] high. We send it for $1.50 [illegible] Write for Christmas suggestions

Boston Sculpture Co., 807 Main St., Melrose, Mass.

6 PER CENT

The Certificates issued by this bank do not decline in value, being free from the fluctuations of the market, and are secured by our ample Capital and Surplus. 6% per annum payable twice a year

Write for booklet, "S"

THE FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

FUN FOR ALL

POST CARD PROJECTOR

You [illegible] n throw post cards, kodak pictures, clippings, etc., onto a screen like magic lantern views. No slides needed. Reflected [illegible] AS AS CAN GET OR GIVE [illegible]

Post Card Projector Co. [illegible]

Send for Samples Free

Just a cube and a little boiling water and you have delicious bouillon with

"STEERO"

BOUILLON CUBES

No seasoning required, not even salt or pepper.

A CUBE MAKES A CUP

The quality is proved by the **Samples** *we mail you* **Free.** *Write at once.*

Distributed and guaranteed by

Schieffelin & Co., 177 William St., New York

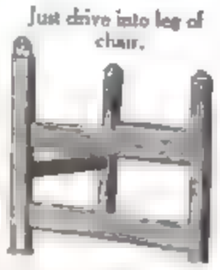
Made in three sizes. Small size has only two prongs. Send diameter of chair leg.

THE "HERON"

Wool Chair Tip

ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS

Just drive into leg of chair.



For use on chairs wherever there are bare floors. Prevents marring of the floor and is absolutely noiseless. Cannot split chair leg. Will last as long as the chair. On sale at your dealer, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Write for free booklet of chair tips and wool casters.

Agents Wanted. Set of four 25c. In dozen sets $2.00.

SYRACUSE CASTER AND FELT CO.

433 South West Street SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DOUBLE *the* LIFE *of Your* SHOES and make them *waterproof* and *non-slipping*, by using

"ANHYDROUS" *Waterproof Sole Leather*

Tanned by a special process, and guaranteed to outwear the uppers of any boot or shoe made. Will keep your feet dry in all weather. Flexible and soft to the foot, and won't grow hard. We send a pair of full soles, postpaid, for $1. Half soles 50c per pair. Your cobbler will put them on your shoes for a few cents. Send for them today.

Write for free sample of leather, and leaflet telling why "ANHYDROUS" soles will outlast ordinary bark-tanned leather several times.

CHAS. L. IRESON, INC., 221 High St., Boston

Attractive proposition to dealers.

Start your Gas Engine with the

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

and run it without the aid of batteries. Not a cheap magneto but the original high grade speed controlled friction driven dynamo. Perfectly insulated, "water and dust proof." Fully Guaranteed.

[illegible] over 30,000 Auto sparkers in operation.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.

18 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind. U S A

Play Base Ball All Winter

Buy a deck of Aydelott's Base Ball Cards and have fun all winter—90 cards—all possible plays as they [illegible]. It's the real game transferred to the parlor. Get up a league and decide the championship. Splendid Christmas present. [illegible] Ask your dealer or send 50c in stamps to [illegible]

THE AYDELOTT BASE BALL CARDS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Write a postal now for book of styles and prices, or see them at your dealers.

STRONG CHILDREN

Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, sugar healthy bodies—all can be had if get your child an

IRISH MAIL

—the popular children's car [illegible] by [illegible] keeps children out in the fresh air. *Genuine Irish Mail has large name on seat. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes. Look for the name.* At all up-to-date dealers or write to us for book of styles and prices. Hill Standard Mfg. Co., 549 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana.

(Patented) Get the Genuine. Name on seat.

Also makers of "Hoosier Express" and "Silent Partner" Boys' Wagons.

there was going to be any explaining done, that chapel was just as coherent as a madhouse. And then Hogboom himself burst in a side door, and it took seven of us to prevent him from reducing Perkins to a paste and frescoing him all over the chapel walls. Everybody was rattled but Prexy. I think Prexy's circulation was principally ice water. When the row was over he got up and blandly announced that classes would take up immediately and that the Faculty would meet in extra-extraordinary session that noon.

How did we get out of it? Well, if you want to catch the last car, old man, I'll have to hit the high spots on the sequel. Of course, it was a tremendous scandal—a chapel meeting breaking up in a fight. We all stood to be expelled, and some of the Faculty were sorry they couldn't hang us, I guess, from the way they talked. But in the end it blew over because there wasn't much of anything to hang on any one. The telegrams were all traced to the agent at Weeping Water, and he identified the sender as a long, short, thick, stout, agricultural-looking man in a plug hat, or words to that effect. What's more, he declared it wasn't his duty to chase around town confirming messages—he was paid to send them. Hogboom had a harder time, but he, too, explained that he had come home from Weeping Water a day late, owing to a slight attack of appendicitis, and that when he found himself late for chapel he had climbed up into the balcony through a side door to hear the chapel talk, of which he was very fond, and had found, to his amazement, that he was being reviled by his friends under the supposition that he was dead and unable to defend himself. Nobody believed Hogboom, but nobody could suggest any proof of his villainy—so the Faculty gave him an extra five-thousand-word oration by way of punishment, and he made Perkins write it in two nights by threats of making a clean breast. Poor Hoggy came out of it pretty badly. I think it broke both of his engagements, and what between explaining to the Faculty and studying to make a good showing and redeem himself, he didn't have time to work up another before Commencement—while the rest of us lived in mortal terror of exposure and didn't enjoy ourselves a bit all through May, though it was some comfort to reflect on what would have happened if the scheme had worked—for Hambletonian beat us to a frazzle that afternoon.

That's what we got for monkeying with a solemn subject. But, pshaw! Who cares in college? What a student can do is limited only by what he can think up. Did I ever tell you what we did to the Eastern Investigator? Take another cigar. It isn't late yet.

THRIFT

Personal Finance Schemes

A SALESMAN, working partly on commission, with a fluctuating income, has accumulated quite a tidy estate the past ten years by maintaining two bank accounts.

The first is an ordinary checking account at a commercial bank, through which he pays expenses. The second is an account with a savings-bank, started the first New Year's Day after he married, as the outcome of a resolution to save something. It is called the "buffer" account, because he can borrow money from it when his checking account runs low and because it is strictly a buffer between his family and the world.

During the first year he put into the buffer account ten per cent of all salary and commissions as they were received, deposits being made through check on his main bank account, sent to the savings-bank by mail. Income that year was about $2500, so that the savings account showed $250 at the end of twelve months. Then he took out his first life-insurance policy, the premium on which was in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars.

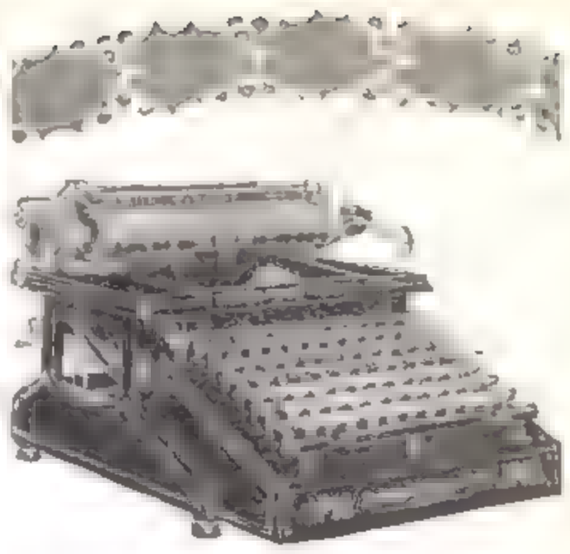
During the second year his income aggregated some $3000. Ten per cent was faithfully mailed in to the buffer account. He helped the latter grow by taking up a good side line, earnings from which came to a couple of hundred dollars, which went into the buffer account intact. At the end of the second year he paid the premium on his insurance, took out another policy and had $450 cash. When the third year closed, after paying insurance premiums, he had $750 cash and also owed his buffer account $80. Emergencies had run his regular bank account down so that at times it was a temptation to neglect paying over the ten per cent of income. But he paid it over on principle, and then borrowed money from his buffer account, charging himself ten per cent interest monthly until the loans were canceled

The fourth year closed with nearly $1200 after insurance had been taken care of, for his earnings had increased and the loans had been paid back. One thousand dollars was borrowed from the buffer account and paid down on a home costing $3500. Rent had heretofore cost him forty dollars a month. The mortgage on the home, at six per cent, required that twenty-five dollars be paid monthly. It was arranged on the diminishing-interest plan, whereby more than half of each payment went to clear off the principal. His loan of a thousand dollars from the buffer account was put on the same basis, ten dollars a month being paid back regularly. As the savings-bank paid only four per cent on his deposits, however, he charged himself the same rate. Thus his buffer debt was being cleared off faster than the mortgage. This investment turned his former rent expenditure into channels that conserved it and built up solid assets, while his family had a more comfortable place to live.

During the following year there were naturally unusual demands for money in making improvements around the new place, while the buffer account was somewhat low. But no matter how urgent the need might be, he stuck doggedly to his original rule of paying ten per cent of regular income into the buffer account, as well as commissions from side lines, and then, for extraordinary expenses, borrowed from that same buffer account on short-term loans, charging himself ten per cent a month. On several occasions he put money into this separate account on Saturday and then turned round and drew out twice as much as he had put in, even at the risk of being thought crazy by the savings-bank teller. When the fifth year closed the buffer account had run up to a comfortable balance again, while not a payment had been missed on mortgage or life insurance. The following year the buffer account furnished another loan for purchasing some vacant property joining his home plot, and a little later he began clearing off mortgage indebtedness rapidly by borrowing money from this account at four per cent interest to extinguish the debt upon which he paid six per cent. Today, after ten years of rigidly keeping this second bank account under all difficulties, his estate inventories thus:

Real estate at present selling value	$ 7,500
Cash in savings-bank	2,800
Insurance policies	12,500
	$22,800

Another plan for personal saving, based on two bank accounts, was devised by an attorney whose father gave him money enough to set up shop after graduation and helped him further by advancing funds on notes while he was building up practice. Fees came in slowly for several years and his outgo was considerable, for he belonged to a good many societies and went in for public speaking and other social life that helped him professionally. His father's advances were moderate, the notes being drawn for $50 or $100, and the whole indebtedness kept down to about $500. When this attorney had income enough to go ahead without assistance the habit of making notes was continued. He made them out to himself, took them up as they matured, and paid the proceeds into his separate bank account, which was devoted to investments. At first he bound himself by a single small note of $50 or $100, bearing six per cent interest and running for three months. Later he made it a rule to estimate his business income



What have you to show for the Christmas money spent last year?

THIS year buy more wisely. Make the home present a practical, permanent and useful one—a typewriter for instance—a

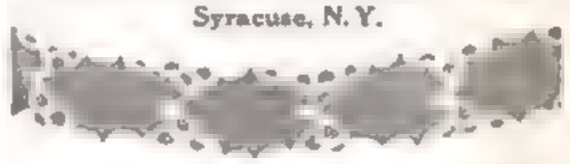
Smith Premier Typewriter

to be exact. Consider the time and drudgery it will save;—the home work it will inspire; the educational advantages it offers for a young son or daughter.

That which has made the Smith Premier the choice of over 400,000 operators, makes it also the best machine for home use. Write for complete description.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.

Syracuse, N. Y.



WHY NOT BUY

6%

Irrigation Bonds

We are the Oldest and Largest Banking House in the United States specializing in Irrigation Bonds.

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange

Over thirty years' experience.

New York 21 Broad Street — Chicago First Nat'l Bank Bldg.

DEAR SIRS: Please send me Circular 10210, "Municipal Irrigation Bonds."

Name

Address

State

for six months or a year ahead, and make notes for such proportion as he thought he would be able to save. If income for that period did not meet his expectations he paid interest on the whole imaginary debt, together with as much of the principal as he could extinguish, and drew up a new note for the unpaid balance. During ten years this separate account has run to a good many thousand dollars, all of which is invested and earning interest. The plan has two novel features. First, it stimulates his earning power, and second, he gets six per cent interest on his savings for a year or more before the money is actually set aside.

The treasurer of a small manufacturing company started a savings-bank account for his little daughter when she was born. The first year deposits were made regularly, so much a week. Then money pressure led to neglect for several months, and a hit-and-miss plan was followed during another year. Finally, he adopted an ingenious system for putting away something each day, automatically. The odd cents on every check that comes in to the company are figured off and paid to this account That is, when a customer remits $679.84, the eighty-four cents is set down on a memorandum, and the sum of these fractions of a dollar is added and deposited to the child's account whenever her father draws against his own income account with the company. Selling to a small circle of customers, the items received run to thirty or forty checks weekly, usually large amounts. Deposits to the daughter's account range between $10 and $15 each week. The treasurer is also the credit man, and, as a check upon the extension of unwise credits, makes it a rule to also pay to this savings account a sum equal to any losses that may arise through bad debts. The latter item, however, is negligible.

Cats and Dogs That Saved Money

The proprietor of a large printing office and bindery has saved money ever since the days when he worked as a journeyman. Most of it has been invested either in his own business or in revenue-producing real estate. Some years ago he lost his head over mining stocks and put money into several companies that have never yielded a dollar of revenue since. But he keeps his gaudy stock certificates in the office safe, and they have been very productive indirectly.

His employees are well paid. He keeps in touch with them and encourages saving and home-building; as long as they are prosperous they will be steady. About once a year some mechanic or forelady comes down with the wildcat investment fever. Now it is mining, and again rubber plantations, and again oil wells, according to the speculative craze that happens to be prominent at the moment. They catch the fever through the most glowing advertisements.

When the boss hears about such a case he brings out his own collection of stock and says:

"Here are my investments in that line. So far, I have done nothing but pay out money. If I advised you not to invest in the scheme you have been thinking about, and you heard of anybody growing rich in any other scheme, you would blame me. Now select as much of this stock as you want and I will let you carry it a year, keep up with the reports, learn how the swindle goes on, and get experience for nothing. If you want to keep it at the end of the year you can buy it of me pretty cheap."

These expensive but worthless certificates have saved his employees many thousands of dollars and have kept his work force together.

The chief clerk in a prosperous drug-store in a little town had been saving money for eight years, and felt that it was due himself and his family to increase his income. His savings, together with credit, would be sufficient to set up business for himself. But he had seen his employer build with small capital and slender credit, and realized that the risk and work were great and that a number of years might pass before he could make a business pay. So, after looking up a location, working out rent, stock, expenses and other figures that showed the situation at a glance, he went to the boss with a proposition. On one hand, he might begin business for himself in that town, where he knew everybody, could divert trade, and would be a competitor. On the other, he might divert the energy that he would put into his own business into that of his present employer, to build new trade.

"I can't save as much as I ought to on salary," said the chief clerk. "Your business now brings in a good income. You are right on the job here all the time, however, because you are the only man who has an interest in its growth. You have worked hard and ought to enjoy life. Give me a small percentage on all the increase in gross sales I can show each six months, in addition to my salary, and instead of starting for myself I will stay here. I think I can make more by starting to build where you leave off than by starting from the ground."

This proposition was eventually accepted by the druggist, who, from that time forth, had leisure to travel with his wife. The chief clerk kept his savings intact and also began reaching out for new trade. His earnings from percentages were several hundred dollars the first year, and the proprietor, of course, made several dollars where the clerk made one on increase of patronage. In the end the clerk bought his employer out.

Yellowlegs

Yellowlegs is young and foolish when he
wanders out from school,
Thinks a mine's a proposition to be run by
line and rule,
He can tell the grizzled foreman just exactly
where he's wrong,
And the "errors of the shift boss" are his
never-ending song.
What he doesn't know of mining isn't worth
the while to learn,
He would teach the old hands better, give 'em
hints at every turn;
He's the pinnacle of progress, he's the prophet
and the seer,
For he's learned it all at college, has the
mining engineer!

Yellowlegs is young,
Yellowlegs is new,
Give him time to find himself,
Time to change his view;
He'll come down a peg
When he's worked a year.
He's a bully boy at heart,
Is the engineer

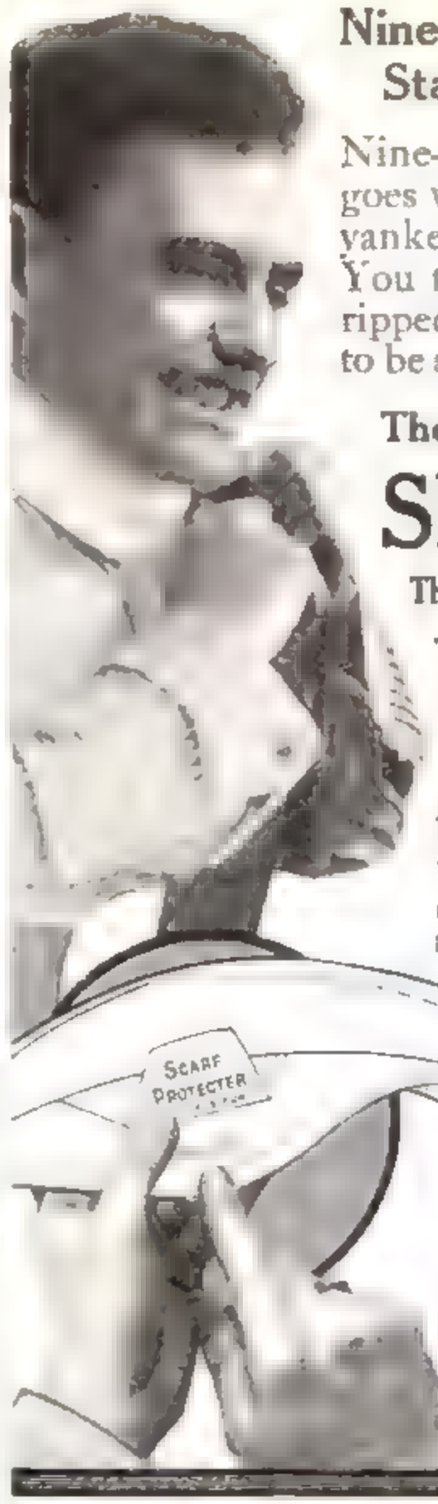
Yellowlegs gets slightly wiser when he's
worked around a while,
When he sees a little merit in the other people's
style,
Finds a thing or two in mining he admits he
didn't know,
Laughs at "absolute opinions" that he held
a while ago.
Then he buckles down to business—there is
plenty of his own—
Lets the foreman and the shift boss fight their
worries out alone:
For it slowly dawns upon him, and it dawns
upon him clear,
It will keep him mighty busy just to be an
engineer!

Yellowlegs is young,
Yellowlegs gets wise,
Finds he hasn't any time
Left to criticise;
All his uppish ways
Quickly disappear.
He's a bully boy at heart,
Is the engineer.

Yellowlegs has all the workings on a blue-
print paper plat,
He knows where this drift is going, where the
latest stope is at,
It is Yellowlegs who figures when to raise, and
how and where
To connect the different levels and to give the
miners air;
How to cross-cut through the "country," how
to raise a thousand feet,
So the shaft that he is raising and the one
above shall meet.
And although we chuckle at him when he
comes among us here,
He's a pretty wise gazabo, is the mining
engineer!

Yellowlegs is keen,
Yellowlegs is cool,
After he is toned a bit
He's nobody's fool
Mine would be a joke
'Cept with him to plan.
He's a bully boy at heart,
And a bully man!

—Berton Braley



Nine-tenths of the Morning Grouches Start with the Collar—and Grow

Nine-tenths of the mornings that "everything goes wrong," your collar is to blame. You yanked and pulled and struggled with that tie. You tugged some more. Your favorite scarf ripped a bit at the seam. You've good excuse to be sore. But there's no excuse for the collar.

There's nothing like this when you wear

Slidewell Collars

The SLIDEWELL SHIELD suppresses the excuse.

The SLIDEWELL SHIELD is the morning grouch-preventer. Look at it—how it prevents the scarf from catching. The scarf slides easily, quickly—over a SLIDEWELL SHIELD. It is quickly, properly, smilingly adjusted, in an instant.

The SLIDEWELL SHIELD saves the scarf and saves the collar. *It's the first real collar improvement of the last twenty years.* Wear SLIDEWELL COLLARS—the collar with the time and temper-saving Shield, and you'll never know a collar-grouch again.

SLIDEWELLS have all the good points of style that other collars have. They last a little longer than most. 2 for 25c. (In Canada, 3 for 50c.) All styles, all shapes, all sizes. Most, but not all, dealers carry the SLIDEWELL COLLAR. If your's doesn't, send us 75c. for a box of six. (In Canada, $1.00 for six.) We'll guarantee you greater collar comfort than you've ever known before.

TO DEALERS:—The SLIDEWELL COLLAR is such a distinct improvement over all others that an enormous demand has been created for it. If you're not handling the SLIDEWELL line, you ought to be. Write to us for the newest and most profitable collar-proposition.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, New York

Your Christmas Gift

will long be remembered by the **Man or Woman** who receives **KNO-TAIR**

There is nothing more suitable, substantial and lasting than Hosiery—Your gift will be appreciated—if YOU make it

Six Pairs Guaranteed For Six Months

Knotair

THE GUARANTEED HOSE OF QUALITY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GUARANTEED to wear SIX MONTHS and more
A Gift that is remembered the GIVER—
Not the usual GUARANTEED Stocking but Mate-
rial different in Quality, Make and Finish—the
Best Six SEAMLESS and SHAPELY—

Boxed Six Pairs of One Size in Solid or Assorted Colors

Men's Lisle-Like in Black, Tan and Grey	Six Pairs	**$1.50** the Box
Women's Lisle-Like Stockings with Inter-lined Center Splicing in Black, Tan and Grey	Six Pairs	**$2.00** the Box
Men's Pure Silk in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Lavender, Purple and Red	Six Pairs	**$3.00** the Box
Men's Super Silk Lisle, a trifle heavier than Pure Silk, in all the same colors	Six Pairs	**$3.00** the Box
Women's Pure Silk Lisle in Black, White, Grey, Tan, Sky, Pink, Lavender, Purple and Green Copenhagen	Six Pairs	**$3.00** the Box

Your Color or Assorted Colors plainly stated and remittance in full must accompany your order. Address KNO-TAIR KNOTAIR KNO-TAIR. If your Dealer does not sell KNO-TAIR send us his name and we will send you FREE upon request a Christmas Booklet showing the Latest Styles in Men's and Women's Hosiery.

KNO-TAIR HOSIERY COMPANY
5301 Westminster Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

We will send a Christmas Box of KNO-TAIR Men's or Women's when your Dealer cannot supply you and remittance is sent direct to us. Specify size and color wanted. Send for Free Booklet showing the Latest Styles in Men's and Women's Hosiery. Knotair Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Knotair Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Knotair Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa

Gillette Safety Razor

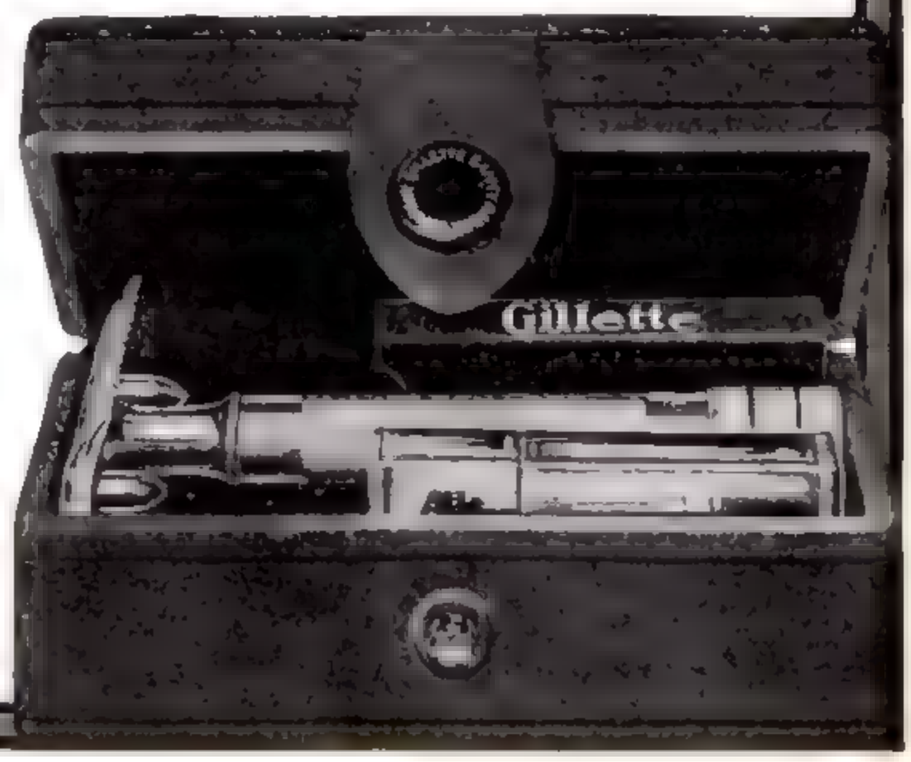
No Stropping No Honing

A Christmas Gift for Men the World Over

THERE is not a man under the sun with a beard to shave but would appreciate one of my razors. It is the one gift of universal interest to men. It is more than a beautiful souvenir. It is an article of every day use that will save two hours a week of a busy man's time and $50 a year of his money. It will improve his appearance, add to his comfort, do away entirely with the trouble of stropping and honing, and the annoyance or danger incident to other methods of shaving. Standard Set, in velvet-lined, full leather case, $5. Combination Sets, specially adapted for gift purposes, $6.50 to $50.

Two things, and two things only, will improve the work of my razor and they are the right lather and the best brush with which to apply it. After carrying the razor as near to the point of perfection as seemed humanly possible I turned my attention to producing a soap that would actually soften the beard and make shaving easier—and a brush that would work the lather into the beard in just the right way. The result is Gillette Shaving Stick and Gillette Shaving Brush. The soap is a foil-wrapped stick in a nickeled box, 25 cents. The brushes are made of the finest No. 1 bristles or badger hair, gripped in a solid head of vulcanized rubber, 75 cents to $5.00.

King C. Gillette



TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office
17 Holborn Viaduct

GILLETTE SALES CO.
506 Kimball Building, Boston

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

HOW THEY HECKLE

By H. W. Horwill

Making it Pleasant for the British Parliamentary Candidate

OF THE scenes of disorder that accompanied a Parliamentary election in the first half of the last century a contemporary record may be found in the pages of Charles Dickens. Even allowing for his tendency to caricature, there can be no doubt that his picture of the Eatanswill election might be closely paralleled in actual history. In those "good old days" the "hustings" itself was the center of the turmoil. On the platform, now out of date, which bore that name, the candidates stood at the time of their nomination, patiently enduring whatever greetings and missiles the free and independent electors chose to send them.

That ordeal was brought to an end by the revolution in electoral methods resulting from the Ballot Act of 1872. There is now no legal necessity that a candidate for Parliament should personally face the electors at all. Indeed, more than once a man has been nominated and elected who happened to be out of the country at the time the vacancy occurred. Still, in the ordinary course an aspirant for a seat in the legislature will have little chance of success unless he frequently pleads his own cause at meetings of the voters, both indoors and outdoors. At these meetings he suffers an inquisition that is as thoroughgoing a test as could be devised not only of his acquaintance with public affairs, but also of his presence of mind and readiness of resource.

This heckling, as it is technically called, makes a much severer demand upon a politician's capacity than the mere delivery of a speech. Neither ignorance of public questions nor lack of oratorical ability is a hopeless disqualification for reciting, with the aid of copious notes, an address that has been previously composed by an obliging friend. But the provision of an impromptu answer to queries suddenly shot at one from the audience is another matter. It is true that a novice may sometimes be assisted by a hint from a more experienced politician sitting by his side, but dependence on a prompter does not produce a good effect on the platform any more than on the stage. The story is told of a candidate for a Scottish constituency whose evident incompetence tempted one of his hearers to inquire: "What about the Decalogue?" The poor fellow, bewildered by the strange word, replied that he would support any bill for its abolition that might be introduced into Parliament.

How Mill Won the Day

If the candidate has already sat in the House he has the advantage of familiarity with most of the topics that are likely to interest the voters. On the other hand, his Parliamentary record exposes him to criticism from which an outsider would be free. He may be sure that the local politicians will diligently have scrutinized the division lists, and he must be prepared to explain why he voted for such and such a measure and why on another occasion his support was lacking to the Government or the Opposition, as the case may be.

But the absence of a Parliamentary record does not mean entire exemption from awkward questions relating to one's past. When John Stuart Mill stood for Westminster, in 1865, he was confronted at one of his meetings with an extract from an article of his, written some years before, in which he had spoken in the plainest terms of the faults of British workingmen. There were many workingmen in the meeting, and it was a workingman who quoted the passage and asked the candidate whether it correctly represented his opinion. Without a moment's hesitation Mill admitted that the statement was his and declared that he had seen no reason to change his mind. His answer staggered the audience for a moment, and then there burst out a storm of cheers. Every one knew that a self-seeking politician would have attempted to explain away an utterance that seemed so likely to do him injury, and would have tried to show either that it did not mean anything disparaging or that circumstances had since changed. The candor of Mill's reply is believed to have contributed, more than any other incident of the campaign, to his success at the polls.

Sometimes the heckling includes pointed questions respecting the candidate's attitude in matters that are not strictly political. A particularly malicious attempt to damage a man's chances was made some years ago when Sir John Jones Jenkins, now Lord Glantawe, who owns large foundries at Swansea, was contesting the Carmarthen Boroughs. At a meeting in Carmarthen guildhall the candidate was asked: "How do you treat your own workmen? Long hours and short pay, I suppose. I ought to know," continued the heckler, "for I was one of them." For a moment Sir John was nonplused by the suddenness of this unfounded charge. Then, looking hard at the heckler, he said: "Were you employed at my Cardiff works?" "Yes, I was," came the defiant reply. "Then," said Sir John quietly, "let me inform the audience that I never had works in Cardiff or the neighborhood."

Ready Answers to Hard Questions

The delights of interrogating the candidate are appreciated quite as much in country districts as in the cities. Any one who seeks the suffrages of a rural constituency will do well to prime himself beforehand on agricultural topics as well as political ones. It must be remembered that in England there is no custom restricting candidature to residents in the district. It may, therefore, happen that a city merchant or lawyer attempts to enter Parliament by means of the votes of a rural division. In one instance a local farmer is reported to have ascended the platform and offered a test that would puzzle many a townsman. He produced three bags. One, he said, contained wheat, another oats, and the third barley. Would the candidate kindly examine the specimens and say which was which? It is difficult to see the relevance of such an examination to the question of fitness to sit in the House of Commons, but no doubt a failure to answer correctly would lead to the fall of a man's stock with an agricultural audience. On another occasion the situation was saved by adroit parrying. "Mr. Chairman," said an elector, "Mr. Gass comes down here from London and asks us to elect him to represent an agricultural constituency. What does he know about agriculture? I should like to ask him how many quarts of milk a cow gives every day?" The candidate had not the faintest idea, but he promptly turned the laugh against his questioner by replying: "The number of quarts of milk that a cow gives per day depends upon the distance from the village pump."

Many other instances might be given of the value of a ready wit in hiding one's ignorance or escaping a definite pronouncement. The late Sir John Astley was once asked: "What about Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill?" He replied that he didn't know much about Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill, but he did know that his own liquor bill was a blamed sight too heavy that year. Lieutenant Shackleton, who has since become famous by his Antarctic exploration, went through a preliminary trial of endurance and resource by contesting Dundee at the general election of 1906. His neatest stroke was in dealing with the awkward question: "Are you in favor of woman's suffrage?" "Hush!" he answered; "my wife is present."

The process of heckling illustrated by the above stories is said to have derived its name from that part of the United Kingdom in which its practice has been elevated to a fine art—namely, Scotland. Among the workers in the flax and hemp industry in Forfarshire to heckle or hackle was to separate the coarse part of flax or hemp from the fine by drawing it through the teeth of a hackle heck or hatchel. No one who has ever passed through the ordeal of a Parliamentary election will be disposed to deny that the metaphor is aptly chosen.

There's time yet to order a Christmas box of the finest Chocolate ever made—

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Trade Mark

and either get it to the dearest woman in the world or into the stockings of the dearest little ones you know. There's a *quality* about Wilbur's Chocolate Buds that makes them peculiarly appropriate as a gift at the season when you would express your kindliest regard—or your greatest care for the health of your children. If not at your dealers, we will send them direct from our factory. Send your card for enclosure. $1 for a prepaid pound box.

If when sending the dollar you will give us the name of your dealer, we will forward you a sample of our new eating chocolate—VELOUR—smooth as velvet.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., 222 Bread Street, Philadelphia

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

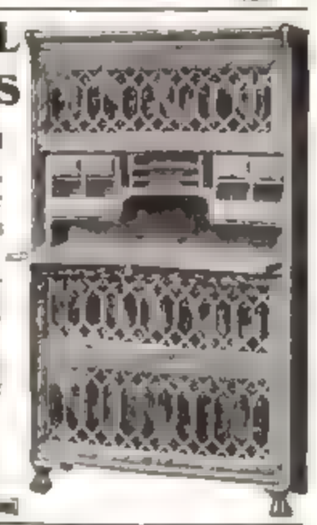
Our New Catalogue Mailed FREE Will Please You

It is the fashion book of sectional bookcases, showing the newest designs in the popular Sanitary Clawfoot and Mission styles, as well as our pleasing Standard.

Gunn Sectional Bookcases are known the world over for one feature that will interest you—the prices are lower than others. This is because of a big saving in freight as they are the only bookcases shipped flat.

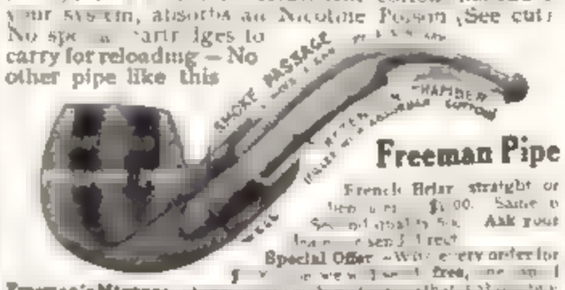
[illegible] are [illegible] to hold the sections together, the doors [illegible] and are [illegible] the [illegible] and workmanship [illegible] grade [illegible] a handsome and durable piece of furniture at a low cost. Send for [illegible] dealers everywhere [illegible] a Gunn [illegible] in stock. Write today for our new bookcase catalog M. Its [illegible] sent on request.

GUNN FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



PIPE SATISFACTION AT LAST

A delightful smoke—No bitter taste—no slugging—Always cool and dry—Absorbent cotton instead of your system, absorbs the Nicotine Poison (See cut)—No special cartridges to carry for reloading—No other pipe like this



Freeman Pipe

French Briar straight or [illegible] $3.00. Same in Selected quality 5.00. Ask your [illegible] to see [illegible] Special Offer—With every order for [illegible] free, one [illegible] Freeman's Mixture, a [illegible] that [illegible] pure and aromatic. It will please you. Sample can mailed for 10c.

THE FREEMAN PIPE CO., 40 Lake Street, Petoskey, Mich.

THE LATEST CRAZE!

Sawyer's Bo-Peep Puzzle

An evening's fun for all the family.

Mailed for 10 cts., stamps or silver.

Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., Dept. B, 88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay

Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. Best Services.

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LYON & HEALY HARP

HARP is the undisputed Standard of the World. Prices exceedingly reasonable. Catalogue of Lyon & Healy Harps free to anyone interested. Also bargains in Used Harps. Monthly payments may be arranged

Lyon & Healy, 22 Adams St., Chicago

Piano and Harp Builders

Weak Instep

can [illegible] through the feet and legs [illegible] to the [illegible] You can prevent all this by wearing the

50¢ A PAIR. Your dealer or by mail. Give size shoe.

C & H ARCH Instep Supports

C & H Arch Shank Co., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

Make HENS LAY In Winter

Humphrey's Secret will give you 150 to 250 eggs a hen per year more in winter than your hens summer records. Send for my book on The Golden Egg and Humphrey's open hopper Bone Cutter. All about hens from egg to axe.

HUMPHREY, SEPT. ST. FACTORY, JOLIET, ILL.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES—POST CARD PROJECTORS

Motion Pictures, Talking Machines and our Wonderful New Post Card Projectors for home amusement. Our Motion Picture Machines for Entertainment Work are the [illegible] of the year. Perfect, thrilling moving pictures, just as shown at the big Theatres. Our Post Card Projector shows perfectly sharp and clear, 6 to 8 foot pictures in natural colors from views, post card pictures, clippings from papers, books etc. Our machines are the finest, and all sold at a price any one can afford. We have one of the most practical machines for entertaining. Send to-day for our illustrated catalogue No 6 and special [illegible] for home entertainment or No 124 for traveling exhibition work.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 295 DEARBORN STREET, DEPT. 122, CHICAGO

SALLY IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 5)

The Sacred Order of the Family is giving out for several reasons. In the first place, it is a part of the Order to live in a separate personal home after marriage, and one cannot preserve it in a New York skyscraper, with from six to ten thousand other people besides. It is too much of a human entanglement. A man cannot stand it, or his wife cannot. They cannot endure one another in addition to all the other people they have to endure. From this you will see how Sally arrived at the New York viewpoint, and called it moral because she did not really understand that divorce is Nature's cry there, not the result of ethical thinking at all. "Ethics" is the deceit-name of half the evils that obtain in New York—evils common to wild, self-defensive jungle life everywhere.

Now, with the mention of two other particulars that have to do with the palingenesis of Sally we shall have done with Mr. Henry James' stationary methods and come to the history of her achievements, which were very great and in accordance with the spirit of the place. It is the nature of women to become suffragists in New York. The conditions they face compel it more than conditions elsewhere do, except in other places like it. So Sally became a suffragist. At home she would not have dared, because at home women had not yet felt the fierce need of preserving themselves against all manner of masculine competitions and masculine antagonisms. There she would have felt rude, somewhat as if she had arisen and asked to cast stones at her lovers. Besides, if you are truly feminine you do not wish to wear citizen breeches on your insect mind. But one cannot be truly feminine in New York. The whole spirit of the place is organized against the merely-functional feminine. And since in any case you had to take your medicine for being a woman at all, you might as well be the whole thing and have done with it—which was, of course, to become a suffragist and demand the right to the same voting privileges the men had. This was bad for her, because it developed in her a separate feminine class feeling, which interferes with a woman's natural disposition to become "one" with the man she marries, or ought to marry.

The Mental Malady of New York

The other particular in which Sally was changed is difficult to explain. It was a kind of awful desecration she suffered, womanly, in the effort, we may conclude, to become broad-minded, which is the obsession of persons of her type when they feel the oncomings of the New York spirit. And I mention it last, because it was the last of the convolutions she had before coming into complete new possession of her faculties. She had parted with many delicacies, had learned to drink and smoke and think—which last is the most scandalous of all indelicacies unless it is done in the right direction.

Still, we may do many doubtful things without being able to discuss doubtful topics, because one may act wrong so innocently that the inference is that one does not understand the actual meaning of the performance; but one cannot talk wrong and pretend not to know the meaning of her own words. In the course of time Sally found herself in this bifocal relation to decency. Her actions had been by rote, but her mind did not grasp certain themes with sufficiently-brazen intellectuality to enable her to practice license of expression in conversation, the biological license, you understand, that is usually heard in sociological bass, double octave. For example, she was from a region where the phenomenon of human gender was not a proper subject for polite conversation.

At home everybody accepted his or her sex as something natural and said nothing about it. But in New York she soon discovered that some of the brightest minds were tremendously worried over the matter, as if it were a thing requiring immediate reform. Sex was the scandal of society, the greatest problem in the industrial world, and a danger that even threatened politics. No one appeared to be bothered about the gender of men, but that of women was making them wrinkled and gray before their time. No one seemed willing to say definitely how far a woman was justified in being merely woman, and when she should begin to imitate the male in her ambitious actions and feelings. But the opinion was general that there was such a line where she must change or stop going.

Sally was horrified, but felt narrow and vulgar-minded, because she observed that the men and women who engaged in these discussions were above reproach in their own characters. She did not know, and never did find out, that some of the most moral persons in the world have immoral minds. She did not know that very many of the best people in New York have sexitis of the mind and, finally, she developed sexitis of the mind herself.

Sally's Sex Novel

This was her last and final qualification for moving easily in the circles of literary and artistic folk which she had penetrated, and which are most accessible to strangers. Also, it fitted her for writing that wonderful story of New York life—we are coming now to her achievements—which at once brought her fame and fortune and an assured position in the literary world—that is, a commanding one with publishers—because she had so many readers, and because she could write with a mammoth courage that had never before been equaled in the fiction of that town. The title of this novel was The Humaner Humans. And it described a hyperbolic race of men and women who matriculate in New York life and graduate there into the Humaner Humans. It was a romance, expressed in the terms of art, literature and sexitis. As I have already intimated, it became one of the "best sellers," and was widely read in the South and favorably received, chiefly because nobody really understood it, least of all Sally herself. She had purposed to give an impression of the Aladdin genius of New York and the kind of quicksilver people produced by it. What she missed in the sequel was the fate of such people. Her hero and heroine were divorced and lived happily ever afterward. Unconsciously she had the gift of irony, just as a child sometimes has the gift of smiling shrewdly before it is shrewd.

Meanwhile, by following the career of Sally herself we shall learn what really does become of the human who grows humaner in New York. She was now in the third year of her residence there and none of the dreadful things had happened to her that are usually dramatized as the fate of innocent young women who go there. She had not suffered the pangs of hunger nor of too great hardships. Sally had merely caught sexitis of the mind, which is a purely intellectual disease, as I have been careful to prove. In short, our Sally had made a New York "rise in the world." The people at home were proud of her and referred to her as one of the literary products of the South, just to show what the South could do when it tried. As a matter of fact, she only showed what a Southerner could do who was no longer a Southerner.

But to cap the climax of a brilliant career she married about the time her second novel was going to press. This was a story of the East Side, because if you are going to do New York fiction you must lay your scenes in one of three circles: among the Smart Set, in the Aladdin circles, or on the East Side. The first mentioned is usually the last of the trilogy, because the author has to sell enough of the first two to become rich before she can afford to "move" in the Smart Set and get her effete material. But returning to her marriage. The fortunate man was reputed to be one of the most fascinating persons in the expurgated Bohemia that Sally had inhabited. He had a high forehead, a speculum eye, a noncommittal, masculine mouth and a good figure. She did not suspect that he was a reversion to type. That is a queer thing about some New York men. One cannot distinguish a mere animal from an intellectual giant with a highly-specialized ethical vocabulary. Apt as not he can be both at the same time, the animal and the intellectual prodigy, especially if he has had a scientific training along just biological lines, and has never come under what some consider the baleful influence of the "Shorter Catechism."

This was actually the case with Sally's lover. He was a professor of biology in a university, and he had "selected" her as his mate with a thoroughly-accurate blood

To the Buyers of Canned Fruits

Wholesaler—Retailer Consumer

In the issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* of January 15th next, we will publish an important statement and announcement regarding the packing of Canned Fruits.

This announcement is of **vital** interest to every person using canned fruits. Look for our statement in *The Saturday Evening Post* of January 15th next.

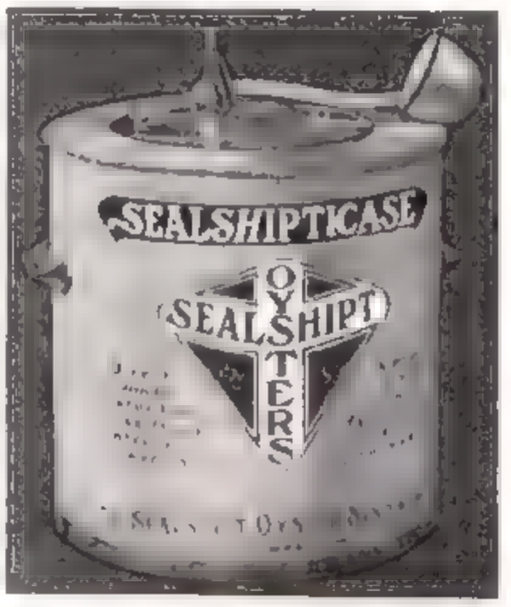
HUNT BROS. CO.
Largest Canners of Highest Grade California Fruits
San Francisco, Cal.

Canneries: Hayward, Alameda Co., Cal.; Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

Members of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products.

How You May Be Sure

Of Genuine Sealshipt Oysters



LOOK for the Sealshipticase like the one shown here.

It is made of cleanly white and blue porcelain.

Note the Sealshipt trademark in the centre. See our name on the bottom.

For this is your positive guarantee of *oysters at their best*—genuine Sealshipt oysters—the only oysters with the salt sea tang. So don't be cleverly fooled by inferior substitutes.

Sealshipt Oysters

The Sealshipt System insures you oysters that are firm, clean, solid and fresh.

No other organization covers the growing, the shucking, the shipping, the selling of oysters.

But bear this in mind: Sealed package oysters are not necessarily Sealshipt Oysters. A sealed package in itself means nothing—nothing as to purity, nothing as to quality, nothing as to flavor.

Unless the oyster is properly guarded from the time it leaves the beds through the various commercial channels—shipper, jobber and retailer—a sealed can is no guarantee of oysters at their best.

For it's just as easy to put watered oysters in a small or large sealed package as in a tub.

You May See For Yourself

When you buy Sealshipt Oysters you do not buy blindly or by guesswork. Sealshipt Oysters are sold from the blue and white Sealshipticase. You can see their quality, their purity, their freedom from water and their natural color. This is the only way bulk oysters should be sold. And it is the safest way you can buy oysters. No matter where you live there is a Sealshipt dealer near you. Ask for blue and white Sealshipticase. Insist on Sealshipt oysters.

Get This Free Book of "Seaside Oyster Dishes"

If you would know the true delightfulness of the real sea oysters when the name of your oyster dealer. We will send you free our book of New Seaside Oyster Dishes, which gives many shore recipes unknown inland. Address Dept. 12 A.

The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.
Sealshipt Oysters at 95 Cents per Can
General Offices and Factory
South Norwalk, Conn.

knowledge of what he was doing. In his lover talk he had a defaulting imagination and a vocabulary that might have been manufactured by electricity, it was so bright and instantaneous. The effect upon Sally was magnetic, just that and nothing else. Incidentally, he had been married before. Your biologically-free scientific man does not care how often he makes a selection in this way. But this was no affair of Sally's. In New York you let the dead past bury its dead, especially in the matrimonial cemetery, and the right of divorce is too sacred a right to be questioned. So she did as Rome did and asked no questions. And her courtship went on the way such affairs are conducted there no flowery lanes, but theaters, dinners, lectures and so forth, while you sit beside one another and feel that you are engaged.

But marriage is viewed in Sally's New York with obvious misgivings. It is an innocent-looking relation with a bad reputation, which may result in the most diabolical consequences. You simply risk it for a time. If it does not "pan out" you do the only sensible thing left—get a divorce The kind of regardful self-respect of the humaner humans does not permit them to stand by a bad bargain and make it better if they can.

In Sally's case the consequences were peculiarly diabolical. Her husband could drink more, smoke and think around and around faster, especially in a tadpole hole, than she could. Also, he was more and more fascinating, but not to her. Sally had not reflected that there never was such a creature as a perennially-fascinating husband, in the very nature of things.

As a matter of fact, this was Sally's trouble. Mr. Sally would not and could not resist the temptation to keep on being fascinating outside his wedlock bonds. What she should have done was to have gone off with him to some desert island where there would have been less competition. What she did do was to get a divorce. There never had been one in her family before, although, according to her present views, there should have been. One cannot live happily ever after, and all the time, with even a Southern man. But by dint of scourging and of secret prayers the women of her family had held on to their husbands through good and evil reports, and no one had suspected how degrading this was. But she had found out in New York, hence the divorce.

And, while Sally is packing her things for a post-marital tour—it is even more needful to get away from the scenes of an unhappy marriage than to take a bridal tour, and for this reason you will observe that all newly-divorced people invariably "take a trip" away—we may look into a few circumstances that indicate that New York does not afford a proper conjugal atmosphere, especially for husbands. In the first place, it offers too many independencies of the home. Mr. Sally had his scientific club, his other club, his Committee on Municipal Reforms, and no end of stag dinners. And there are too many incidental attractions and popular temptations that lead away from marriage.

Sally's Suffrage Frenzy

Nature never has been any too careful about making man so that he can do well morally, and in New York not only the odds are against him, but also the new ethics. Most of the really emancipated, thinking people there, like Sally and Mr. Sally, pledge each other before marriage that the moment they cease to love one another devotedly, passionately, and with all the attendant fervors of lovers, they will separate rather than "sin against love." This sounds noble, but it is not. It is the divorce door you open beforehand, which afterward Mr. Sally may remind you of with a graceful bow. He does not exactly kick you through it, he simply reminds you of the pledge, and carries on so that in desperation you do pack and go through it to your lawyer, and file your suit for divorce in a frenzy of outraged virtue.

Upon her return to New York the winter following her divorce Sally cast herself heart and soul into all the women's movements for rights and suffrage and protection of her sex. Her experience had taught her that women were in a dangerous, unsheltered, peculiarly helpless situation, resulting largely from the industrial antagonism in one class, common, superior brute strength and vice in another, and more particularly from the unmoral emancipation of the intellectual man, who gets a scientific training that destroys his moral sense.

Women do not know enough or suspect enough to understand this creature yet, because he makes a so much more fascinating lover than the old-fashioned, narrow-minded knight looking for a lady to have and to hold, mind, body and soul. As a matter of fact, you had better take the latter and learn to disobey him rather than risk the former. Poor Sally had brains, but she did not know how to use them. It is the gravest modern trouble with women. They have learned to think, but not with enough strictly feminine understanding. It will require, now, a couple of thousand years to give some of them sufficient philosophical poise to accept the eternal order of things. It is really no use to tear around so about women's rights and their wrongs. The nature of them remains the same They are not really happy except when vitally dissolved in the life of their husbands and children. What they need is a better breed of husbands. And this can be had with a little early training of boy children more easily than they can manage the things they are now after and are soon to get without getting satisfaction.

We waste a lot of time evoluting. Sally wasted five years writing passionate novels dramatizing the wrongs of her sex, just as some women write stories showing how painful it is to vivisect dogs. And she did no good, except that she became fearfully, hatefully distinguished as a woman with claws to her wits.

Why She Stays Away From Home

You would not suspect ashes to look at her now, for she is still a very handsome woman with a mighty level eye. You will find her living in New York still, middle-aged, famous, prosperous, surrounded by another Aladdin circle in her own home, the former circle having perished long ago with its grain of ideals. She has grown a trifle metallic, naturally. Some experiences give a woman a brazen front. It is her armor against humiliation. Behind the scenes, when she works she drinks more and writes with an even sharper pen. And she is contemplating another marriage! With a sort of male suffragette, this time. You see, she doesn't understand yet being persistently attracted to the abnormal type. It is because she has lost her woman bearings, poor soul, and cannot tell a bifurcated idealist with soupy brains from a real man. But what hurts us to think of is this serial marriage business. And the effect on the woman is—well, it is queer. For example, Sally has never gone back home for a visit, where she is idolized as one of the greatest women of her age—not that they always understand what she means by writing such dreadful things in her books, but she has a high moral tone and an Old-Testament literary style. And, well, you don't think you will be allowed to question Sally's motives? Not down there where her mother and her grandmother were women with gilt-edge angel characters! So, I say, Sally has never gone back home. She prefers to let their illusion of her stand. She knows that she could never make them understand that a woman has a right to drink, smoke, doubt the existence of God and get a divorce, all without injury to the moral nature. She knows she would not fit into that understudy-to-heaven existence the women live at home. So she sends gifts instead and remains away. Also, she does not mention her approaching second marriage. If you asked her why, she would say out of regard for their old-fashioned views and feelings—which are too absurd and easily offended, you know. But really, I wonder whether the old Sally does not stir sometimes in the ashes of the Sally that is, and whether she does not hide, like any other sinner of her kind, from the clear, steady eyes of the women at home.

In any case, if you are from Missouri and must be shown, you will find her there in New York, and ten thousand more like her, highly honored and respected, but no longer honoring and respecting themselves. Brilliant women, hulled out and devoured by the town, no less than the others who are not to be named—good women, leading reforms and bestowing great charities, who have already given body and soul to be burned. A queer traffic and a more evil one than that of the white-slave trade, because it is protected by the peculiar ethics of the place.

The Howard Watch

THE finest compliment you can pay a man is to give him a HOWARD watch. It shows that in your opinion the best is not too good for him.

It classes him among men with whom punctuality and exactness are a principle—as a HOWARD sort of man.

He knows the HOWARD is the finest practical timepiece in the world. He appreciates your decision as to quality.

He values the HOWARD for its associations—as the chosen timepiece of the men who have done the big things in this Nation for three generations.

Moreover, it is an intimate sort of gift; something that is always with him and which must often suggest the giver.

A HOWARD watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

PARIS GARTERS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Patented 1906. other Patents Pending.
Be sure you get this Box

Tailored to Fit the Leg

Prices 25¢ 50¢ and $1.00
Ask your dealer. If he is out we will supply you
A. STEIN & CO., 506 Custer Avenue, Chicago

NO METAL can touch you

Mr. Inventor Let us be your factory. We can manufacture for overhead expenses. All kinds of sheet steel articles, stamping and die work. Send model for estimates.
Backus Novelty Company, Smethport, Pa.

AGENTS Are Coining MONEY

WASHINGTON HATCHET
Every ... of Forged steel Guaranteed. Durable, ... priced. Big profits to agents. Sample free. Write ...
THOMAS MFG CO., 2266 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

WIRELESS TELEPHONE UNIVERSAL

TRANSMITS COLORS, FEATURES, EXPRESSION OF THE USERS WITH SAME FIDELITY THAT THE PHONE REPRODUCES THE HUMAN VOICE.

Connected Via Long Distance With Your Own Phone

A VIBRANT ring, tingling with a new impulse, calls you to your own phone. Putting receiver to your ear, you are amazed to find attached to your phone a mirror which reveals Herbert Myrick, the Editor and Publisher, just as your visage is likewise mirrored to him. "Say, won't it be great when this new French system of telephony is introduced?" he begins.

"Indeed it will," you answer. "Wireless phones, the telautograph to take down the message if no one is at the other end to receive it, and the phone mirror certainly will be perfect."

"I don't quite hear you," replies Mr. Myrick. "I guess this experimental wireless-mirror connection doesn't work right yet. Let's switch onto the regular wired service."

"Yes, I hear better. What is it, Mr. Myrick?"

A New Cash Market

"Let me ask if you have all the business you want. Do you wish to make more money?"

"Why yes, how?" you say, eagerly.

"I mean this," Editor Myrick responds; "that a new market, a profitable cash market, is now available for nearly all manufactures and productions—even luxuries."

"In South America?" you ask, excitedly.

"Right here at home," the Editor declares, "among the thirty million folks upon our six million American farms."

"Oh, we don't sell to country people—farmers haven't the money to buy our—"

"Hold on there," cuts in Editor Myrick, "pardon me, but you don't know what you're talking about, and *I* do. My periodicals reach nearly one-third of our farm people. We have thousands of correspondents and agents. My editors and myself tour every state frequently to keep in personal touch with conditions."

"A New Cash Market"

"So that accounts for the accuracy of the Orange Judd Farmer crop reports," you interrupt.

Rule the World's Markets

"Precisely. Our crop reports rule the markets of the world," the Editor replies. "Patten cleaned up $5,000,000 profits on wheat last summer by following Orange Judd reports, other parties lost millions by dependence upon government reports. Leiter almost went broke a few years ago by following the government instead of our American Agriculturist reports."

"Why, I'm tremendously impressed, Mr. Myrick, by what you say. Those are indeed great agricultural weekly magazines of yours. Didn't they induce Congress to establish agricultural experiment stations in each state, and rural free delivery of mails? Weren't they the father of the American sugar industry? Didn't they thwart the sugar trust, secure the economic independence of Cuba and protect domestic producers and labor against tropical competition? Weren't you the power behind the Farmers' Political League, that made all parties sit up and take notice? Isn't it the American Agriculturist Weeklies which so possess farmers' confidence that you guarantee your readers satisfactory dealings with your advertisers, and refund to your subscribers the full amount they pay for anything advertised that proves unsatisfactory?"

"The Bond of Confidence"

"That's right," replies Editor Myrick, in a pleased voice. "Long years of doing by our clients (readers, subscribers, advertisers) as we would that they should do to us has developed between all a perfect bond of confidence."

"Well, now, can't you tell me confidentially what you think of the business outlook, Mr. Myrick?"

Portent of the Golden Flood

"Back of everything is the unprecedented flood of gold. This past year (1909) the world has produced $450,000,000 of gold or *four times the annual average*, 1860-90. All the gold that poured into Spain from the New World, the unlimited wealth of the Indies that enriched England, all the precious metal that flowed out of California in '49, are not a circumstance to the present golden flood. And it will continue."

"This means years of good times doesn't it?"

"Prosperity! Along with increasing population and a fixed supply of land, it accounts for this equally amazing fact: That while prices of labor and of commodities have been advancing, increase in values of land and its produce has been still greater. For years the American farmer has been getting relatively higher prices for what he had to sell, but only recently has he had to pay more for what he had to buy. Result: Our farmers today possess more wealth, have more cash, owe less, know more, *want more*, than ever before."

"Why, this is tremendously important," you cut in over the wire. "Just what do you mean by the farmers' wanting more, Mr. Myrick?"

The New Farmer

"Now look here, my dear sir," the Editor replies earnestly, "grasp this fact: The farmer's family has economized for generations. Hence, therefore, *now that the farmer has the price*, his folks want, need and *are bound to have*, relatively, much more than the town or city family."

"Say, but how true that is! I'm astonished that manufacturers, bankers, business men, haven't realized this situation any better than I did."

"Some are 'on,' all right," Mr. Myrick comments heartily. "More automobiles were sold to western farmers in 1909 than to any other class."

Farmers Living Like Aristocrats

"Automobiles!—farmers?"

"Yes, indeed!" says the Editor laughingly. "Why, a little county fair in Kansas advertised a combination horse and motor race—sixty cars and one old nag entered. One little town, Oneida, South Dakota, with 200 population, about 40 families, has 16 automobiles. The farmer's boys and girls are going to college, his wife and sister dress stylishly, the old man himself wears good tailor-made clothes. His house is being equipped with carpets and rugs, musical instruments, books and pictures, automatic heating and lighting, hot and cold water, other household conveniences. Machinery that will save labor on the farm is in great demand, fine breeding stock, better seeds and plants, more scientific methods, co-operative marketing of produce. Farmers are becoming the landed aristocracy."

"How astonishing! Is it so all over the country?"

"Relatively, yes," replies Mr. Myrick. "Western farms have doubled in value within a few years. Eastern farms are also advancing, so are Southern lands."

"Why isn't land a good purchase, then?"

"It is, especially if you're going to live on the land and work it," Mr. Myrick responds enthusiastically. "It's *the* place to rear a family. The rural school, combined with the family-farm and shop, is *the* training for youth. The automobile, good roads, social organizations, mail delivery, the motor post coach to supplement electric railways—farm life is indeed bright. Why, you'd be surprised at the extent to which old or poor farm buildings are being repaired or replaced by new."

"I catch the idea," you cry back. "There is a great market among farmers at present, and it is expanding. Tell me how best to get into this market."

How to Reach Rural Markets

"It's easy enough when you know how," the Editor and Publisher assures. "Tell me what you make or sell, how your business is conducted, your capacity for production, your ability to meet the increased demand we can create for your goods. Above all, are your goods right, are your prices right, are your methods right, will you guarantee satisfaction to any of our millions of clients whom we may induce to patronize you?"

The New Farmer

"Oh, I can easily satisfy your periodicals perfectly on all such points."

"Well, then, write me fully," comes Herbert Myrick's reply.

"Does this obligate me in any way?"

"Not a bit of it. I will lay your proposition before our editorial, promotion, commercial and publicity departments. We will have conferences over it, at our Chicago, New York and Springfield offices. If you have an advertising agent, manager of promotion or other experts, we will co-operate with them. Finally a plan will be evolved that will put your sales just where you want them."

"No matter what it costs, if it pays," you exclaim.

Profits Insured by Right Methods

"That is exactly our basis," declares the Editor. "We make our plan pay. One firm began by spending $500; now they have a $40,000 contract with us."

"Ah, but the rub comes in knowing how to advertise in just the right way."

"Which is precisely why our service is indispensable," Mr. Myrick responds. "Our clients spend much larger amounts with us year after year. Why? Because it pays them to do so. Proof of circulation? Certainly—books open to all, maps showing number of subscribers in each state, rates and estimates. The most substantial proof lies in our mighty building—reinforced concrete, fireproof, imperishable. See picture of it above. Just awarded national prize as best office structure in concrete. Its eight acres of floors and 5,000,000 cubic feet of space can accommodate 5,000 workers, none too much for the largest publishing plant of the kind. Quite a contrast to the Colorado shack in which I learned the printer's trade."

Admirable Results

"Such facts speak for themselves, sir. Now tell me more about your publications, Mr. Myrick."

"If you wish the better class of farm and rural-family trade throughout the United States our plan would involve publicity in all our whole combination of periodicals which reach this vast constituency. This great combination includes the weekly magazines published by Orange Judd Company—American Agriculturist, published at New York, for the Middle States and the South; Orange Judd Farmer, published at Chicago, for the West, Northwest, Intermountain and Coast States; The New England Homestead, published at Springfield, Mass., covering the East. Also the twice-a-month Farm and Home, published by the Phelps Publishing Company—Eastern edition from Springfield, Mass., Western edition from Chicago. If you desire to reach only a certain territory, use such of our combined periodicals as cover it. If your appeal is to the better class homes in towns and cities, use our Good Housekeeping Magazine."

"Why I have known your publications for years. My wife ties to your Good Housekeeping Magazine as the very best. Everyone knows the old reliable American Agriculturist, the name of the late Orange Judd is a household word and wherever I go in the country I find Farm and Home."

"You just ought to see the feast of good things we've got for our readers. Judge Shute's new story, 'Farming It,' will run exclusively in Farm and Home. Humorous? Gee whiz, the whole American people will laugh over it. Funnier even than his 'Diary of a Real Boy.'"

"Say, he *is* funny. I must have that, surely. What is the subscription price?"

"A dollar will bring any one of the Weeklies for a year. Fifty cents pays for Farm and Home's 24 numbers, while Good Housekeeping advances to $1.25 on February 1, $2.00 for all three."

"Put me down for the whole bunch, Mr Myrick. I'll mail you $2 today. No wonder your papers get so close to the people! No wonder they pay advertisers. I shall at once take up with my own concern your idea of getting after the new country trade, and will write you fully today with reference to our own proposition."

"The Colorado Shack where I learned the printing business—quite a contrast to our gigantic building shown at top of page."

"Just address Herbert Myrick, President Orange Judd Co., 439 Lafayette St., New York."

"Good bye, Mr Myrick, call again!"

"Thank you, I will," he replies significantly.

INDIVIDUALIZING THE WORKMAN

By George Frederic Stratton

One of the Greatest Problems of Great Employers

IF IT were possible," said the manager of a manufacturing plant where thirty-five hundred hands are employed, "for me to acquaint myself with the actual capability of every man in the shops and to treat with him individually, irrespective of any other man's pay or time, I could increase the output of our plant by at least twenty-five per cent without the expenditure of an extra dollar for room, power or equipment."

That blunt, frank statement was made at a convention of manufacturers, and the hum of approval and entire lack of any question or disagreement expressed the clear understanding the members had of the point taken.

And the point was that, while modern business methods had individualized the plant and equipment to a point where the special service of the smallest pulley or countershaft was as much a matter of record as was that of the greatest machine, the employees were still units of unknown value—excepting as shop crews.

The man who can look back upon twenty-five years of experience in large business organizations cannot but feel the heartiest admiration for the superb systematization that has been evolved during that period. Factory buildings and warehouses are as carefully planned for good working conditions as are city halls. Machines a year old are thrown on the scrap-heap to make room for those that will do ten per cent more, or better, work. The belt drive and the motor drive have been compared down to the mathematical limit. Specialization of work, store-keeping, expediting of work through the various shops, cost accounting, and the science of selling have received the closest study of the clearest brains obtainable. But the improvement of the efficiency of the workman has received no such scientific attention. The men who can, in most lines of manufacturing, make or mar the profit account are—excepting in a comparatively few cases—working today under the same unhappy relations to the foreman, superintendent and manager as they were a quarter-century ago. The workman of today is nursing his job with the same dogged pertinacity against the same tactical assaults that were used upon him before the business systematizer was thought of.

Where System Fails

Every large employer is well aware that in any crew of men some must possess greater capacity and greater vigor than others, but very few employers can place their hands upon such men in their own shops. The working gang of one hundred is simply one hundred units; the total amount of work they may be expected to do can be calculated closely, but that is as far as the personal knowledge of his men extends with almost any manager of a large and diversified force. System steps in and unifies the wages, day-work or piece-work, but system has not yet gone far enough to provide that men who are capable of doing twenty-five per cent or thirty per cent more work than those who are alongside of them are encouraged to exert themselves.

In all the years since factories have been established the ignoring of individuality has been the stumbling-block in the development of the all-round efficiency of employees. They have been unified by their trade unions—good and poor being classed at the same wage rate—and they have been unified in the greater factories by a system that takes the wage-fixing power away from the foreman—the only man possessing a comprehension of individual worth—and placing it in the hands of an official who has neither time nor opportunity to acquaint himself, to any useful degree, with the individual characteristics of men who work for months, or even years, in the plant. The wage schedule of almost any great factory is as far from the consideration of individual characteristics as is the schedule of any great railroad system.

Here is the point of view of three mechanics upon the conditions of today:

The first is a machinist. "If they'd be as fair to the men as they are to the machines it would be all right," he asserted. "Now, look! Over there in the box shop are two planers. One's a single cutter, the other a double—a big, heavy machine that takes more room, more power and more oil than the single header, but does nearly twice as much work. Do the bosses kick at the extra expense of running that big machine? Not much they don't—they're getting the work to pay for it. But let a piece-worker jump right in and work hard and fast and steady every minute, and pile up a bigger work slip than the other fellows, and the superintendent begins to figure, right away, where he can cut down the price. It happens that way, every time, in this shop and in every shop."

A Point Well Taken

The second is a punch-press operator, one of the most ambitious and vigorous of men in any matter outside of his daily work. He said heartily: "There may be a heap of difference in men, but there's no use in trying to get any difference in pay! I'll tell you my experience in the shop I'm now in. I started on the job eight years ago and, as I was young and a bit fresh, I wanted to be high-line as soon as I'd thoroughly got the hang of the work. It wasn't any trouble at all to pass some of the men, and then I laid myself out to beat the others. One old fellow warned me that I'd get the prices cut, but I'd been reading stuff about quick promotions for fellows who showed up better than others, so I dug right in. One week my pay envelope was fatter than that of any other man on the floor—there were sixty of us. During the next week the foreman threw some of my work back on me, although I couldn't see anything wrong with it; but he balked me on another big pay slip. The next week it was the same. I couldn't get ahead no matter how hard I worked. Then old Tucker—the man who had warned me—said: 'You blamed young fool! What're you killing yourself for? Don't yer see th't the foreman ain't a-goin' t' let yer run ahead of th' game? He's no more anxious t' have the job queered than we are. Slack up!—that's what ye've got t' do—slack up!' I fought for a little longer, but had to come to my milk. I saw that he was right and have kept on seeing it ever since. There hasn't been a week I've been on that job that I couldn't have made my pay in four and a half, or even four, days. Of course, there's a lot of slower fellows that need all the time they have; but there's quite a bunch as good as me. I've been working at a limit of fourteen dollars a week when I could have earned eighteen just as well. If I could have heard of any shop where it was different I'd have quit here long ago. But they're all alike."

The third man was a shoe operative. "I'll tell you what was done here a few years ago," he commenced. "One of the shoe-machinery companies got control of a small factory fitted up with their machines. Then they raked the country east and west for the fastest experts they could find, and paid them big wages. They used that factory to show off their machinery, and the bosses who visited it went back to their shops all filled up with records of the big outputs. From that day to this they've been cutting piece-work prices—or trying to—in order to force the men up to those record-breaking outputs. There's not one man in ten can reach 'em, and he wouldn't if he could. Maybe it's all right for them to get the output up as big as possible, but they don't give the fastest man any encouragement—not a bit. Let two or three men in a shop struggle ahead for a few weeks, and there'll be a cut. Then there's a strike. It's nothing but a fight and squabble, a go out and come in, till every man's sick of the whole business. Between you and me, perhaps some of the operators could get out

With Fruit
of This Character
—with Heinz pure spices—with only the purest table vinegar of Heinz own make—with refined granulated sugar and condimental seasoning—with preparation in model, clean, open-to-the-public kitchens, can there be any wonder at its rich, homelike flavor and purity, or that
HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup
Needs No
Benzoate of Soda
other drugs or artificial preservatives to make it keep? All Heinz 57 Varieties are pure.
The law requires the presence of Benzoate of Soda in Foods to be stated on the label. Read all food labels carefully.
Some of the other seasonable Heinz delicacies are Chili Sauce, Sweet Pickles, Mince Meat, Cranberry Sauce, Apple Butter, Fruit, Preserves, Cream of Tomato Soup, etc.
HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
FREE FROM BENZOATE OF SODA OR OTHER ARTIFICIAL PRESERVATIVES
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
New York Pittsburgh Chicago London
Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

more work than they're doing, but if they did they'd only be getting a bare living wage today, and the others wouldn't be able to earn even that."

Some investigations about this demonstrating shoe factory gave very interesting results. During the year the machine company operated it the output was six hundred pairs of shoes per day. In the succeeding year, when the lessors resumed control, the expert workmen dispersed, as the high wages were not continued. The result was that the output of the factory dropped to a little over four hundred pairs per day, on the same type of shoes and with the same equipment in operation.

Of course, for a clear understanding of the difficulties arising from the present system of paying workmen the viewpoints of the executives and the officials are necessary. A foreman, testifying before the Massachusetts Arbitration Commission recently, said: "If I had proved to the manager that men were earning fifty-five hours' pay in forty-five or fifty hours, there'd have been a cut in prices and some of my best men would have quit. I should have been the sufferer, because orders were pressing, and a foreman is expected to get out work—not make excuses."

The foreman of a small-part machining room in a valve factory freely and cheerfully responded to an inquiry for information: "Our machines are run almost entirely on the piece-work system. We have tried several methods of pace-making in order to ascertain the proper average output of each machine, but although we know what it should be, we don't get it—not by ten to fifteen per cent. Our trouble is that we make frequent changes of design and of little labor-saving appliances, and after each change we find the men dead set against taking advantage of it. They're afraid of improvements. Of course they know that we don't go to the expense of installing improvements without expecting to save by them, and they'll fight us if we make a twenty-five-per-cent reduction on a change which will enable them to do twice as much work, and when they settle down they will only work fast enough to make up that reduction."

"But," I asked, "if some of the quickest men—the best workers—did push ahead and make the most of the improved tools or machines, running out one hundred per cent more work, wouldn't they be met at once with a further reduction?"

"Certainly, there's got to be a limit, of course. We couldn't allow a system to creep in that would run wages up fifty per cent or more above normal rates."

Output Restricted

Among the officials the whole trouble is summed up as "restricted production." A prominent manufacturer of builders' hardware said:

"Of course, there's restricted production. Look at this!" He opened up a record book—finely kept—of piece-work wages. Across a broad page were the amounts earned by his men, weekly; thirteen weeks to a page. "There is number 167," he continued. "See the earnings—within ten or fifteen cents of fifteen dollars each and every week. No man who ever used a tool could hold so exactly to that amount every week unless he was allowing himself a liberal margin for off days—days when he doesn't feel up to the mark or the material doesn't come just right. There are dozens of others who hold just the same average. It is proof enough! They have a limit beyond which they will not go. Good men or poor, they're all turning out just so much."

"Is there no way by which the brightest men may be induced to let themselves out?"

"Apparently not."

"Have you ever offered to maintain prices for any set period—say, six months or a year?"

"No, I couldn't do that. We are making novelties continually, which, if they prove successful, are naturally followed by labor-saving devices to produce them. How can we make stable piece-work prices under those conditions? On really staple goods the competition is so keen that we have to take advantage of every trifling change in design that we can think of in order to lessen cost."

A director of a wood-working factory—three thousand hands—tells the following story: "Three years ago we were confronted with the necessity of providing for larger output. Acting on certain suggestions we called in experts to examine our plant thoroughly. Their report was that our buildings, power and machinery were fully capable of thirty per cent larger output than we were getting—if we had workmen capable and willing to operate to the full extent. But we were utterly unable to reorganize our force to produce that result, and we have had to build and equip an addition at a cost of nearly half a million, in order to secure that additional thirty per cent of output."

"There's not a shop in the land," bitterly exclaimed a shoe manufacturer, "that is operated to its limit of production. The Unions prevent that. They come in and tell us what wages we must pay, and we pay those wages. They make no distinction between good men and poor—and, of course, we cannot; we have to average up."

As the Unions are very generally blamed by employers for leveling men, the statement of a labor leader is apropos.

An interview was obtained with John F. Tobin, president of the Boot and Shoe-Workers' Union, a man who is recognized by the manufacturers as being broad-minded and as possessing as keen an insight into the employers' end of any controversy as into the workmen's end. In fact, his conservatism has on several occasions brought him into severe conflict with his own organization.

The Workmen's Side

Mr. Tobin remarked: "The statement, so frequently made, that the workman restricts production is incorrect, if we look below the surface. The opposite is the truth, because the limit of production is practically set by the employer. We insist upon a minimum of wages, and the employer calls it the maximum. Let a man, however expert and rapid, exceed that maximum and the rate is cut. That is where restriction of production occurs. If you damp your boiler fire when the gauge reads ninety pounds, would you blame the boiler for not making steam up to one hundred and twenty pounds? The employer refuses to recognize the right of a high-grade man to a better income than the merely average man, by refusing to maintain the prices when the good man runs above what is set as maximum earnings. We believe that the average man should have a fair, living wage, while the abnormally good operator should do better; but the employer forces them all to the same level. In that respect restriction of production does occur, because the good man will not do that which cuts some slices off the loaf of the average without benefiting himself."

The secretary of the Boston Machinists' Union said:

"We have found that the piece-work system causes constant and interminable disagreement. There is absolutely no stability in wages paid that way, and nothing is so demoralizing to men as being kept in constant uncertainty about the amount of their pay. Men on day rates are usually treated very fairly. Some of our members are today receiving higher pay than the established Union rates, because they are recognized as being worth more. But if such men go on piece-work they are at once reduced to the level of just an ordinary man. They dare not work up to their full capacity. If their pay envelopes contain two or three dollars more than the average of others there is a change made in the prices and everything and every one is upset."

These are the opinions of representative employers, foremen, employees and labor leaders. However valuable or valueless any of them may be considered, they are, nevertheless, conditions, rigid and insistent, under which a vast proportion of industrial captains and industrial workers are today doing business with each other. As year after year has passed since the initiation of splendid systems of management and accounting in great establishments, totals have reached an importance that relegates all details to minor executives. The weekly item laid before the highest officials, for instance—"*Average hourly wage rate, thirteen and three-quarter cents*"—is the concentrated information of the total wage account divided among every man and boy, mechanic or sweeper, in the plant.

Compared with preceding weeks any variation may cause comment or question, but the details of individual earnings and

XMAS!

He's Dissatisfied With His Shaving

WE can get him satisfied. Will you let us do it? We ask him to take no chances, save one—the chance of getting overwhelmingly satisfied with his self-shaving.

If you can't get it from your dealer, do this, please:

Send us the name and address of the hardware, drug or department store where you trade. We will have that store deliver him an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' trial. You pay the store $5.00 for it.

At the end of the 30 days he will say it is the greatest shaving thing he ever discovered. If he doesn't, take it back to the store where you got it. That store will cheerfully refund your $5.00 because it loses nothing. We protect it from loss.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Quick Handy Great!

Don't hesitate to take the razor back if he doesn't want it. You're under no obligation to keep the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

But you won't take it back. He won't let you.

He'll take himself back, and he'll say to the storekeeper:

"That AutoStrop Safety Razor is great. Really does shave like a head barber's razor. You can hardly feel it cutting the beard off. And it's all because you can strop a fine edge onto it.

"And quick? It's the quickest, handiest thing I ever shaved with. I can do a complete shave in one-third the time I used to with my no-stropping safety. And my face feels great. I'm for the AutoStrop!"

If you can't get it from your dealer, will you send us the name of the hardware, drug or department store where you trade, and let us prove that the AutoStrop Safety Razor will finish all self-shaving troubles? Will you do it? You will? Thank you very much.

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS"

How much wrong information have you received during your life-time on shaving and razors? If you want to know how much, send for "The Slaughter of the Innocents," our new book. It's a quick, speedy, witty interview with the greatest razor expert.

Explains the cause of shaving troubles and blade troubles, and will actually teach anyone how to shave himself as well as the head barber can. It's free, though it ought not to be. If you don't send for it now, you'll forget it.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

341 Fifth Ave., New York 61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal

Far Quicker, Handier Than a No-Stropping Razor

Strops, Shaves, Cleans without Detaching Blade

Free OUR LARGE Catalogue

CONTAINS list of 3,000 magazines, newspapers and Club offers. It is the handsomest and most complete magazine guide ever published. Printed throughout in *two* colors. It is crowded with profitable-to-you suggestions. *You* cannot afford to be without it. The name HANSON is the *accepted* stamp of reliability and promptness in the magazine field. This Catalogue for 1910—FREE for the asking—will

Save You Magazine Money

We have the largest Magazine Agency in the world, and can save you money. Your name on a postal secures this valuable book FREE. Send us YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY. We will do the rest.

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
(To one or separate addresses) BOTH $3.00

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
200 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

BONDS

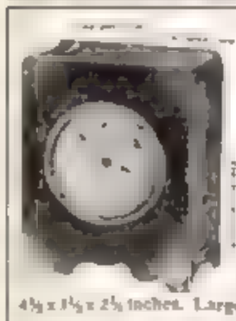
How to Buy Bonds

is a subject formerly known to only a few wealthy bankers. Our book "Bonds and How to Buy Them" gives facts on investments everyone should know. Tells you how you can invest in the same safe securities earning 4% to 6% in which banks invest their own trust funds.

Our selected list of Municipal and Corporation Bonds and this Bond Book should be in the hands of everyone interested in investments.

Both will be sent on request.

OTIS AND HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
200 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
CLEVELAND.



This Clock Earns You $3.00 Each Month

It is a bank, a money box, a toy and a clock all at the same time. It works on a coin. A wonderful patented device that *compels* you to save money.

A Christmas Gift That Pays

A regular 8-day clock, with nickel trimmings and copper finished case. Size 4½ x 3½ x 2½ inches. Large slot for any coin. Unlocks at bottom.

Teach Your Child to Save

The Bank Clock Company, 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Energetic and trustworthy representatives wanted.

of individual possibilities, in a force of hundreds or thousands of men, have, until lately, been blotted out by that simple and comprehensive total.

Now it is very different, for it has been demonstrated that a systematic enlistment of the individuality of every worker makes a material increase in another very important total, the factory output.

The demonstration has been made by a few large companies. Piece-work is abolished, a normal day rate being fixed for every worker. By a simple yet accurate arrangement, record is kept of the amount of work done weekly by each man, and if it exceeds an established and well-understood standard the value of the extra labor is divided between the workman and the employer. Permanency is the strong point of this new system, the workmen being assured that no change will be made in the standards no matter how high the earnings may run.

The results, in every case, have been astonishingly gratifying. In one plant the increase in output has been twenty-seven per cent, the increase in wages fourteen per cent, and the decrease in labor cost seventeen per cent. In another plant the wage increase is twenty-two per cent, the output fifty-three per cent, and decrease in cost of production thirty-six and three-tenths per cent. In a third plant wages ran up twenty-four per cent, cost of production ran down thirty-six per cent, and the output increased fifty-seven per cent.

Fighting Competition Fairly

In addition to the great problem of securing a full output of production in existing plants, there is a side issue of no mean importance, and that is the securing of absolute data as to the quality of the men on the pay-roll. Very few managers are able to determine, even approximately, how many good men and how many poor men there are on their force. They have a rough average of capacity, but as to individual values they are almost wholly at a loss. It is by no means an uncommon practice, in great manufacturing plants where a department foreman has to be replaced, to go outside and secure one who has a reputation, because the manager or superintendent is so little acquainted with the characteristics of his working crew that he is unable to decide upon the fitness of any one of them for promotion. The superintendent of a great furniture factory states that he has engaged four outside foremen during the past five years, because he was not sure that he had the right man in his shop crews.

A high executive of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company, in whose construction shops the new system of paying men has been fully tried, says: "After a long and varied experience in manufacturing plants I can say decidedly that no improvement ever made in plants or equipment, or in the management at any one point, has ever shown such fine results as we have secured from individualizing the men."

Those are good words and they are backed by good figures. The latter show that the shop output was increased thirty-seven per cent, the averge increase in the pay was fifteen per cent, and the decrease in cost of production was thirty-six per cent. Forty per cent of the men earned twenty-five per cent above their previous wages. A few went much higher—one recording sixty-four per cent.

Harrington Emerson, who was in charge of the introduction and operation of the new system in the Atchison shops, recently exhibited records and charts of its operation to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Commenting upon them he said:

"Because the better men are rewarded for their greater skill and industry; because the check on every operation permits the correction of any condition that is detrimental to the worker; because it also permits, infallibly, the detection of incompetent, listless men, it is possible, month by month, to move the efficiency line forward. Competitors do not know enough to pay as much for the best men, who, therefore, remain as an asset growing yearly more valuable. Competitors do not know enough to correct bad conditions, or promptly to eliminate incompetent men, so they continue to run shops with an efficiency of sixty per cent, or less, when one hundred per cent to one hundred and twenty per cent is attainable."

Your Christmas Money Will Go Round

If you want to make a little Christmas money go a long way, there is no gift at an equal expenditure which will bring so much pleasure as a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

For the progressive, busy man there is no magazine which so appeals to his taste and intelligence as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, while among women all other publications are measured by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Such a gift comes to the recipient on Christmas morning and then keeps on coming through the year.

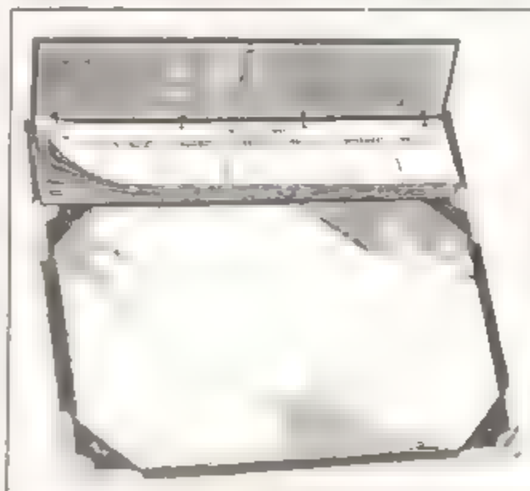
Our Way of Announcing the Gift

The friend for whom you order a subscription for THE POST will, on Christmas morning, receive in a sealed envelope a beautiful Christmas card, the original of which was painted by J. C. Leyendecker, bearing your name as the donor. The recipient of THE JOURNAL will receive an exquisite reproduction of one of Fra Angelico's angels in all the marvelous colors of the original, with its gold background. The third page of this folder bears the announcement of the gift and your name. The same mail which carries the card announcing your gift of either magazine also bears the first copy of the subscription.

The Price of a Year's Subscription to Either Magazine is $1.50

Please Note.—In ordering a subscription as a Christmas present be sure to state that it is a gift and do not forget to give your own name and address as well as that of the subscriber. If a subscription is already entered for the same person, another year will be added. **Order now.**

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.



LEST YOU FORGET

You can't forget if you have a Suit-All on your desk. It's the 1910 Novelty, a combination Desk Blotter, Daily Memorandum Pad, Yearly Calendars 1910-11, and Ready Reference Table of postal, interest and exchange rates, &c.

The Suit-All Desk Pad

does the work of a private secretary, systematizes your work, frees your mind, saves Desk space. Daily memorandums for a *whole week* are in plain sight. Worth its weight in gold to every busy man.

PRICE ONLY $2 POSTPAID

(*Two pads shipped in one case, $3.00*)

Special 1910 features. Embossed art metal corners, memo pad attached by nickel plated loose leaf rings. Four sheets blotter pad attached in black leatherette. Your name stamped in gold leaf on flap. A very useful and handsome gift.

Suit-All Novelty Co., FACTORY: Natchez St., New Orleans, La.
References, Bradstreet's.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered sent free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

A Genuine Flying Machine

Model Monoplane. Flies by its own power. $5 Complete Outfit Gives Free Flights.
BING BURNER CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

PRINT Your Own

Presses $5 to $15. Type, Cards, Paper, &c., Factory to You. Write factory for Press Catalog.
THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

PATENTS THAT PAY Protect Your Ideas! 2 BOOKS FREE "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent" and 64-page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability.
E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, 896 F, Washington, D. C.

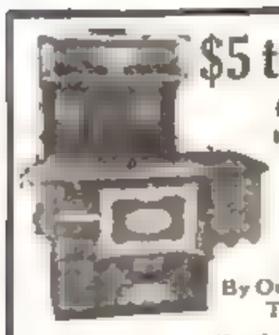
HORLICK'S

Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK
A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages

Keep it on your side-board at home.
Delicious, Invigorating and Sustaining

served at Restaurants, Hotels, Fountains
All druggists.

Easily Digested by the most Delicate



$5 to $40 Saved on your Stove

By Our Direct-From-Factory-To-You Selling Plan

Write for our Catalog No. 152 and compar our prices and q mlty with others. That's all the proof you need

Thousands of our customers have written us there's no better stove than [illegible] anywhere at any price. Hundr[illegible] them in use. Our Catalog tells how to [illegible] how to save [illegible] our credit [illegible] makes [illegible] terms as low as [illegible] per month.

We make stoves and ranges for every kind Select from our Catalog—buy direct from us—the *manufacturers*—for

Cash or Credit

360-days' approval test. *Freight prepaid.* Safe delivery guaranteed.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

Why Not a Profitable Retail Business of Your Own?

I know of many places where new stores are needed [illegible] Would you like to [illegible] Let me tell you how [illegible] Write today for particulars and booklet

Edward B. Moon, 8 West Randolph Street, Chicago

The American Boy will delight and develop your boy every month in the year. Full of [illegible] illustrations [illegible] Send $1 [illegible]

The GIFT that LASTS all YEAR

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 93 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

5% 16 YEARS

Our [illegible] We have never paid less than 5% a year. Assets increased to over [illegible] Write for booklet.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co., Times Bldg., B'way & 42nd St., New York

Do You Like to Draw?

Enlarge and Sketch a Face on This Picture.

Send [illegible] have a natural talent [illegible] actual value [illegible] most practical [illegible] can sell your [illegible] cartoons [illegible] well paid. Students of this school take no financial risk. Enclose 6c for a portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning 313 Kingsmoore Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and best [illegible] and Easy Payment Plan free.

Sprague Correspondence School of Law 709 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

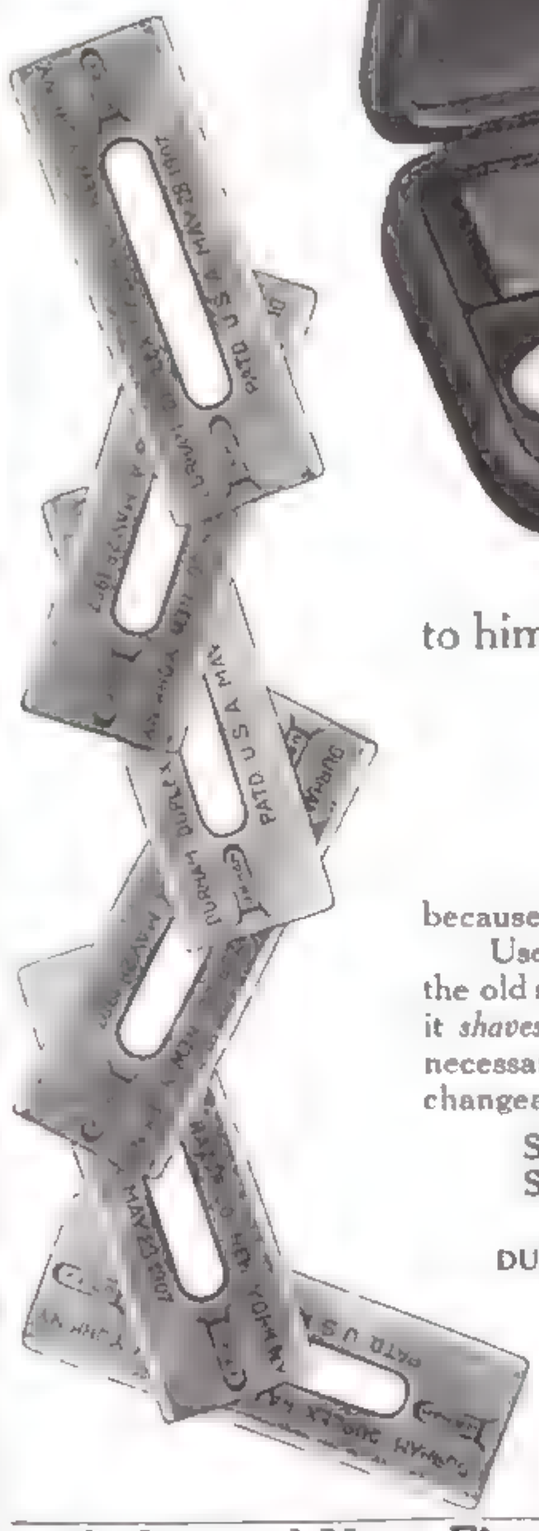
Reduced rates on [illegible] Western points. 843 Marquette Bldg., Chicago. 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis. 730 Old South Bldg., Boston. 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco. 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts stamps.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D.C., Estab. 1869

The One Gift Every Man Wants



A man's appreciation of a gift depends on how useful it is to him—not how much it costs. He will prize the

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

because it is both useful and ornamental.

Useful because it is a perfect razor. It does not cut you like the old style razors—does not scrape like the hoe-shaped safeties—it *shaves* with the correct diagonal stroke—no stropping or honing necessary. In handsome leather case, with six double-edge interchangeable blades. Price, complete, $5.00.

Special Holiday Sets in beautiful Pig-skin cases. Silver-plated sets, $6.00. Gold-plated sets, $7.50.

Handsome Illustrated Booklet on request

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR COMPANY
111 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Free Trial Offer

We will send complete outfit to any address, upon receipt of price. If not entirely satisfactory, return within 30 days and we will refund your money.

Safeguard Your Figuring

and save 1/2 your time on additions, 3/4 to 5/6 on multiplication and division. No mental strain.

There is no surer way of protecting yourself against loss than by doing your figuring with the

ADDS MULTIPLES Comptometer DIVIDES SUBTRACTS
In A Class By Itself

A large wholesale grocery house prevented $165 in small mistakes in one week — even after the bills had been checked by mental process

Another customer purchased four more Comptometers after making such a test

"Your comptometer is the best piece of [illegible] we have. I think [illegible] year's operating [illegible] you can add a [illegible] machines you can't [illegible]"

Why not make a trial? Comptometer sent prepaid on free trial, U. S. or Canada. Write for Rapid Mechanical Calculation. It's interesting. Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1709 No. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Keep Your Rubbers Bright and Black

by the use of Bixby's *Double "A", "A" One* Black. It cleans, shines and blackens all kinds of Rubber Footwear. At all dealers

S. M. BIXBY & CO.

"A A A" BIXBY'S SHOE POLISH

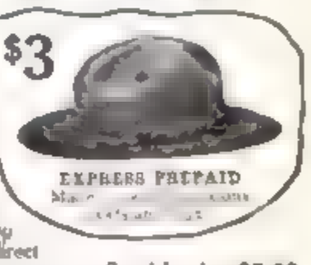
Send us your name and address mentioning your local shoeman and we will send you our novel toilet powder preparation, imported from Paris,

Book of Beauty Leaves FREE OF CHARGE

194 Hester Street, New York City

THE BRONCHO FELT HAT. The kind our Texas cowboys wear; fine quality felt, light tan color, with nobby Mexican carved leather band, very picturesque; a regular five dollar hat made and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer. Special price $3.00, express prepaid. Order today. State size. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

$3



EXPRESS PREPAID

Address,

Houston Hat Co., Houston, Texas

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No positions; no "ruled lines; no shading; no word signs; no "coil notes." Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study. [illegible] Write for full descriptive matter free, address Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

All leading varieties pure [illegible] Largest [illegible] Send for big [illegible]

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

ALTHOUSE'S Select Foreign Tours

Unique Mediterranean Cruises and Nile-Oriental Tours. Europe [illegible] Oberammergau. Spain [illegible] The French Chateaux [illegible] Itineraries of A[illegible] 716 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE BEST POLICY

(Concluded from Page 11)

"What do we care about the Fire Insurance Exchange?" Feinholz broke in. "The Farmers and Ranchers' ain't members of the Fire Insurance Exchange. We got a license to do business from the Superintendent of Insurance, and we don't give a cent for the Fire Insurance Exchange. We insured it the loft, and the goods was burnt in the freight elevator."

Abe jumped to his feet.

"Do you mean," he cried, "that you ain't going to pay us nothing for our fire?"

"That's what I mean," Feinholz declared.

Morris turned to Abe.

"Come, Abe," he said, "we'll take Feder's advice."

"Feder's advice?" Feinholz repeated. "You mean that feller what I seen it in your store this morning?"

"That's what I mean," Morris replied. "Feder says to us we should take it his lawyers, McMaster, Peddle & Crane, and he would see to it that they wouldn't charge us much."

Feinholz smiled.

"But the Farmers and Ranchers' Insurance Company got also a good lawyer," he said triumphantly.

"Maybe they have," Morris admitted, "but we ain't got nothing to do with the Farmers and Ranchers' Insurance Company now. We take it Feder's lawyers and sue you, Feinholz. Feder hears it all what you got to say, and he is willing to go on the stand and swear that you says that the goods was all right and the sample was all right. I guess when a banker and a gentleman like Feder swears something you could get all the Henry D. Feldmans in the world and it wouldn't make no difference."

Feinholz passed his hand over his forehead and breathed hard.

"Maybe we could settle the matter, Rudy," he said to his nephew, "if the other companies what they are insured by would contribute their share."

"The other companies," Morris announced, "is got nothing to do with it. You fired them goods back at us, and that's the reason why they got damaged. So, we wouldn't ask for a cent from the other companies."

"Then it is positively all off," cried Feinholz as one of his saleswomen entered. She held a familiar garment in her hand, and in the dim light of Feinholz's private office the buttons and soutache with which the cape was adorned sparkled like burnished gold

"Mr. Feinholz," she said, "a lady saw this on one of the racks and she wants to know how much it costs."

Morris eyed the cape for one hesitating moment, and then he sprang to his feet and snatched it from the astonished saleswoman.

"You tell the customer," he said, "that this here cape ain't for sale."

He rolled it into a tight bundle and thrust it under his coat.

"Now, Feinholz," he declared calmly, "I got you just where I want you. Feder is willing to go on the stand and swear that you said them goods was up to sample, and this here is the sample. Any feller what knows anything about the cloak and suit trade could tell in a minute that these here samples costed twenty-five dollars to make up. Forty-eight times twenty-five is twelve hundred dollars, and so sure as you are sitting there, Feinholz, Abe and me will commence suit against you for twelve hundred dollars the first thing tomorrow morning, unless we get it a certified check from the Farmers and Ranchers' Insurance Company for six hundred dollars, which is the price what you agreed to pay us for the garments."

A moment later Blaustein and Abe followed him to the sidewalk

"Well, Blaustein," Morris asked as they walked to the elevated railroad, on their way home, "what do you think of it all? Huh?"

"I think it's a good bluff you are making," Blaustein replied, "but it may work. So, if you come right down to my office I'll fix up your proof of loss and send it up to him this afternoon."

The next morning Abe and Morris reached their loft a good hour ahead of the letter-carrier, and when he entered they both made a grab for the mail which he handed them. Morris won out, and as he shuffled the letters with the deftness of long pinocle experience he emitted a cry.

"What is it?" Abe asked.

For answer Morris tore open a long yellow envelope and flicked it up and down between his thumb and finger until a small piece of paper fluttered to the carpet. Abe swooped down on it immediately and ran to the office, hugging it to his breast. It was a certified check for six hundred dollars.

"Well, Abe," Morris said as he filled out a deposit slip of the Kosciusko Bank, "there's one feller comes out of this deal pretty lucky, all considering."

"Who's that, Mawruss?" Abe asked.

"The rutt honn Earl of Warrington," Morris replied.

Regeneration

On the first of January he resolved he would
be very kind and good thenceforth to Mary,
who for years had been his wife;
He would not be soft or sappy, but as a good-
hearted chap he would do more to make her
happy and to bless their married life;
He had always loved her greatly, but had
shown it too sedately, and he had been
thinking lately of the many little ways
In which he might show affection, and while
he would pass inspection, yet he knew that
some correction would entitle him to praise.

So at breakfast-time he told her that as it was
growing colder, and they both were getting
older and susceptible to cold,
She must go to Hyde & Water for some furs
of mink or otter, for 'twas years since he
had bought her any furs, and hers were old;
He would like to get her sable and next year
he might be able. He remarked upon the
table and the excellence of fare,
Said the biscuit was delicious and the bacon
so nutritious. "Who," he said, "is there
to wish us greater blessings than we share?"

She was breathless, and she wondered if some-
how he had not blundered. Could it be
some strain had sundered him from reason?
When he left
She sat down quite faint and worried for he
had not speechless hurried through his
breakfast and then scurried for his car!
Was he here?
Of his senses? She was getting very nervous
from her fretting and her thoughts were all
for letting Doctor Pilsenpouders know,
For, perhaps, he needed dosing, scientific
diagnosing, or a rest from tasks engrossing
—she would tell the Doctor so!

Then, while worries thickly clustered, rang
the telephone and, flustered as she was,
someway she mustered up the courage to
reply;
And her husband's voice, so cheery, said:
"I've sent some flowers, Dearie, for the
day is rather dreary!" And she heard him
say good-by!
Which confirmed her first suspicion of his
sorrowful condition, and she went about
her mission of housekeeping much in fear
Of his growing aberration, and her mental
perturbation was beyond all consolation,
and her fancyings were drear!

When at dinner-time precisely on the hour he
came, and nicely groomed, he kissed her
oncely, twicely, she compelled herself to
smile,
And he kept up such a chatter as he carved
things on the platter, she was sure what was
the matter and she watched him all the
while.
But she was alarmed—fear-smitten—and
her cheek in terror bitten, when he told her
he had written to her mother to prepare
To come visiting with Mary, ere the end of
January, and that he'd be more than very
glad to have her visit there!

Then he saw her cheek grow paler and he
wondered what could ail her, for her color
seemed to fail her and her growing fear was
such
That he rushed across and got her smelling
salts and gave her water, for the roses and
the otter and this last were quite too much!
And hysterically crying, she just wrung her
hands and, lying on the couch, kept sighing,
sighing—for she saw the crucial change;
And she cried out with decision: "John,
you must see a physician, for you're in a
bad condition!—All your actions are so
strange!"

—J. W. Foley.

We borrowed this dance
From the days of the past
And the wonder grows as
we dance it—
How they kept up the pace
And the strength of the race
without

Uneeda Biscuit

The Soda Cracker that makes the Nation strong.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WINSLOW'S Skates

The World's Standard Choice of Champion Skaters for over 30 years

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Easiest to adjust—Smoothest running and the fastest and the finest skates that skill and science can produce.
Please send for our new illustrated catalogs. They are free.
Kindly state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St., New York. 6 Long Lane, E. C., London.
No. 64 Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris.
Berlin, W 9, Potsdamer Strasse, 4.

ALL STYLES
ALL PRICES
ALL DEALERS

Fascinates Young and Old

Xmas orders filled same day received

Mono-Rail JUMPING Wizard Top

Travels 100 Feet on Inclined Wire, Revolves 10,000 Times a minute with One Pull of the Cord. Any Child can do it.

This Marvelous Top apparently defies the fixed laws of gravity and equilibrium. It will spin in any position with its center line at any angle to its line of gravity Spins on the tip of finger, end of nose, edge of tumbler etc.

SEE IT JUMP FROM THE SHELL?

Perfect [illegible] it will travel entire length. [illegible] Fascinates Science, delights children, [illegible] and puzzle you. Cold rolled [illegible], lacquered [illegible] plated, nickel finish, [illegible] rings, track, polished egg, illustrated directions.

Style A Complete Outfit 50c. Postage 4c extra
Style B Nickel plated Special Xmas Package $1 00

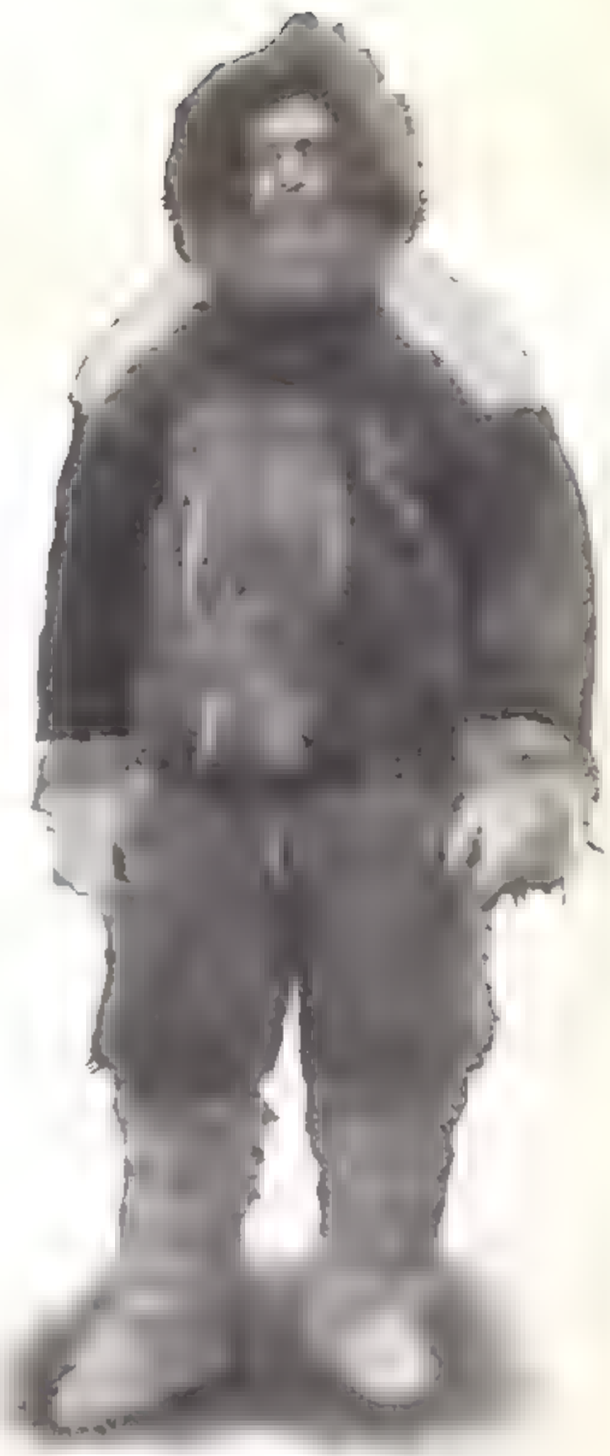
Demonstrated by Macy, Siegel-Cooper, Henry Siegel, Simpson Crawford, [illegible] & Straus, Gimbel [illegible]

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO., Dept. 16, 127 West 31st St., New York

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH

One [illegible] to [illegible] $150 and in $813 the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A $25,000.00 Magazine For 15 Cents



HAMPTON'S represents the *new* type of magazine, which first of all gives *news* and *information*. The time has gone by for magazines that simply give entertainment, with articles mainly about travel, astronomy, literature, etc. HAMPTON'S publishes the things live men and women want to know about, the *things they ought to know*, about their country, their politics, their financiers and their employers—the really big happenings in current history.

To get this important material HAMPTON'S employs the most expert writers in the country and pays phenomenal sums of money for the work done. No newspaper publisher can afford to spend the immense amount of money and months of time which HAMPTON'S lavishes upon its marvelous series of articles.

The editorial and art material in each month's issue of HAMPTON'S cost $25,000, entirely in addition to cost of paper, printing, binding, etc. One feature, "Peary's Own Story," to appear in only eight numbers, *cost over $50,000 alone*. This means that you get $25,000 worth of reading material for 15c, or 1800 or more pages of the best reading matter in twelve numbers for $1.50.

HAMPTON'S during 1910 will be not only the best, but the greatest magazine in America—the most interesting magazine published. It is the *one* magazine you simply *must have*. Subscribe NOW.

Peary's Own Story

The greatest magazine feature that has ever appeared, is one of twenty big features in

JANUARY

HAMPTON'S

On Sale December 18th

15 Cents a Copy

To be sure of getting January HAMPTON'S you should order a copy from your newsdealer *at once*. A big edition is being printed but the demand will undoubtedly be tremendous *If you subscribe now* you will be sure to get this immensely interesting story complete—also the great November and December numbers *Free*. Send HAMPTON'S to your friends as Holiday Gifts It will give greater pleasure than anything else $1.50 could buy. Gift Announcement cards, beautifully printed in four colors and gold, sent FREE, make the gift doubly attractive. Send your orders immediately. Prompt attention assured.

HAMPTON'S program for 1910 includes the biggest, most varied and important features ever before presented in any one magazine.

ADMIRAL EVANS

will contribute articles dealing with the Panama Canal and other matters of national importance. No more valuable or popular magazine feature appeared during the past year than "Fighting Bob's" navy articles in HAMPTON'S. His forthcoming series is of even wider interest. His opinion on the Panama Canal, published in January HAMPTON'S, is an especially valuable piece of analysis. The Panama Canal will cost over $400,000,000 to build. It is the greatest business enterprise ever undertaken by the United States Government. No one in the world is better qualified than Admiral Evans to say whether it is worth the price.

Scores of Other Great Features

By World-Renowned Writers

Articles of timely importance by Charles Edward Russell, Lincoln Steffens, Vance Thompson, Judson C. Welliver, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Judge Harris Dickson, John L. Mathews, Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., General Theodore A. Bingham, Alexander Hume Ford, Rheta Childe Dorr, Thomas E. Green and others.

Fiction of the big, vigorous, entertaining novel and humorous kind by such well-known writers as Rex Beach, Jack London, Harris Merton Lyon, F. Hopkinson Smith, James B. Connolly, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Mary R. S. Andrews, Gouverneur Morris, O. Henry, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Edwin Balmer, Perceval Gibbon, Rupert Hughes, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Georgia W. Pangborn, Ellis Parker Butler, Arthur Stringer, Catalina Paez, Mary Heaton Vorse, Lincoln Colcord, Myra Kelly, George Fitch, Lloyd Osbourne.

Take advantage of our special offer to new subscribers and insure getting "The Best Magazine in America" regularly every month during 1910. Price $1.50 a year. Through any newsdealer, authorized canvasser or if more convenient direct to

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, 68 West 35th St., NEW YORK

PEARY'S OWN STORY

Of the Discovery of the North Pole

is the highest priced editorial feature that has ever appeared in any magazine. It is the last of the world's great stories of discovery—told by the brave and sturdy American who through twenty-three years of privation and peril sought that spot on which he finally and triumphantly placed the Stars and Stripes. No man ever put up such a remarkable fight with natural conditions as did Peary. His story is the most entertaining, most exciting tale ever published of adventure and discovery in the most interesting part of the world. Richly illustrated with hundreds of remarkably interesting photographs—and appearing ***exclusively*** in HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE during 1910. Subscribe now and get the complete story. It begins in January HAMPTON'S.

FREE to new subscribers, November HAMPTON'S, containing thirty great pictures of Roosevelt's African Hunt, and December Christmas numbers—both **free** if you send $1.50 with this coupon **at once.**

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, 68 West 35th St., New York.

For enclosed $1.50 send me HAMPTON'S for one year commencing with January number, and send November and December numbers free.

Name

Street

City

Do You Know

For Children

—Under 5 years
—Between 5 and 10 years
—Between 10 and 15 years

Start a Home Library this year for the children

Let the foundation be a few good books in a

Globe-Wernicke Bookcase Unit

We furnish lists of the "World's Best Books" for "Kiddies" as well as "Grown-ups"—besides an art catalogue replete with interesting plans for the home.

Write Dept. D today for both publications. Sent free.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickeled Box—Hinged Top

A man's face is too conspicuous and too easily marred to risk the consequences of any shaving soap that is not so pure and soothing as Williams'.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 15c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

A Sample of Page Fence FREE!

Send for an actual sample of the world famous Page Woven Wire Fence. See the Basic Open Hearth Page Wire—the strongest fence wire in existence! See the wonderful Page Knot—*the knot that can't come off!* Get a free copy of the Quarter-Centennial Catalog of Page Fence, explaining its amazing durability, elasticity and economy. Just a postal. Address (3)

Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 212-H, Adrian, Mich.

AGENTS

Make big profits selling this 8-piece Kitchen Set. Also many [illegible] Write today for terms of free [illegible] how to make $10 a day. No previous experience necessary. All goods guaranteed. Money back to any customer not perfectly pleased. Our elegant display samples and rapid sales make it easy.

MADE $40 A WEEK

THOMAS MFG. CO., 408 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

THE "BEST" LIGHT

A PORTABLE, pure white, steady, safe light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. 100 candle power. No grease, dirt nor odor. Lighted instantly. Costs 2 cts. a week. Over 80 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Dealers write.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street Canton, Ohio

MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS

$1.00 A useful Christmas Present for home and office use **$1.00**
Package sealing machine.
No more string. Neater, cheaper and quicker than twine. $1.00 Cash with order F. O. B. New York City.
JAMES D. McLAURIN CO., 53 Park Row, New York

HOW FATHER DID HER COURTING

And [illegible] may be made [illegible] the original article stories from my life by Dorcas Dix. Keeping house [illegible] expenses [illegible] a week. Entertaining [illegible] clothes, [illegible], cookery, [illegible] table talk. House plants, pets, poultry. Good stories. In Popular Fashions for January. Mailed 1 yr 25c, 6 mos 15c, 2 mos 10c.
PHELPS PUB CO., Springfield, Mass.

Buy a POLAR PUZZLE

Only 50c, and see the Explorers fight it out before your eyes. Agents wanted everywhere. Manufactured by
Burke Electrical Works, P. O. Box 1808, New Orleans.

THE VANISHING INVENTOR

(Continued from Page 13)

perhaps making valuable improvements or adapting it to new uses. Then the attorneys and experts of the original company, making a careful study of these improvements and modifications, may so amplify their original claims as to cover them also, in this way securing not only a monopoly in the fruits of its own genius, but in the possibly more valuable work of its competitors.

As a matter of historic fact, it is almost always found, when a really great invention has been made, that a number of inventors have been working on the same problem at the same time. In innumerable instances from half a dozen to a score of applications have been filed in the Patent Office at practically the same time, each by a different inventor and each covering exactly the same device. Then results what is technically known as an "interference proceeding." The unfortunate inventor who gets caught in a conflict of that kind will have an excellent opportunity to spend more money than in his wildest dreams he ever expected to get from his invention. Suppose only six rivals take part in the interference. Each of the six will have sixty days to prepare his evidence. Six separate sets of lawyers will examine and cross-examine every witness presented by each of the contestants. The testimony may easily be voluminous enough to fill an encyclopedia. Finally, the examiner in charge makes his decision. A prompt appeal is taken to the Board of Examiners. From them the case goes up to the Commissioner of Patents. He orders the patent issued to one of the six—and still nothing is settled. The whole thing may be fought out again in the courts and in half a dozen places at the same time. He must have an inexhaustible belief in the validity and value of his claims—and an almost inexhaustible pocketbook as well—who sticks by the struggle to the far-distant end.

The Unused Inventions

So far as they are concerned the great corporations have practically abolished the individual inventor. Each of them has its own experimental room, where from half a dozen to more than a hundred inventors and expert machinists are regularly at work by the day. Many corporations already own hundreds—some of them thousands—of patents and have great rooms in their plants filled with completed and improved models. Some of these models may represent a great advance in the "art"—a great advantage to the consuming public. But they are kept standing, hidden away on the shelves of the model-room, while the applications for patents which cover them are dragged as slowly as possible through the Patent Office. In this way the necessity of making frequent improvements, of spending money for new tools, is avoided until finally, under the stress of competition or for some other reason, the patent is forced to issue and the public is given a chance to buy the new and better machine.

It is still true that the individual inventor takes out a majority of the thirty thousand patents which are issued yearly. But it is estimated that not more than twenty-five per cent of that number are ever put to any practical use. And of that small proportion a still smaller percentage ever makes any financial return to the owners.

European nations attempt in various ways to avoid the abuses that have grown up about the patent system in this country. In France no attempt is made to guarantee that the invention covered by a patent is new and useful. A French patent may be secured on almost anything. Its holder is left to fight his own battles with rivals. In England, until recently, the same rule was enforced. Even under the new law a patent is easy to get. It covers, practically, "whatever may be new and useful as illustrated and described in the application." But that by no means leads to a flood of patent litigation. The law also provides that, after a suit for infringement has been finally settled, the party who loses shall pay all the actual expenses of the victor in fighting the case. As the result of this and other English discouragements to quarrelsome and litigious people—whether interested in patents or otherwise—there are

Mental Dullness

usually comes from *imperfectly nourished* brains.

The man who *thinks clearly* and *acts promptly* wins money and position.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD—

made of whole wheat and barley, is not only promptly digested, but contains the Phosphate of Potash grown in the grains for rebuilding brain and nerves.

The regular use of this world-famed food, makes "clear thinking" easy.

Try a simple breakfast of **Grape-Nuts** and cream, soft boiled eggs, crisp toast, and a steaming cup of well-made Postum—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE [illegible] scientifically [illegible] Combination Table, [illegible] the most expert [illegible]. It may be set on your [illegible] dining table, or mounted [illegible]. When [illegible] it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 812 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

The "CAPITOL" INKSTAND

Keeps the ink from air and dust

[illegible] Clean and ornamental and make [illegible] desk display

No. 20 Set Pressed Glass . . $2.50
No. 31 Set Cut Glass . . . 7.50

[illegible] preventing evaporation of [illegible] to get ink on the fingers [illegible]

CUSHMAN & DENNISON MFG. CO.
240 West 23rd Street New York

A Special
TORREY RAZOR

Here's a real man's razor—"992," a Torrey Special—built to meet most exacting requirements and to make shaving a delight.

HIGHEST TYPE OF RAZOR MADE

Unique in design, full concaved, with swage back. Medium width.

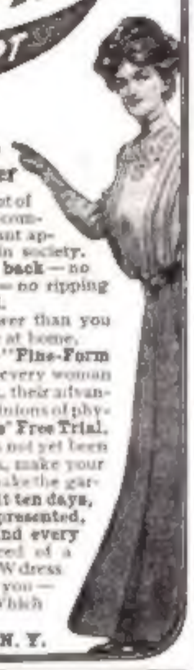
Illustration shows the beautiful pearl celluloid handle, with tang of selected pearl. Entire blade is finished with a brilliant crocus polish.

This and more ornate styles of handles, $4.00. Black Rubber $3.50. Other razors $1.50 up. Sent postpaid if not at your dealer's.

"How to Shave." A booklet that appeals to the man who appreciates the joys of a perfect shave. Yours for the asking. Torrey Strops the best made.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co.
Dept. A Worcester, Mass.

Fine-Form
MATERNITY SKIRT



of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. —Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no drawstrings—no lacing—no ripping or basting—Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home. Send for our Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. Ten Days' Free Trial. When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee.—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Free

Boyer & Williams Co., Dept. 28, Buffalo, N. Y.

Beware of Imitations

of the fasteners men swear by, not at—look for name

Washburne
Pat. Imp.
Fasteners
stamped on the genuine

The genuine Washburne Fasteners are Little but never let go
Comfort to men in their use

Key Chains - 25c
Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c
Bachelor Buttons 10c

Catalogue Free. Sold Everywhere. Sent Prepaid.

Look for the Name Washburne

AMERICAN RING COMPANY, Dept. 74, Waterbury, Conn.

CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of Oxygen (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows

OF ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS

Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

ARITHMETIC
SELF-TAUGHT.

A plain, easily-understood volume for ALL who have not had the opportunity of learning this subject thoroughly, or who have forgotten what they once learned. 297 Pages. Requires no teacher. This great little book sent postpaid, for 60 Cents, (Stamps accepted), leather binding, $1.

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
Est. 1870. 4460 W. Belle pl., St. Louis, Mo.

SPANGENBERG'S PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC Self Taught

Violet Rays for Milk

WHITE though it may be, sunlight is a mixture of variously-colored rays, a fact that is revealed by a prism of glass. Some of these rays are visible; a greater portion is invisible. Because our eyes are not sensitive enough to see them, photographic eyes have been devised to disclose their existence. These ultra-violet rays, as they are called, are powerful germicides and oxidizing agents. When we throw open our shutters and draw our curtains, so that sunlight may stream into our rooms, we are luminously disinfecting and purifying the air. The plea for more sunshine is the plea for the ultra-violet ray itself.

An attempt has been made to make some industrial use of this wonderful property of the ultra-violet rays. German and French chemists have hit upon the idea of sterilizing water and milk by the simple expedient of flooding them with ultra-violet light. Water is thus purified largely because of the oxidizing effect of the rays; milk is sterilized because the rays kill bacteria. An ultra-violet lamp immersed in a clear, infected liquid will, in a minute, destroy all microörganisms within the radius of a foot.

The discovery is of considerable commercial importance in view of our recent pure-food investigations and legislation. The employment of formaldehyde, boracic acid and other antiseptics for the purpose of killing those bacteria to which the souring of milk is due may be industrially expedient, but is sometimes injurious to health. If the mere passage of a liquid sheet of milk in front of a battery of specially-devised ultra-violet lamps will perform the same office, perhaps Doctor Wiley and the dairyman may become reconciled again.

actually more judges of record in the city of Chicago than are needed actually to handle all the litigation of the entire United Kingdom.

In Germany exactly the opposite course is pursued in the issuing of patents. The patent examiners make a search with characteristic German thoroughness. When, finally, a patent is issued the Government stands behind it—practically guarantees its validity. The prosecution of infringements is the duty of the official corresponding to the district attorney in the United States. Convicted offenders are punished with great severity. A fine, sometimes imprisonment and confiscation of the plant where the infringement was made, are possible penalties.

In most European countries, also, a patent must, within a fixed number of years, be put to practical use, else it loses its validity. And if the patent is issued to a foreigner the device that it covers must be actually manufactured in the country that grants it. In some countries every article made and sold under the protection of a patent pays a special tax to the Government, the tax increasing with each year of the patent's duration.

The one reform that is favored by practically everybody who has to do with patents in the United States is the establishment of a single appellate court for the hearing of patent cases exclusively. It is proposed that this court shall be made up of men who are at the same time mechanical and legal experts.

The judges who sit at present in the nine separate courts of equal authority do not all possess these scientific and technical qualifications. Some of them know more of Shakspere and the Greek poets than of dogs, cams and induction coils. What is good law in one circuit may be utter nonsense in another. Nine separate times the inventor may be called upon to fight his case to the limit, and each time it will practically cost him a king's ransom.

So, between the senseless complexity and inordinate cost of court procedure and the relentless and crafty competition of the experimental rooms of great corporations, the American inventor is fast becoming—in spite of his increasing numbers—a negligible and, in the old sense, a vanishing and pathetic figure. With his going goes also the dream of anything like a permanent Yankee invasion of Europe. If the commercial supremacy of the United States is to be maintained, the individual inventor—among the greatest of our boasted national resources—must be encouraged and conserved.

Just figure this out:

Last year, on a small egg-farm, 1953 hens made for the owners a clear profit of

$6.41 each

1953 multiplied by $6.41 makes—what?

Read the story below.

IN 1905 two men named Corning, father and son, were trying to find a paying business for men in poor health and with small capital. Although they had no experience in that line, they decided to raise eggs. They took a few acres at Bound Brook, N. J., and began with only thirty hens.

Last year these men had 1953 hens, and made a clear profit of over **twelve thousand dollars.** Next year they expect to have 4000 hens. Will they make *twice* $12,000? Get the FARM JOURNAL and you will see.

The Corning Egg-Book

(entitled "$6.41 per Hen per Year") tells the whole story of that little egg-farm, and just **HOW** the Cornings made their splendid success. It is deeply interesting to every one who wants a safe, paying business, that can be built up with little capital and without years of training. There is a strong demand in all cities for "near-by, selected fancy eggs," and those who can furnish an unfailing supply, winter and summer, get very high prices. This the Cornings learned to do, and the **Corning Egg-Book** describes their methods, as tested and proved by experience.

The book tells where they find their market, how to keep hens laying regularly in winter, when to hatch chicks that are to do their best work in December and January, how to mix the feed that produces the most eggs, how to prevent losses, etc. It tells why they fixed on a certain breed as the best for producing eggs, and how their whole system works to that end. It gives photographic pictures of their plant, and plans of their buildings, which can be built in sections, large or small, as needed.

The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the

FARM JOURNAL

to increase its subscription list to ONE MILLION for next year

Farm Journal has for thirty-three years conducted a poultry department known the country over for the ability of its editors and the value of its contents. All its other departments are ably conducted and widely quoted. It is the standard monthly farm and home paper of the country, with already more than 600,000 subscribers. It is clean, bright, intensely practical; boiled down; cream, not skim-milk. It is illustrated and well printed on good paper. It has not a medical or trashy advertisement in it. More than half a million of its subscribers pay five and ten years ahead—a very remarkable fact.

Here is Our Offer:—We will send, postpaid, **The Corning Egg-Book** and **Farm Journal** for five years, **Both for $1.00,** cash, money order or check. And if you send order and money within TEN DAYS, we will send also "Poor Richard Revived," a splendid 48-page FARM ALMANAC for 1910, full of wit and wisdom for the rural home.

Write name and address below; tear off coupon, and mail with $1

Farm Journal, 1058 Race St., Philadelphia

Enclosed find $1. Send Corning Egg-Book and Farm Journal for five years to

Name

Address

Include Poor Richard Almanac, if this order is received in time

WHITE MAGIC

(Continued from Page 17)

he. "I'll show you who is master in my family. I'll show you you can't go on degrading yourself with this low intrigue. That hound! So he thought he could fasten himself on me—did he? I'll teach him!"

"I have proposed to him. He has refused me. I've made love to him. He has repulsed me."

Richmond's cruel mouth under his ragged mustache was horrible to see. "You shameless girl!" he cried. "It'll be one of the servants next. I must get you safely married next. If your mother wasn't absolutely incompetent she'd have had you married long ago."

"I shall marry no one but Roger Wade," came from the quiet figure beside him in a quiet, cold voice.

"Have you got no sense at all? You say the puppy refused you. Don't you know why?"

"I know the reason you'd give."

"And that's the real reason. He has heard about *me!* He's got brains enough to understand that his best game is to——"

"Don't you say another word against him!" cried Beatrice, at the end of her forbearance. "You talk of my being a fool. What do you think of yourself? You don't want me to marry this man. How do you go about preventing it? Why, you show me that you are not the father who, I thought, loved me, but that you couldn't love anybody. You show me that you are not the kind of man I thought, but a snob, a hypocritical snob—yes, a hypocritical snob, who has been pulling wires behind mother—you all the time railing at her and at me and at Rhoda as snobs. And then, when you've shown me the truth about my surroundings, you go on to attack the man I love—to say things about him I know to be false. Is *that* what you call clever?"

"I'm glad you're letting me see you in your true colors," said the father, so exhausted by his passions that his voice came as little more than a hoarse whisper. "As for that—that fortune-hunter who has been making a fool of you—don't ever mention his name to me again!"

"Do you want me to jump out of this cart?" cried the daughter, quivering with fury.

Richmond pushed the horses into their swiftest trot. He did not speak again until he reined in at the entrance to the gray château. Then he said viciously, "Go to your rooms and get ready to leave for New York and Europe. You have two hours and a half."

IX

RICHMOND, shrewd student of human nature and well versed in his favorite child's peculiarities of will and temper, did not underestimate what she had revealed to him—neither that which she had revealed consciously nor the no less important things she had unconsciously implied. Also, he had seen the man for whom she confessed infatuation, had measured his physical attractions and had got a fair notion of the inner charms that made the physical charms so potent. It was a time for swift and summary action; this adventurer must be got rid of before he could use the foolish child's infatuation to put himself in a position where he might cause scandal and, if he chose, could exact heavy blackmail. Theoretically, Richmond regarded his daughter as lovely and fascinating enough to bring any man in the world to her feet. Practically, he believed feeling for her had no part in the doings of "that fortune-hunting hound." He had been young and now was not far from old, yet he had not seen any exception to the rule he held axiomatic—that wherever money is involved at all it is the only real factor.

Yes, it was a time for action, instant and drastic. As he drove back toward Wade's studio he strove with his rage, trying to calm it so that his sly brain might plot one of those subtle tricks which had got him his vast fortune and had made him about the most admired, most hated and most denounced man in American finance. But every time he thought of his child's weak-minded lack of self-respect or of the brazen impudence of the penniless artist he fell to grinding his teeth again and to cursing his inability to lock her up until she recovered her senses, and to horsewhip the artist out of the neighborhood.

Richmond had been so long used to having his will of any human being he happened to need that he latterly had become almost insane when opposed. It was enough for any man to appear in his pathway; at once he began to take the worst possible view of that man's character, a method which greatly assisted him in stifling the voice of conscience.

When he got within view of the studio there sat "the hound" on the doorsill, smoking a pipe. Roger did not move until Richmond was within, perhaps, twenty yards—reasonable talking distance; then he rose and waited in large tranquillity.

"What can I do for you, sir?" inquired the young man at length.

"You—you damn scoundrel!" ejaculated Richmond between his teeth—for the feeling of futility acted on his rage like oil on fire.

Richmond's mien had prepared Roger for something like this, so he bore the shock with infuriating composure. He eyed his insulter without moving a muscle of his face, then turned and crossed the threshold of his studio, reaching for the door to close it.

"Hold on there!" cried Richmond. "I've got something to say to you."

Roger went on in and closed the door. Richmond stared at it with mouth ajar. What sort of a scheme was this? What did the fellow calculate to gain toward his ends by making such a move? Richmond could not but admire its audacity. "No wonder he has succeeded in convincing the little fool that he is sincere." He advanced and opened the door. He entered the big, bare room; Roger, crayon in hand, was standing before the sketch that had been upon the easel when they left. He did not glance toward Richmond; he did not pause in his work. Richmond had not entered without having thought out a plan of procedure. Plain talk was the thing—not insulting, but plain. He must frankly assume that the artist was a detected plotter for a rich marriage.

"My daughter has confessed to me," said Richmond in a tone that was at least not insulting. "I have talked with her, and she is already ashamed of herself. So I have come from her to inform you that it will be useless for you to pursue your projects further."

The big young man stood back from his sketch, eyed it critically. A thin stream of smoke curled from the pipe in the corner of his mouth. He went on drawing as if he were alone in the room.

"I wish you clearly to understand," pursued Richmond, "that your attentions are distasteful to her and to her family. Acquaintance with her must cease."

Roger sketched on.

As physical violence was out of the question, Richmond did not know what to do—how to extricate himself from the absurd position into which his wrath had hurried him. He glowered at the big artist. The sense of impotence set his rage to steaming. "And I must tell you that if you had not had the cleverness to hold off—if you had lured that foolish child into marriage—you'd never have got a cent—not a cent! I'd cast off a child of mine who so disgraced her family. I'd forget she existed. But now that she realizes how she was trapped—what a slick citizen you are—she's ashamed of herself—ashamed of herself. There ought to be a law that could reach fellows like you."

While he was talking Roger was pushing his easel into the huge closet. He now closed and locked it, threw his coat over his arm and strode calmly past Richmond and out at the door. Not a word, not a glance, not a sign. Richmond followed him slowly. Roger marched at a long, swinging gait down the hill toward the east and disappeared into the woods. Richmond stared after him. When the undergrowth hid him from view Richmond took out his handkerchief and mopped his face. In a long life dotted with many an unusual scene between him and sundry of his fellow-men he had never experienced the like of this.

"The scoundrel!" he said, a look of reluctant respect in his wrathful eyes. "The best game I ever ran up against."

He must hurry his girl out of the country—and not give her an unwatched moment until the steamer was clear of the dock.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

10 SHOTS QUICK

The Tenderfoot's Turn
Bat Masterson's New Book Sent Free

If he should come to-night—
THE THIEF!

The thief comes prepared—prepared to take your valuables. Carries the necessary tools. Is expert in their use. One of his tools is the *revolver*. In plain words, he is prepared to take your life. Is expert at life-taking. His deadly intent and expertness make up for his revolver's awkwardness and slowness.

You have neither expertness nor deadly intent. For the crisis you cannot afford to rely upon wrist-straining, trigger-flinching, slow-as-molasses fire arms. Settle this matter today for the sake of your family. Get the Savage Automatic. It points straight, shoots true, fires fast, without practice. It is the only gun that shoots straight any time you pick it up. The only rapid fire gun which suspends all automatic action at each shot until the bullet is out. Ten shots, one to a trigger pull. Reloads a fresh magazine of ten shots in a flash. Our free book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," tells why the Savage points instinctively true. Send us the name of your dealer on a postcard.

With our new factory additions we can now meet the demand for high power

SAVAGE RIFLES

('99 model) repeaters (303). Ask dealers to show our .22 cal. Repeater. Handsomely illustrated catalogue full of rifle information free. Use a post card. Send now to Savage Arms Company, 712 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

The New SAVAGE Automatic

Massage
At Home

For the Complexion

At home—every day, without expense, you can have the same beneficial massage you pay a professional a high price for. The Blackstone Vacuum Massager slips on any faucet, is operated by simply running water and can be used by every member of the family as instantly and thoroughly as by an expert masseur.

Daily massage stimulates the circulation, making the flesh clean and firm, free from hollows and wrinkles.

After the Shave

No man shaves at home without missing the barber's massage. Massage is essential to complete his clean appearance.

The Blackstone Vacuum Massager cleans the pores as soap and water cannot do. It makes the flesh smooth and firm. It operates perfectly. The construction is absolutely dependable.

It will thoroughly massage the face and neck in three minutes.

Blackstone Vacuum Massager

gives a thorough and satisfactory massage to the face or any part of the body. Its benefits to the complexion and for muscle and flesh development make it priceless.

Agents

now selling the Blackstone Vacuum Massager pronounce it the best selling article they have ever handled. It appeals at once to every man or woman who sees it. The low price puts it in reach of all. Some agents are selling twenty Massagers a day. Write for agents' particulars.

10 Days' Trial—Guaranteed

Ten Days' Trial are given every purchaser of the Blackstone Vacuum Massager. If not satisfactory, for any reason whatsoever, it can be returned to us, within 10 days, and the money paid will be refunded at once without question. Every Blackstone Vacuum Massager is absolutely guaranteed by us against breakage for one year.

BLACKSTONE MFG. COMPANY
121 Manhattan Building, Chicago

Price

Complete, express prepaid to any part of the U. S., $5.00. The Blackstone Massager gives the same effective massage as other massage instruments sold at a much higher price, and water power costs nothing. Descriptive booklet mailed on request.

The highest medical authority on foods,

Sir James Crichton Browne, LL. D.—F. R. S.
of London,
gives the best reasons for eating more

Quaker Oats

In an article published in the Youth's Companion of September 23rd, 1909, Dr. Browne, the great medical authority on foods, says, about brain and muscle building—

"There is one kind of food that seems to me of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence (youth), and that is oatmeal.

"Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins."

He says oatmeal is gaining ground with the well-to-do of Great Britain. He speaks of it as the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet and says it produces a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race.

His experiments prove that good oatmeal such as Quaker Oats not only furnishes the best food for the human being, but eating it strengthens and enlarges the thyroid gland—this gland is intimately connected with the nourishing processes of the body, and the health of the individual depends largely upon its size and vigor.

In conclusion he says—

"It seems probable therefore that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners (meaning the Scotch) has been in some measure due to the stimulation of the thyroid gland by oatmeal porridge in childhood."

The Scotch eat Quaker Oats because it is the best of all oatmeals.

This advice as to the best food for you is good enough to follow even if it cost something to do so, but it isn't expensive advice. Every family can follow it, poor and rich, for Quaker Oats besides being the best food you can eat, is the cheapest.

Increase the amount of Quaker Oats you eat, and watch the improvement in your general health.

Regular size package 10 cents

also packed in special round packages at 15c, and in the larger size family packages and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

The 10c and 15c prices do not apply in the far West and South.

Victrola

Get a Victrola this Christmas!

Circassian walnut, **$250.** Mahogany and quartered oak, **$200.** Or you can get another style Victrola for **$125.**

Other styles of the Victor, $10, $17.50, $25, $32.50, $40, $50, $60, and $100.

Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer. Hear the Victrola at any Victor dealer's. He will be glad to demonstrate to you the wonderful advance in tone-quality due to our improved process of making Victor Records. Ask particularly to hear Schumann-Heink's beautiful record of "Silent Night, Holy Night" (88128).

And be sure he uses a **Victor Needle.**

Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month